IOLA FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS

August 31, 1935

5¢ a copy

10c in Canada

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

© THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY
PUBLISHERS OF — THE COUNTRY HOME
THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE — COLLIER'S
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

arthur crouch

Walter Davenport Kyle Crichton Quen

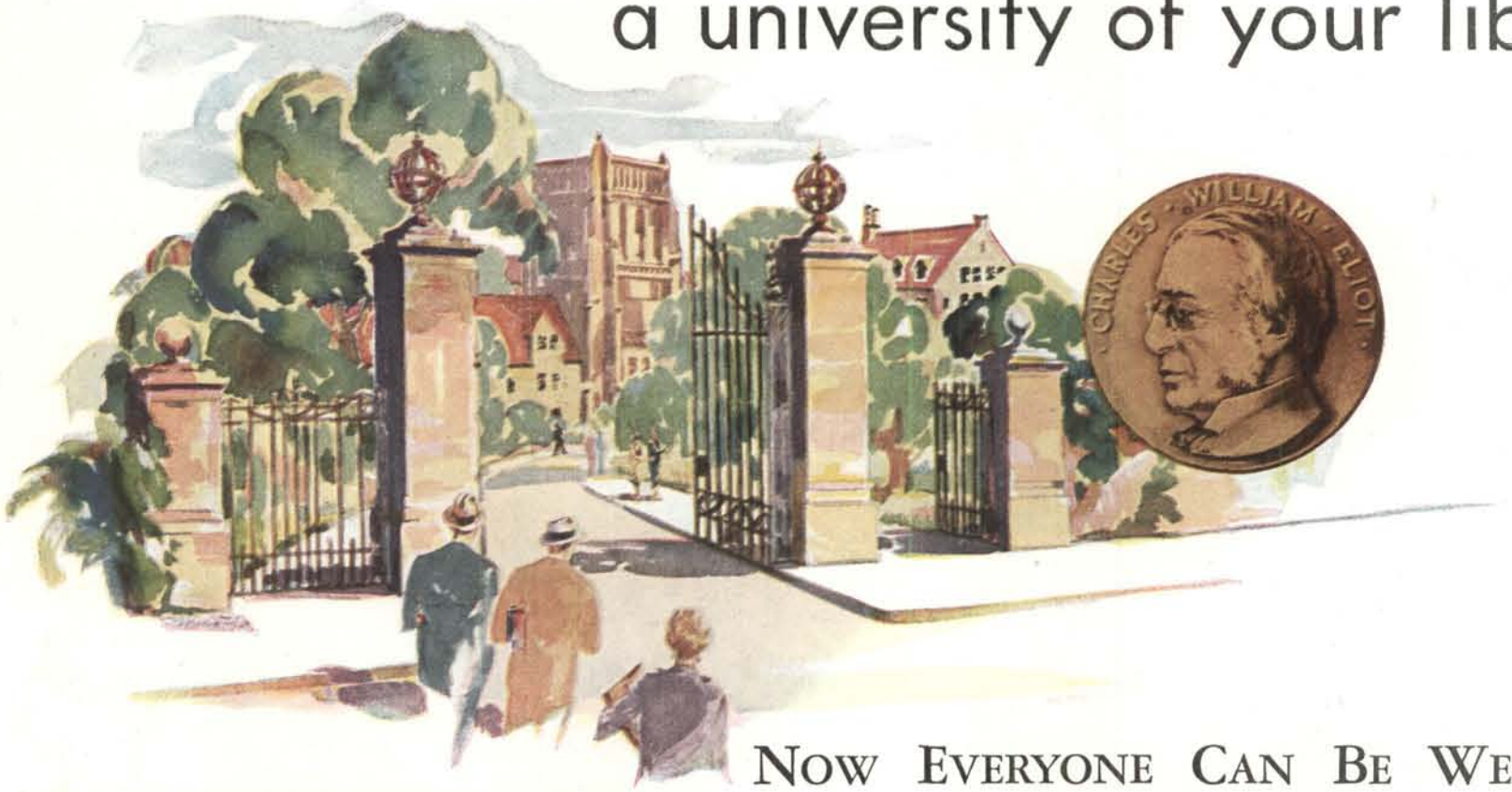
Frank Condon Frederick Hazlitt B

MRS JOAN HARGROVE
905 E MADISON
IOLA
KANS
12BX
3006
C
10 20
2Y
25JY36

AUGUST 31, 1935

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

These Famous Books make a university of your library



Now Everyone Can Be Well-Read

Dr. Eliot's famous Five-Foot Shelf of Books contains the beacon lights of university teaching. Here in one convenient group of volumes is the very backbone of university culture, the books that have brought pleasure and profit into nearly half a million homes.

Now these Harvard Classics are available in an edition worthy of a place of honor in the finest private library. To the dignity and excellence of earlier editions this Modern Home Edition brings beauty such as has been formerly found only in very expensive sets.

Yet this new edition does not cost a cent more than the less pretentious editions of the past! Actually these finely printed, magnificently bound books come to you at less cost per volume than *popular fiction!*

An Unprecedented Value

The volume size has been increased. The paper is of superb quality and will permanently preserve its rich whiteness. The type is substantially larger than the type of former editions. The illustrations are new reproduced in a modern aquatone process to give them a luxurious softness. The bindings defy description, with their simple grandeur and good taste of design. Here indeed is a worthy setting for the pure gold of the world's literature which Dr. Eliot, Harvard's most distinguished President, has brought together from his lifetime of study.

$5 BRINGS THESE BOOKS TO YOU!

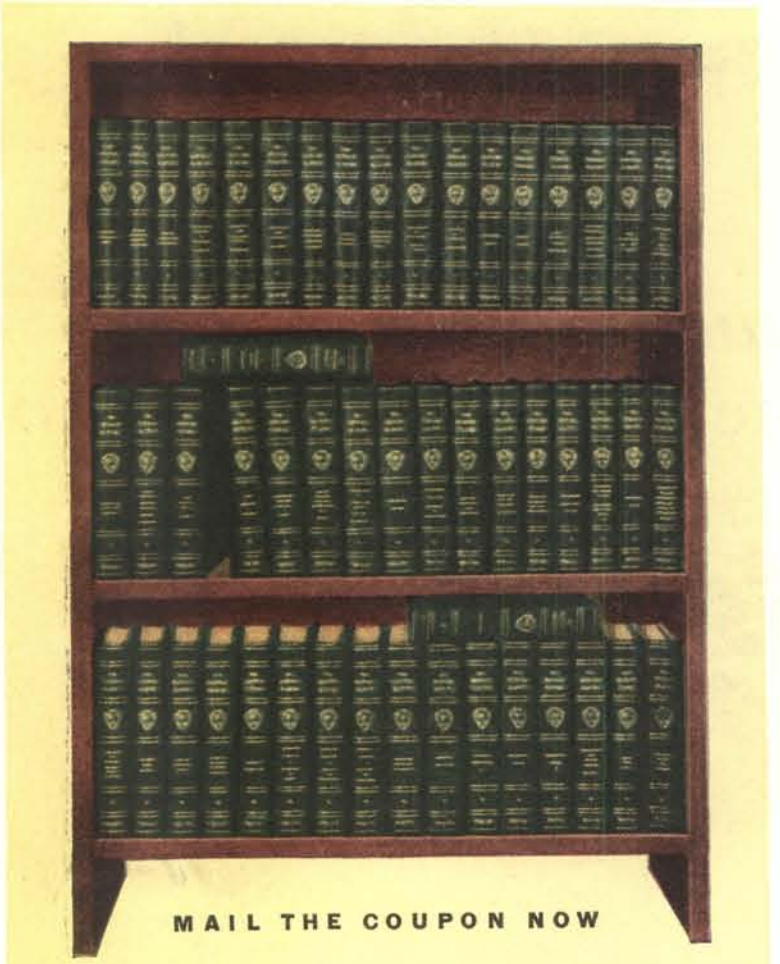
The price of this magnificent library is within the means of every ambitious American family. Now you can actually enjoy The Harvard Classics in your home on a payment of only $5. Think of it! For so small an initial outlay, you can bring so great an inspirational value into your home. Take advantage of this opportunity today.

THIS FAMOUS BOOK—FREE!

Here's a book that every lover of literature will want for his library table. No ordinary booklet, but a literary gem. It contains a collection of invaluable facts, including the plan of reading outlined by Dr. Eliot, America's greatest educator.

Here is a complete description of the world's greatest library, and a statement of how Dr. Eliot came to compile it.

"Fifteen Minutes a Day" has brought new happiness, a turning point in life to thousands who have sent in for it. It comes without obligation when you fill out and mail this coupon.



P. F. Collier & Son Corp., 250 Park Avenue, New York City

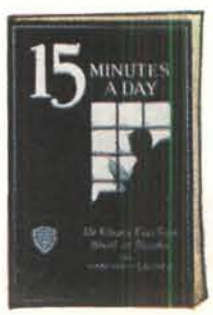
By mail, free, send me the booklet that tells all about the most famous library in the world, describing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics) and contains Dr. Eliot's own story of how he came to select the greatest library of all time.

Since 1875 COLLIER Good Books

NAME { *Mr.* / *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

575-HCAb

ADDRESS .....

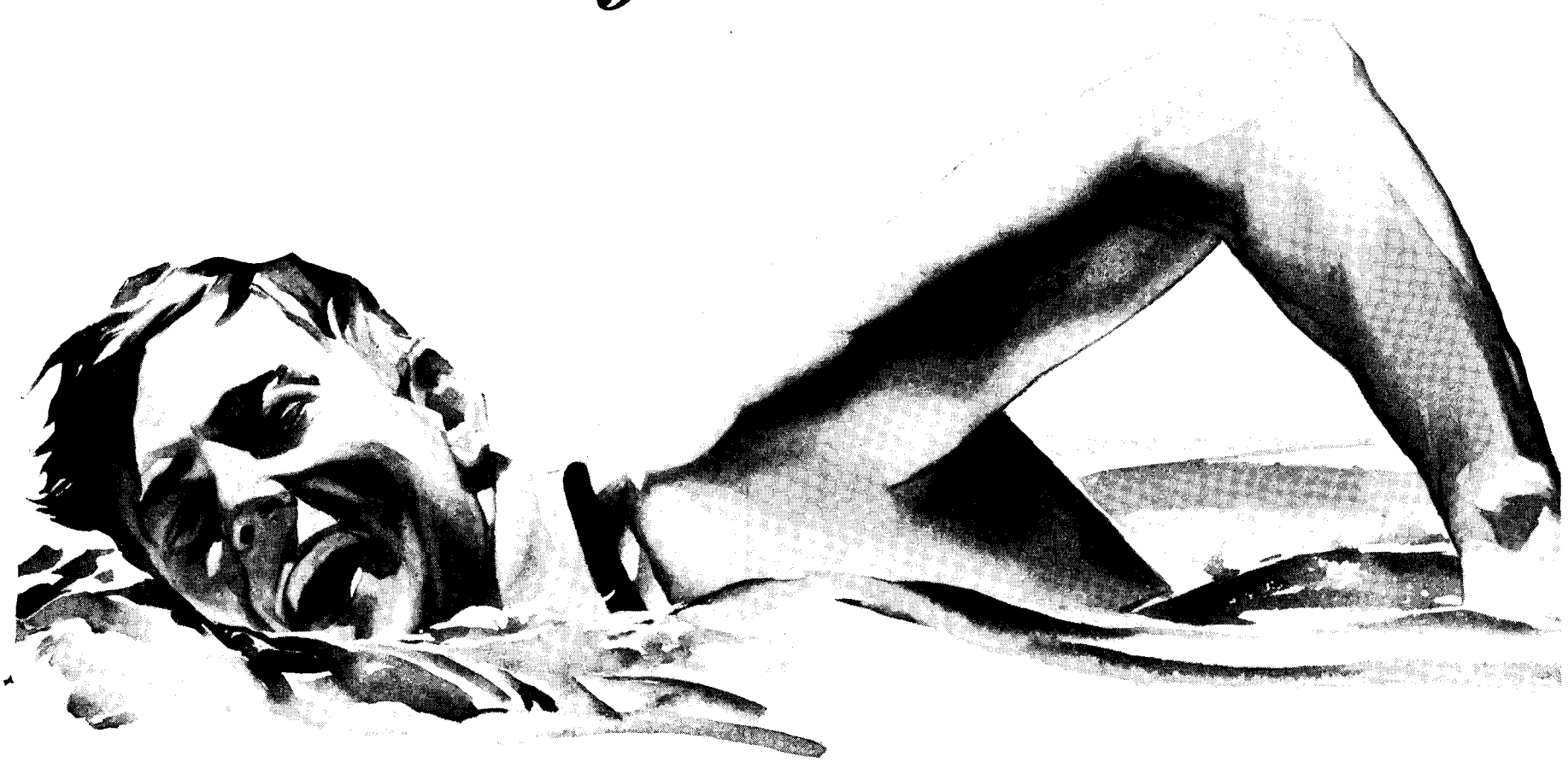


DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

The Harvard Classics

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Don't let Summer Sun and Water ruin your HAIR!



In Summer your HAIR *demands* special care —Vitalis and the 60-Second Workout

IT'S easy to see why Summer's so harmful to hair . . . When every day, the sun burns and bleaches it . . . And every day, the natural, necessary oils get flushed away by shower, pool or surf. No wonder it gets dry, feels harsh, looks badly.

Give your hair a chance. Give it the care it *needs*—Vitalis and the 60-Second Workout. Use Vitalis freely. Use it often. Rub it in hard . . . And watch that dry, lifeless thatch take on new vitality. Feel that healthy tingle in your scalp. New circulation starts. The pure vegetable oils of Vitalis replenish the lost natural oils. Loose dandruff is defeated . . . you're giving your hair a chance. You're helping it to save itself.

Brush your hair—and look at it. It stays put. It looks healthy. It looks well. No "patent-leather" shine to it. Just a good-looking, natural lustre. Buy Vitalis today at your druggist's and begin your own 60-Second Vitalis Workouts.

50 SECONDS to rub—natural oils are restored, circulation quickens, your hair takes on new life.

10 SECONDS to comb and brush—your hair looks rich, lustrous, but with no "patent-leather" look.

ASK YOUR BARBER—He's an expert on scalp and hair. When he says Vitalis—take his advice.

VITALIS

KEEPS YOUR HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor*
CHARLES COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*
THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director*

WALTER DAVENPORT — *Politics*
AIMEE LARKIN — *Distaff*
GEORGE CREEL — *Washington*
W. B. COURTNEY — *Aviation*
KENNETH LITTAUER — *Fiction*
QUENTIN REYNOLDS — *Sports*
KYLE CRICHTON — *Screen and Theater*

WM. O. CHESSMAN — *Art*
DENVER LINDLEY — *Articles*
FRANK D. MORRIS — *Articles*
JAMES N. YOUNG — *Fiction*
IFOR THOMAS — *Photographs*
T. R. YBARRA — *Foreign News*
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN — *Associate Editors*

Next Week

WHEN Senator James Hiram Halsey's wife died in Washington, the senator was not there. He had been present a few hours before her death; he returned a few hours after. No one knew where he had gone—until later. Then they discovered he had hurried off to a cheap hotel in New York in reply to a mysterious telephone message. And his wife dying. The senator refused to explain. It ruined him politically.

In a brilliant short story Thomas Beer shows you the cords of affection that ended a fine career. It is called, "Be Thou My Good."

WHERE are tomorrow's big-league heroes? Some of them, no doubt, behind the plow. But most of them are playing baseball right now on sandlot or college diamond or in some small-town ball park. You can pick 'em out—if you're good. You can tell which oyster contains a pearl. Quentin Reynolds, after beating the bushes with the major-league scouts, returns with a few predictions and hazards his reputation by naming the players "About to Shine."

THAT the seashore is the place for romance is generally admitted. But to find romance at the top pitch of dramatic intensity you'll have to hunt up Pinky Batchelder—aged seventeen—and observe the subtle by-play that made her the "Conquering Heroine." Stanley Paul furnishes the introduction and commentary.

JOHN DYCE was blind, a handicap that he had pretty well learned to overcome. In fact, he had turned it to his advantage, for Mr. Dyce was a promoter of worthless stocks and, he found, no jury would convict a blind man. But the stars in their courses had other plans for Mr. Dyce and with Tarat to interpret them the conclusion was inescapable. Thomas McMorrow tells you about it in "The Sign of the Fishes."

"STOP PINCHING!" This advice comes from Dorothy Blake, who has found better ways of getting her money's worth at market. In a sprightly article she divulges her system—and Miss Blake is not the sort of person you can fool in any way about vegetables.

GEORGE CREEL, as indicated on page 40 of this issue, shows you what the President has in mind. Frederick Hazlitt Brennan writes the Short Short Story. Gregorio Somers, T. R. Ybarra, Ernest Haycox, Kathleen Norris, Freling Foster and others make this a memorable issue. Fun, too.

This Week

August 31, 1935

Cover by Arthur Crouch

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN
The Pride of Bushwhacker. **The brilliant career of a Missouri blatherskite.** **Page 7**

WILLIAM MacHARG
In a Taxi. **What's wrong with a car when it's worth three times what you paid for it?** **Page 10**

WALTER DAVENPORT
Chicken-Salad Gold Rush. **Mining for pleasure—it makes some people sick.** **Page 12**

ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN
Salute for a Sailor. **A man who didn't believe in heroes.** **Page 14**

FRANK CONDON
Fresh Material. **The story of a girl who had read a book.** **Page 16**

T. R. YBARRA
Six Million Little Brown Shirts. **Raising Nazis.** **Page 18**

ERNEST HAYCOX
The Silver Desert, Part III. **Rough going.** **Page 20**

KATHLEEN NORRIS
Secret Marriage, Part X. **News of Calvin.** **Page 22**

KYLE CRICHTON
Little Borgia. **Florence McGee, the villainess, as a child.** **Page 24**

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Hollywood Hideout, **by George F. Worts.** **Page 25**

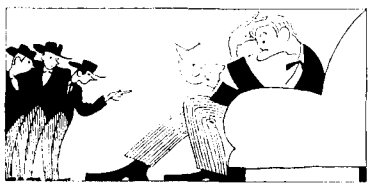
QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Amateur Athlete. **George Kojac, a champion who knows better.** **Page 26**

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. **Information for the picking.** **Page 27**

EDITORIAL
Sensible Taxes. **Page 50**

Any Week

MR. PETER B. LONGSMITH of Orlando, Florida, was taking his well-earned ease in the lobby of one of Washington's much better hotels. The place abounded with great men—senators, Cabinet members, big-bore New Dealers and the like. Seated near Mr. Longsmith, and quite alone, was a senator whose glory is of the past. He was poring over a slip of paper, reading it a number of times. Indeed, thinks Mr. Longsmith, this paper almost had the senator down. But presently he crumpled it into a ball,



threw it away petulantly. Running his fingers through his thinning gray locks, he departed. Mr. Longsmith tells us he couldn't help it. He retrieved the irritating paper. "And this," says he, "is what it contained: 'Take one dram lac sulphur, one half dram sugar lead, four ounces rose water. Mix carefully. This, my dear senator, makes an effective dye as well as hair wash. Persist in use till hair assumes desired shade. Respectfully, Mrs. Truman.'" And right under, reports Mr. Longsmith, there was a penciled memorandum, apparently by the senator: "Look up Mrs. Truman."

BUT maybe Mrs. Truman had already done what Mr. Bill Greer of San Juan, Puerto Rico, has invited us to do. "When," advises he, "the going gets too tough and they begin to ask you to prove things, come down here. Here no one seems to take anything, anyone or even themselves too seriously. There may be an exception to this. If it is so, it's in politics. But even the political disturbances are harmless, usually taking the form of a big parade with lots of banners and signs and polished off with a few likely-looking but good-natured bombs which almost always fail to explode. When all else fails try Puerto Rico."

"HEARING that you are read alike by rich and poor," says Mrs. M. Poertier of Bismarck, North Dakota, "I would like to pass on the word that beech-tree leaves make excellent beds for poor people. They should be gathered on a dry day in the autumn and thoroughly dried. They smell grand and are vermin-proof. They are also very springy. This was told to me by a poor man who used to be rich, so he knows all about comfortable beds."

LOTS of people seem to think very highly of us. Mr. George M. Free of Frederick, Maryland, for example, read us "right through my recent wooing and wedding. Of course," says he, "the future Mrs. Free had some uncomplimentary things to say when I often took you with me while calling on her. And even more when I gladly paid ten cents a copy while on our honeymoon. Upon our return from the honeymoon I bought the current issue and began after dinner to read "The Wizard's Touch." Over the top of the magazine I could see storm clouds gathering. Determined to make a test case of it, I proceeded to read "Honeymoon Alone." Just as the storm was about to break I told her that the heroines of both stories were named Frances and that apparently you people had got out that issue thinking of us. That won her, my friends, won her. So I'll leave you to figure out my wife's name and, if you can, where we went on our honeymoon."

A PRETTY smug column, we think. Everybody so helpful and cozy and complimentary that perhaps it's good for us to get this one from Miss Ida Lowenstock of Joplin, Missouri. She blames us for "a lot of the nudism and near-nudism, which is just as bad, that one sees among the girls of all classes at summer resorts. You do not seem inclined to publish a picture of bathing girls unless they are positively indecent as to attire. Your publication," says Miss Lowenstock indignantly, "is unfit for the eyes of young men, to say nothing of young women."

BUT before we cry ourselves to sleep over this stinging reproof, we'd like Miss Lowenstock to know that we've been bawled out by the nudists too for being "stuffy." We were importuned by a young lady nudist (fully clad at the moment) to publish a piece she had written about the benefits of flitting hither and yon minus one's garments. We rejected it on its quality, or lack thereof, rather than its subject matter. But she was a bit annoyed. "Well," said she, looking at us rather sharply, "in our camp *you* wouldn't attract very much attention."

THEY even leave off their humor.

Vol. 96, No. 9. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's, The Country Home. Copyright, 1935, The Crowell Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Lee W. Maxwell, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; Frank Braucher, Vice President; Charles J. Bevan, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts. 5 cents a copy in United States, $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. For Canada add $2.50 per year for Canadian duty. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $4.50 a year to Newfoundland and Labrador. $5.50 a year to all other countries.
Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States Funds to The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sniffles!

"I'm sorry, but Anne is in bed. She has the sniffles and I can't let her go to school or play with anybody until she is well again."

WISE mother. She knows that sniffles may be the forerunner of any one of several infectious diseases and she helps to protect other people's children while she protects her own.

A mild case of sniffles may seem so unimportant at first that little or no attention is paid to it, but it may be the warning symptom of a threatened attack of measles, whooping cough, scarlet fever, diphtheria or influenza. These diseases, combined, cause about one in every five deaths of children between the ages of one and nine.

The child who is "coming down" with one of these diseases is likely to spread the germs in class at school or to give them to other children at play.

An attack of measles may be a simple affair, soon over; but sometimes it causes serious complications

—injured eyesight, deafness. Whooping cough may so reduce resistance that the child is more susceptible to pneumonia or tuberculosis. Scarlet fever frequently affects the kidneys and ears. All of these diseases—including diphtheria—may affect the heart and leave it permanently weakened.

If your boy or girl seems well one day and develops a case of sniffles the next, the child should be kept at home under close observation and should not be permitted to play out-of-doors or with other children. If there is no improvement within twenty-four hours and the child is feverish, send for the doctor.

Any or all of the following booklets will be mailed free on request: "Measles," "Whooping Cough," "Scarlet Fever," "Diphtheria," "Colds, Influenza, Pneumonia." Address Booklet Department 935-C

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

© 1935 M. L. I. CO.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Another woman's husband sent me these flowers"

1. Yesterday morning at breakfast, Harry said to me, "Jim Graham's wife is out of town for a few days. Let's have him up to dinner tonight. He loves good food and you're certainly the best little hostess I know."

When a husband ends a request with as charming a bit of flattery as that, how can a susceptible wife refuse him?

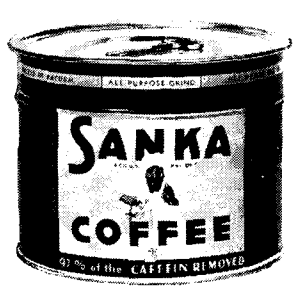
2. Mr. Graham turned out to be a charming and appreciative guest. He said nice things about my dinner. And he grew positively eloquent over the coffee.

"It's Sanka Coffee," I told him, "and goodness is not its only virtue. It is free from caffein. It lets this tired husband of mine get the sleep he so badly needs."

To a very charming hostess:
who not only served me a
memorable meal, but intro-
duced me to a delicious coffee,
which actually let me sleep.

3. Today, the bouquet came, with Mr. Graham's card attached.

4. Sanka Coffee is real coffee with 97% of the caffein removed. You can drink it—and sleep. You can serve it to guests, without the fear that it will cause them a sleepless night. Try it tonight. Make it good and strong so that you get the full benefit of all that enticing pungency, aroma, and *flavor!* Your grocer sells Sanka Coffee with a money-back guarantee of satisfaction. It's a product of General Foods.



Sanka Coffee

REAL COFFEE • 97% CAFFEIN-FREE • DRINK IT AND SLEEP!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's

The National Weekly for August 31, 1935

POLA FREE PUB. LIBRARY
JUL 31 1935

The Pride of Bushwhacker

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY FLOYD M. DAVIS

The rise of Jake Judd, who gave them what they wanted—a political success story, with all of the modern frills

TALK about your Huey Longs and Father Coughlins and Doc Townsends—shucks, son. Ol' Bushwhacker has put 'em in the shade. Ol' Bushwhacker raises the best sorghum beer and the hardiest red hogs in the hull state of Missouri; and when Bushwhacker turns out a dern' blatherskite she turns out the derndest blatherskite you ever seed. An' that's Jake Judd, son.

So you come up here to Lincoln County to interview Jake, eh? Reckon you'd better have plenty of scratch paper and about a dozen pencils if you aim for to put Jake down in black and white. Do you do this here shorthand? You'll need it; you'll need it. Jest set a spell here on the Square and when you hear a sound like a mighty rushin' of winds and waters, that'll be Jake Judd a-comin' to town.

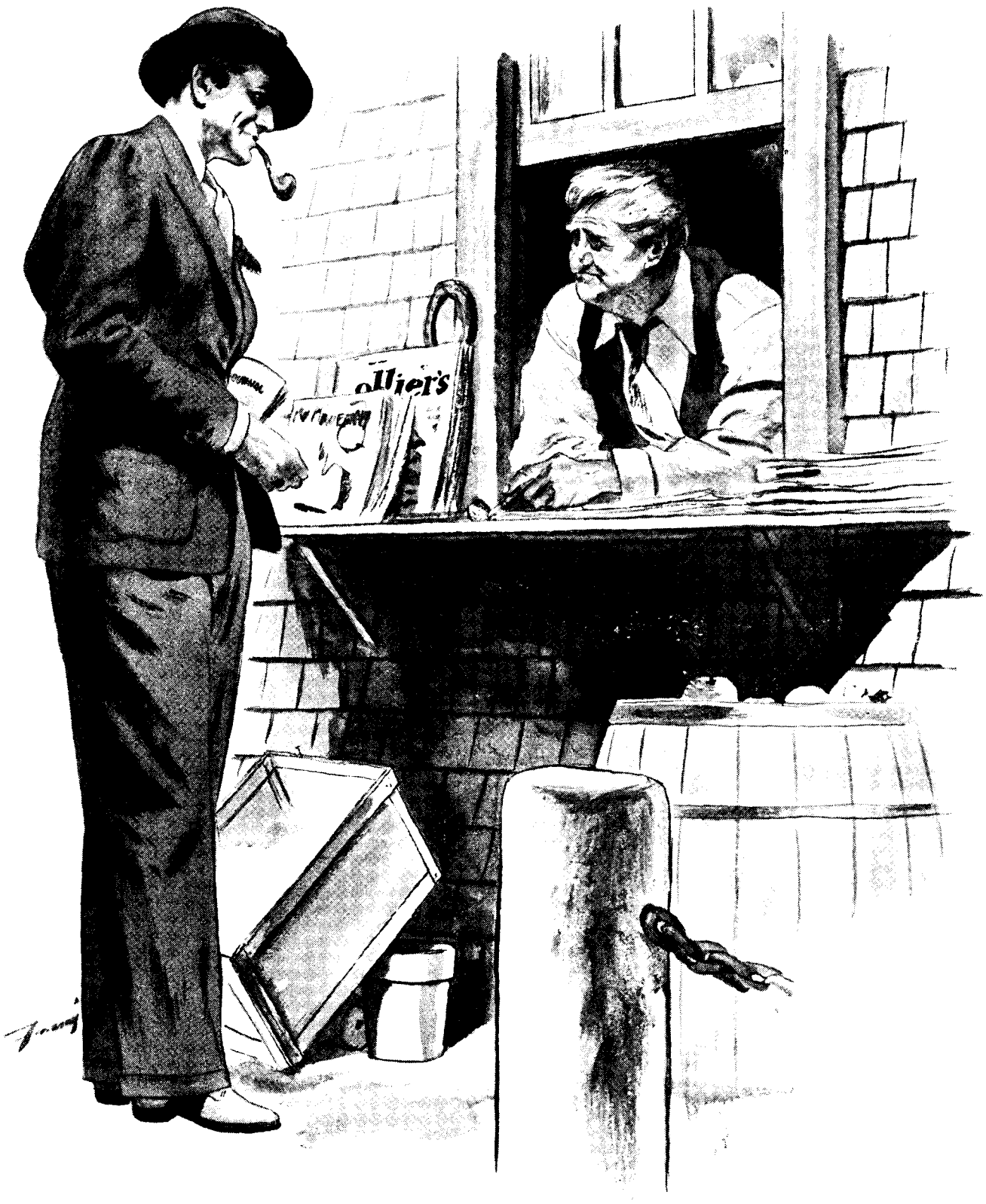
But you steer clear of young Robert Martin and Pertha Alloway and her little brother, Alec, and all their Bushwhacker relations. Up to Bushwhacker, folks take politics straight Jeff Davis Democrat and plumb serious. If they was to find out that you aimed to tell how Jake Judd got hisself elected county collector, they'd be apt to climb you. Lincoln County is still split wide open on account of our Democratic primary. There's a heap of feeling hereabouts.

JAKE JUDD? Why, son, you won't have no trouble spotting him. You'll hear that voice of his'n long afore you'll see him. When Jake was no higher'n a sheep's back, he could call hogs from his daddy's acorn woods, a distance of three mile uphill and down. Fact. And a feller's voice has to travel uphill and down in the Bushwhacker country. You can't call *over* no Bushwhacker hills. And if you can't tell Jake's voice by the size you can't miss it from the sound. Jake allus had a plumb *convincing* voice. They tell me that during the big dry when there wasn't nary ear of corn in all Bushwhacker, Jake could make them red hogs believe he was shoveling out corn—*and* tankage.

What say? Oh, his looks? Well, son, if you're deef and ain't able to hear Jake, you can pick him out of an auction sale crowd by his eyes or his nose or his ears or his hair. Or altogether, for matter of that. Jake is the porest-looking critter they ever raised in Bushwhacker. He's lean and long. The color's washed out of his roan hair like he'd had a spell of the cholery; his eyes allus make you think he's been starving out for a month an' jest this minute sees a stack of white bread and molasses. His ears look pore, being red and discouraged; and his dern' nose looks like he's allus sniffing grub around the corner. If you was to dress Jake up in a new mail-order suit and set him in a brand-new see-dan, he'd still look pore. Fact.

That's what made Jake sech a wonderful auctioneer, afore he taken the notion to go into politics. They tell how Jake was hired up to Pike County to cry a Jersey cow sale. Them Pike County farmers taken one look at Jake and yells: "Stop this sale till you feed yer auctioneer!" So they throwed three man's-size Jersey cow sale lunches into Jake, an' still he looked pore. Them fool Pike County farmers felt so sorry for him they'd bid any price; an' not even notice jump bids. I paid four bits too much for a brood sow once, jest listening to Jake's hungry voice.

What say? Oh, why did Jake go into politics? We-ell, they got 'em a radio set up to Bushwhacker, arter the last good season selling sorghum beer to St. Looey sports, and Jake, he listened. You see, last season there was a big dry an' no farming in Bushwhacker an' this season there's rain every day an' no farming. Now, don't get me wrong, son. I ain't excusing Jake. The boy needn't have wasted his time. He could allus peddle books or electric refrigerators up to Pike County. But instead he listened to the radio.



"So you come up here to Lincoln County to interview Jake, eh?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pertha Alloway had a hand in it, too. Pertha, she's a native Bushwhacker gal, even if she did go to school in Troy, and Jake allus was sweet on her. Pertha never paid much attention to Jake until he announced he aimed to file for county collector. She stayed home with her paw and taken care of them seven children by old man Alloway's third wife—especially little Alec Alloway. Robert Martin here in Troy courted her some; but he was too busy working in the bank to put his mind on it much.

Fust thing I knowed of Jake Judd aiming for to enter politics was when he come to my store along in June.

"Dad," says he, "you run the finest sody fountain in this part of the state. Give me two more sorghum beer ice cream sodies." He said it right loud, too, and it was the best free advertising I'd had in some time. Then, says Jake, even louder:

"They tell me Sam P. Smith ain't a-going to run for county collector again."

"He's filed for county jedge," I says.

Jake throws a hull sorghum beer ice cream sody down his dern' throat; an' looks hungry.

"Reckon I'll run for thet job, Dad," says Jake, sudden-like.

I looked right hard at the dern' fool.

"What do you know about figgers?" I says.

Jake wasn't fazed ary bit.

"I'm a pore man, Dad," he says, "an' this is the pore man's day in politics. Sam P. Smith has been mighty hard on us farmers. He files suit arter the second notice and sells for tax jedgment soon as the law allows. Reckon folks'd like a pore man in that job!"

"You stick to auctioneering, Jake," I says.

BUT Jake, he rares back on his hind legs and makes a political speech. Lew Siler told me arterwards he heard Jake clear over Courthouse Hill and like' to b'iled the water in his car getting to town. Folks come running from every direction around the Square. At fust they thought Jake was drunk, an' then they thought he was addled, but arter they listened at him a while they stopped laughing.

What say? His speech? Why, son, I've heard political speeches from George Vest to Jim Reed; but they was pikers compared to Jake Judd. He come out four square and shouting for no taxes on less'n two hunderd acres; a cash bonus and pensions for all the war veterans, old-age pensions for all the rest of the pore folks. He aimed for to divide up all the wealth of Lincoln County and spread it out in even shares—niggers to get a third of white folks' shares. But the real climax come when Jake got started on what he aimed to do for childern. He said childern was God's own little angels; an' every child in our county should have a Shetland pony and cart; a farm of his own and ice cream four days a week.

Well, son, that part about the childern got folks. I will admit that for a spell I couldn't see right good. Jake's voice done it. You could hear childern whupping up their ponies and laughing and guzzling ice cream in Jake's voice. You could even hear them childern running over their free farms. Fact.

Tupper Holms, he got excited and he yelled: "Yay-y-y-y telling 'em, Jake! You ought to run for senator!"

"Senator hell," says Pat McGrath. "You ought to run for President, Jake!"

Jake, he rared back and shaken the hair outer his eyes and says: "My friends, that'll come in due time. For the present I aim to run for county collector."

I kind of shaken it off, and I says: "You're jest excited, Jake. You ain't got the book learning to run for collector."

"This pore little boy," yells Jake, patting Alec's head, "is a genius that growed in Bushwhacker"

"It won't take no book learning to send out what few tax bills I'll send out!" yells Jake.

Folks whooped right smart. The childern part was prime, but the idee of no tax bills was even better.

"Go on, Jake," says Tim Benish, "you're jest blowing off. I bet you dassn't even file."

Jake taken it big.

"I'm gonna file right now!" he yells. "What's the filing fee?"

"Ten dollars, I reckon," someone says.

"Dad," says Jake, "this is a historic moment. Lend me nine dollars and sixty cents!"

Well, son, I done it.

HELL and high water busted loose inside of an hour. Dop Shugrue, our county Democratic leader, and Jedge Simkirk of Silex come r'aring into my store.

"That fool Jake Judd's filed for county collector," says Dop Shugrue, "and he claims you're supporting him!"

I was back in my right mind by this time.

"Dop," says I, "I wouldn't support thet dern' windbag blatherskite fer constable."

Jedge Simkirk was taking it mighty hard.

"The feller hasn't been filed an hour and he's running like a grass fire in August. Why, man, he's promising folks a nigger heaven with a watermelon patch for a fence!"

"The county organization has got to head the dern' fool off," says Dop. "The jedge and I have decided that young Robert Martin would stand the best chance."

"Young Robert's too dern' honest and plainspoken fer politics in this county," says I. "And besides, he wouldn't run."

"He'll have to run," says Jedge Simkirk. "You know him better than we do. Come along with us to the bank."

Well, sir, young Robert had been, you might say, a pro-tee-gee of mine. He was a Pike County boy and a graduate of Eolia High School, but thet ain't nothing agin him. He was a legal resident of Lincoln County and a credit to our town.

Young Robert was in the cage when I and Dop and Jedge Simkirk walked in. The jedge spoke to Harvey Potts, the president, and he sent young Robert into the back room. A mighty bright boy, young Robert, dead serious and polite. He listened to every word Jedge Simkirk spoke. The jedge allowed the organization was doing young Robert a big favor in offering to run him.

Robert shaken his head.

"I realize that, Jedge," he said, "and I'm very much obliged to you. But I'd be more of a hindrance than a help. I'm no good at politics."

I let the jedge and Dop argue a spell. Then I cut loose, knowing young Robert:

"Son," says I, "Jake Judd is a menace to the Democratic party in this county. He's starting up a pore-man's rebellion and addling folks' heads with promises he can't no-ways fulfill. It's your duty as a citizen and a conservative Jeff Davis Democrat to head Jake off."

Still Robert he shaken his head.

"Jake's an ignorant hillbilly, but just the same he's half right. I don't side with the rich, either."

"That ain't the p'int, Robert," says I. "Neither the rich nor the pore has got any business running this county. It belongs to the God-fearing middlin' folks like me and you—who ain't pore or ain't rich either. We're the salt of the earth and we been layin' too low these years. We should be bossing things in this county. And here's a big chance fer you to lead the way!"

STILL, Robert, he shaken his head. But I could see he was a-thinking hard, and I told Dop and the jedge to let him be for a while.

That afternoon, Pertha Alloway come into my store along with little Alec Alloway.

Bushwhacker community don't grow nothing but sorghum beer and red hogs and now and then a purty gal Pertha was Bushwhacker's prime crop. She had a wheat-shock head of hair and eyes

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

like a sprinting filly and a figger an old man like me's got no business a-staring at.

"Dad," says Pertha, "have you heard about Jake Judd?"

"Bad news allus comes around this side of the Square fust," says I.

Little Alec Alloway, he pipes up right pert.

"Jake's gonna get me in the movies like Shirley Temple," says little Alec Alloway. Not more'n five years old, mind you.

"How come, Alec?" says I.

"If I don't get in the movies I talk on the radio, anyway," said Alec.

Pertha she says: "I was all wrong about Jake Judd and you are, too. Jake is making a fight agin' the mean rich folks in this county who ain't been paying their share of the taxes. And I'm for him. I'm a-lending him little Alec for his campaign."

Well, sir, I looked at her right hard.

"You go over to the bank and tell Robert thet," says I. "He'll bring you to your senses."

It didn't faze Pertha.

"I jest this minute come from the bank, Dad," says she, "and I ain't a bit interested in what Mr. Martin thinks. He ain't with us pore folks. He's a stuck-up bank teller."

"Mr. Robert says I can't go with Jake because I ain't of age yet," put in little Alec Alloway, "but, pooh on him. I'll get my BB gun and shoot him dead."

I give Alec a lollypop to keep him quiet and I questioned Pertha right close. She owned up thet she and her paw and her stepmother taken a notion thet little Alec ought to have a chance in the movies. Along come Jake Judd with the dern'dest idee you ever heard tell of. Jake allowed thet he'd take little Alec with him to all the speakin's around the county and get Alec into them St. Looey papers.

"Be you folks plumb daft?" says I, right angry. "Jake Judd ain't got no more influence in Hollywood than you folks has."

Pertha grinned right sassy.

"You can never tell, Dad," says she. "I bet Jake gets wrote up right smart before the primary's over. And little Alec'll be in all the pictures. Anyway, I *know* he'll get on the radio because Jake's ordered a radio sound apparatus already, and Mr. Lem Bassett is fixing it on Jake's truck!"

BEFORE I could argue any more, in comes young Robert Martin. He blushes like a spanked baby when he sees Pertha, but he looks away right quick. He walks over to the counter and says: "Dad, I've changed my mind. I've just filed for county collector!"

Little Alec Alloway run over and kicked him on the leg. "Pooh on you," he says. "I'll shoot you dead."

Pertha stuck her nose up in the air.

"Needn't bother, Alec," she says. "It'd be a plumb waste of shot."

Young Robert, he pretended not to hear and he walked out fast. But I could tell he taken it hard. I seed thet he'd been meaning to get around to courting Pertha serious, and now thet derned Jake Judd had come betwixt 'em.

I turned on Pertha and I give her a piece of my mind. Whilst I was in the midst of it, in comes Jake Judd hisself, big as life.

Jake picks up little Alec and hugs him.

"Dad, meet my campaign pal! I and he are going to stump this county like it's never been stumped afore!"

Pertha, she taken it big.

"Dern you, Jake," says I. "Put down thet child and face the truth like a man! You can't do nothing fer little Alec and you're a dern' blatherskite fer tellin' Pertha you can!"

Well, sir, I'd been underestimating Jake Judd. He keeps holt of little Alec and he starts another political speech:

"I'm doing everything fer little Alec," says he. "I'm God's pore man with a little child! I'm makin' this fight agin the interests in this county for Alec's sake. To give him back his heritage the rich taken away from him. I and you, Dad, may go down to defeat afore the pore folks of Lincoln County win through, but little Alec'll be here to dip his fingers in the milk and honey!"

"I won't neither," says little Alec. "I'll be in Hollywood acting, like Shirley Temple."

Says I, nasty: "They don't want no little-boy Wallace Beerys in Hollywood."

Thet started Jake off wuss than before. His voice went out to the Square and over Courthouse Hill and folks come a-running. Jake seed them and he begun to cry. Little Alec Alloway begun to cry, too. Pertha, she jined in. Jake, he was denouncing me fer an enemy of the pore thet wanted to keep little Alec Alloway outer his rightful heritage. Little Alec Alloway deserved a Shetland pony and cart and a free farm and ice cream five times a week, says Jake.

WELL, sir, I will admit the feller had a voice on him. You could shet yer eyes an' hear little Alec Alloway back in a Bushwhacker lean-away a-crying fer ice cream an' gettin' hominy grits. You could see thet Shetland pony bein' druv off down the road by a banker's little boy. Why, you could even see a banker foreclosin' on little Alec's free farm.

I couldn't stand no more of it.

"Clear outen my store, Jake," I yells. "This is agin reason an' it's plumb of the devil!"

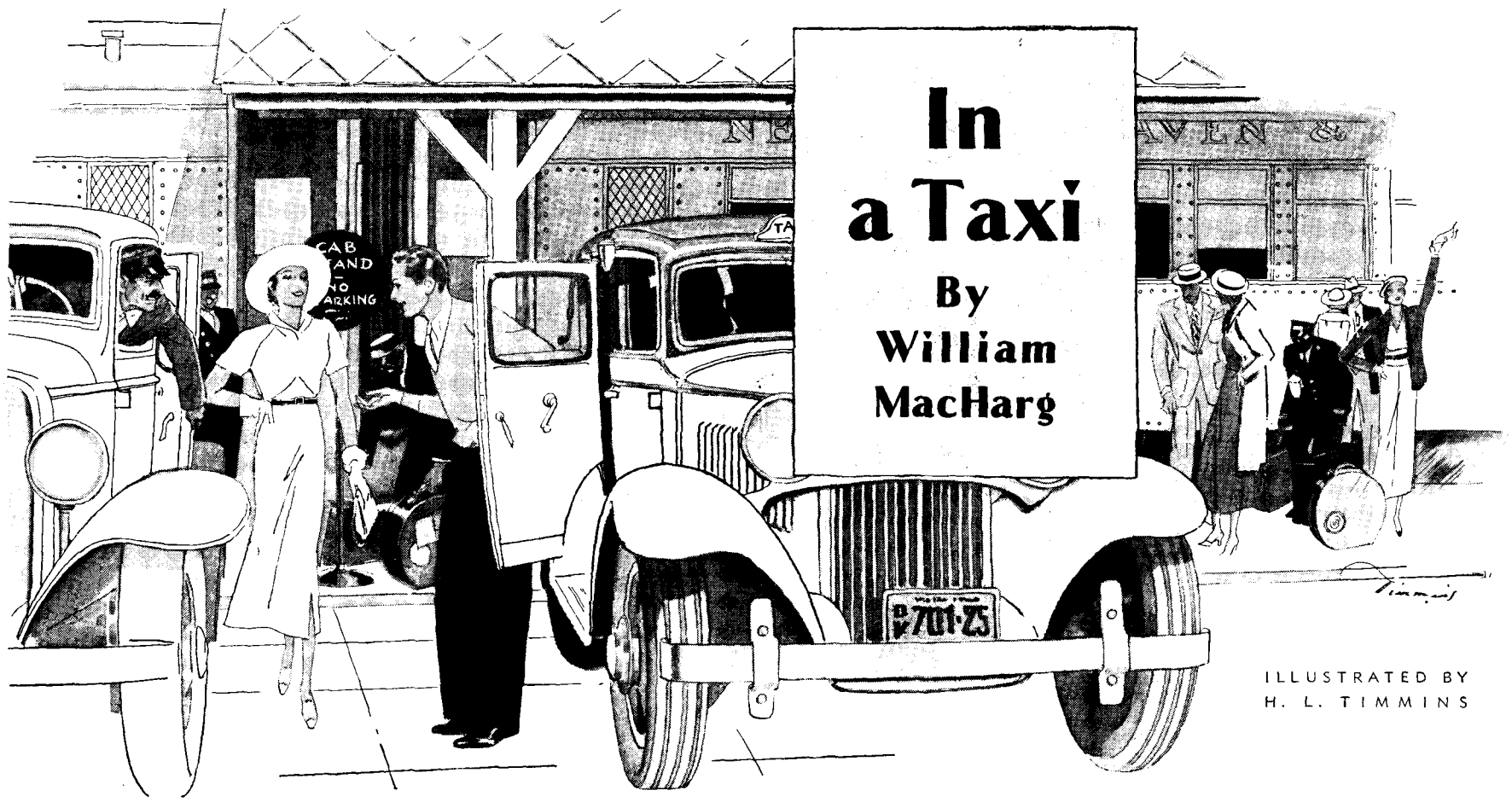
Dern him, afore he went, he'd got me to promise to support him fer county collector. Fact.

(Continued on page 43)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In a Taxi

By William MacHarg



ILLUSTRATED BY H. L. TIMMINS

She stood looking at the cabs till she caught sight of Larry

Jewelry thieves, a man with a problem to solve, a girl with ideas—and a strange, stirring story, just as a wise old police captain gives it to you

THAT town (said the retired captain of police) is within a dozen miles of New York, and when you get off the train onto the station platform about eight or ten fellows are standing in line and ask you if you want a taxi. Take a look at their cabs. A couple of them maybe are really taxis, but most of them are cars these fellows have picked up and slapped a coat of paint onto, and by doing their own repairs they keep them running. They say there's a living in it, if you don't care much how you live; and one of these fellows that stood in line in that town was named Larry Corbin.

He got into that business because he didn't have a job, and he wanted a job because he wanted to get married. He was a fine, upstanding, curly-headed lad, and every morning he was taking the train into New York to get him a job, and every evening he was coming out again without finding any. The girl he was wanting to get married to was named Connie Murdock—Constance her name was, but they never called her that; and she took the same train in the morning into New York, where she had a job in a lawyer's office, and took the same train out at night. So that was two reasons Larry had for taking the train; and there was still a third reason, who by name was Allan Dorlan.

This Dorlan had a wish for Connie, the same as Larry did, and that was no marvel; because there weren't many men that put an eye on that bit of a girl who didn't keep on looking. This Dorlan had all the things that Larry didn't have. He had money, and a job in a broker's office, and he drove a shiny, high-priced car in which he took Connie riding; but on the train he and Larry were more or less on the same level, with Connie acting the same toward both of them, and Dorlan acting as if Larry didn't matter, and Larry always watching Dorlan out of the corner of his eye and thinking what things he'd like to do to him.

They say every name has a meaning. I don't know the meaning of Murdock, but it's a Scotch name; and any Scotch name means that the people who have it don't want their daughter to get married to some fellow that hasn't got a job. The Murdocks hadn't exactly forbidden Larry the house, but they made it so much like an ice box when he went there that he thought it better to stay away. So on Saturday afternoons, when it was no use looking for a job and Connie didn't have to work, she and Larry generally went walking; but on Sundays Dorlan came to the house and sat in the parlor with her or took her riding in his car. Larry didn't know what Connie and Dorlan talked about when they were together, but when he and Connie were taking their walks they usually talked about his not having a job. He thought they'd said everything that could be said on that subject till one day she sprang a new one.

"IF NO one will let you into their business," she said, "why don't you fool them by starting a business of your own?"

"With what?" he asked her.

"Why, you've got money."

"Oh, sure," he agreed.

He had not quite two hundred dollars and he was hanging on to it as if it were a life-preserver and he were in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean.

"Sure I've got money," he went on. "What'll I do with it? Buy an apartment house, or would you think I ought to build an office building?"

Now it happened, as they were talking, they were passing in front of an automobile sales lot. The cars of all years back to about 1920 were lined up in a dozen rows with the prices written on their windshields.

"How about that?" she said. "People would ride with you if you didn't charge too much, and you could meet the trains."

He didn't think much of the idea at first, but the cars were there and they began to look at them, and he got interested. He figured that if he put a hundred and fifty into one of those boats, he'd still have nearly fifty left to get the business going on, but either the prices were too much for him or the car wasn't a model that would do. Then they finally came to a machine that really was a taxicab. It had Pennsylvania license plates on it that must have been at least a year old, and it was priced at two and a quarter. He was feeling sorry that he couldn't buy it when Connie spoke to the man.

"If you'll knock the quarter off that," she said, "we'll take it."

Larry grabbed her by the arm and

"If you'll knock the quarter off that, we'll take it," Connie said

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

took her aside and told her why he couldn't do it.

"That'll be all right," she told him, "because I'm putting fifty into it." She had money she'd saved out of her job. "And every week," she said, "you can give me a quarter of what you make, after taking out expenses, and we'll be in the business together."

He wouldn't have been as smart as he was if he hadn't liked the idea of her being in the business with him. While they were talking, the salesman had gone and spoke to his boss, and now he came back to them.

"O. K.," he said. "You bought something."

They paid a deposit on it; and on Monday Larry went to the bank and got his money, and when Connie got home from town, they went and paid the rest of it. So now he'd fooled the people who wouldn't give him a job; but he wasn't quite sure just what he thought about it.

As long as he had had no job at all there had been no telling what he might become: he might have been made president of some company; but now that he drove a taxi, a taxi driver was what he was, and the Murdock family liked a taxi-driver no better than they liked a lad with no job at all. Of course they didn't know that Connie had a share in it. He stopped by for Connie every morning to take her to the train, and he picked her up when her train came in at night, but the worst of that was that at night Dorlan usually was with her. He would drop Connie at her place, then take Dorlan home, and Dorlan would pay him and give him a ten-cent tip. He always grinned when he did it, and sometimes he would forget the tip till he'd got a step or two away and then he would turn around and toss it back to him. Larry didn't like to take Dorlan's money and he felt like throwing the tip back at him, but he couldn't do that because it was a business with him.

HE MET all the trains and he kept the bus rolling sixteen hours out of every twenty-four, except when it had to stand still to get repaired, and he wouldn't eat for a quarter if he could eat for fifteen cents, but there didn't seem to be much profit in the business. There was always money that had to be put back into the cab for repairs that he couldn't make himself, and at the end of the week when he gave Connie her share he sometimes asked her if her eyes were good enough to see it.

The best part of it was that, on Saturday afternoons, he and Connie didn't have to go walking any more, because he would load up with gas and they would drive out into the country on some shady road and park the car and he would get into the back seat with her. But except for that, he couldn't see where he was getting anywhere and he was pretty disgusted with the business. A half dozen times, in the next couple of months, he decided to take the boat back to the sales lot and ask the man there to give him what he could for it; but when it came to the point he didn't do it, because he figured Connie would think he was a quitter.

Finally, one day, he was at the station waiting with the other fellows for the early afternoon train, and the train came in and a cutie got off it. She was very pretty, with too much red on her lips and cheeks and too much black around her eyes, and she stood looking along the line of cabs, wondering which one to take, till she caught sight of Larry. She gave him a smile and he held the door open and she got into the cab and gave him a street address. They rolled up the hill and turned onto the main street and all at once he heard her calling to him. He stopped the cab and

"What's the idea?" he asked them

looked back and she was searching in her handbag.

"I find I haven't got any cigarettes," she said. "Is there a cigar store anywhere around?"

Well, it happened there was a cigar store not forty feet ahead of them. He pulled up to the curb and she gave him a smile and he saw her holding out a quarter to him.

"Would you mind getting them for me?" she said, and she told him what kind.

There was a fellow standing with his back to them, looking into the window of the cigar store, but Larry didn't pay any attention to him and didn't really notice him. He was in the cigar store, holding out the quarter to pay for the cigarettes, when he heard the cab start, and he ran out of the door. The cab was about fifty yards away, with the fellow who had been looking in the window in the driving seat, and the girl not even looking back to see what was happening. Larry let out a yell and started after them, but he saw that was no use. Then he saw a grocer's delivery truck, with a boy who of course he knew, coming toward him about half a block away from him. He gave a yell and landed on the running-board.

"Get after him!" he yelled. "He's stealing my cab!"

THE only fun a delivery boy has is driving like a bat out of hell between his stops, and now this one had orders to do it. He gave a whoop and a grin and stepped on her till his foot was flat on the floor, and the delivery wagon jumped ahead like the fire was just around the corner. It gave Larry a lot of satisfaction. Whatever the cab had been at one time, the speed had been taken out of her before he ever got her, and he saw that he would surely catch them. Those towns are strung together along there so you can't hardly tell when you get out of one into the next. The cab had been about a quarter-mile ahead of them at the start, but when they got to the next town it was only a couple of blocks. The cab turned a corner and they turned after it. It turned another one, and they turned too, and there was the cab standing in the middle of the street with no one in it.

They looked in all the yards and down all the streets for the fellow and girl, but they couldn't find them; and they asked in all the houses, but they couldn't find anybody who had seen them. Larry drove to the police station and reported that somebody had tried to steal his cab, but he couldn't describe the fellow because he hadn't looked at him; and there didn't seem much sense in the whole business anyway. If somebody wanted to steal a car, ninety-nine cars out of a hundred on the street were more worth stealing than the cab; and if the fellow wasn't stealing the car but was stealing the girl, why hadn't she yelled and made some fuss about it? She seemed just to have gone along with him. There wasn't anything known about the girl at the address she'd given Larry, and they couldn't find out anything about either her or the fellow.

A MAN who's in love isn't accountable for what he thinks—if he was, fewer people would get married; and the more Larry thought about this the more he got the idea that it was connected up some way with Dorlan. People that live in those towns are respectable in their own town and do their playing in New York, and it ain't always respectable playing; and Larry knew Dorlan was like that. He hadn't ever seen Dorlan with the girl that had run away with the cab, but he'd seen him with other girls that wore too much war-paint, and he knew Dorlan had disreputable acquaintances, and Dorlan could have fixed it to have someone steal the cab; and Dorlan was the only one who had a motive. Everything Larry had was in the cab, and if he lost it he'd have no job and no money. He asked Connie if she'd told Dorlan that she owned part of the cab, and she said she hadn't; and that made him still more sure of it.

What Larry would have liked to do was to get Dorlan off somewhere by himself and flatten him like the Murdock's parlor rug, but he saw that he would be only getting himself in wrong if he did that without having any proof against him; and the person he would get in most wrong with would be Connie. He looked hard at Dorlan every time they met, but he couldn't tell anything; and he didn't dare to make a move until he had something to go on.

He was standing on the station platform, about a week after that, thinking what he would like to do to Dorlan, when two fellows got off the train. He didn't look at them particularly when they got in his cab and gave him an address out in the country, but when he'd started the bus rolling, he took a peek at them in the rear-view mirror and he didn't like the looks of them. One of them was short, and heavy-set and dark, and his skin had a sort of pasty look, and the other one was thin and taller. Larry had a vague kind of impression of what the fellow looked like who had tried to run away with his cab, and he had a feeling that the taller of these two might be the one, but he couldn't be sure of it. He thought it was a bad sign that they didn't say anything to one another, and the address they'd given him was taking them along a road that was very little used.

There were usually some kind of tools kicking around under Larry's feet that he had been working on the cab with, and this time there was an iron bar about a foot long that he had been using changing a tire. He scuffed it along with his foot till he got it standing upright between his legs; then he let his right arm drop down so the bar went up his sleeve and he worked it up with his fingers until he had it hidden. About then there was no one in sight along the road, and he felt a cold spot on his neck that he knew was the muzzle of a gun, and the short fellow said to him:

"We turn here, buddy."

They turned off onto a dirt road that ran for about half a mile through woods and bushes, and when they had traveled a couple of hundred yards along it, the short fellow told him, "Stop."

"NOW h'ist 'em," he continued, "and get out of the cab."

Larry got out of the cab with both arms held above his head.

"What's the idea?" he asked them.

"No idea, brother. We're just going to paste you up and leave you lay in these bushes for a while."

The short fellow stood covering Larry with his revolver and the taller one took some surgeon's tape and picture wire out of his pocket and laid them on the running board of the car. He turned his back while he was doing it. When he did that, Larry brought his right arm down with all the strength he had. The iron bar slipped out of his sleeve, and he caught the end of it; and the other end landed on the arm that held the gun. It ripped the coat sleeve and broke the arm and the gun went flying.

(Continued on page 45)

They took the cab behind a garage and in about an hour they were surrounded by its pieces

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We saw things that no sourdough ever saw or dreamed of ever seeing

Chicken-Salad Gold Rush

By Walter Davenport

DRAWINGS BY WILLIAM STEIG

It was a sad day for the desert rats when Utah decided to teach its unemployed all about prospecting. The true sons of the forty-niners are now in retreat before a wild-eyed crowd of amateurs, full of book larnin', chicken-salad sandwiches and nonsense. And some of 'em find gold. But it ain't right. Listen to Will Rasp

IT WAS before they caught those Weyerhaeuser kidnappers and Salt Lake City seemed a model of unaffected tranquillity. The streets are so wide that little children have to take a change of clothing when crossing them. And we were informed by the taxicab chauffeur who met us at the airport that Mr. Brigham Young, the founder, built the streets that way that such excitements as might filter in might quickly blow away.

But we hadn't been there more than an hour or so before it became pretty clear to us that, beneath the surface, tumult was bubbling. We discovered it, first in a Mr. Brewer's shoe-shining and pants-pressing parlor and, a bit later, in a Mr. Theron's watch-repairing shop. Then it came to us that a large part of the city was on the verge of uttering a hearty growl.

It's best to prospect alone

Mr. Brewer had fired his sourdough—a long, lean, dehydrated desert rat named Will Rasp. It had come about after this fashion: Mr. Brewer, a businessman and capitalist, was Mr. Rasp's patron. That is, he had been grubstaking Mr. Rasp for six or seven years at a cost of approximately two hundred dollars a year and, until a few weeks before the unpleasantness, had taken Mr. Rasp's word for it that it was only a matter of time before both of them would be so rich as to rate a special socking in the United States Senate.

The Sourdough-Capitalist Combine

Mr. Rasp, the sourdough, was, of course, a prospector. No one, including Mr. Rasp, seemed to know how many years he had been pottering around the desert and mooching up and down the mountains, the magnificent Wasatch Range in particular, looking for gold; but there were times when Mr. Rasp, buoyed by enthusiasm of various makes, had said he was born the year Brigham Young "come humpin' over the mountains lookin' for a place to set." That was in 1847 and Mr. Rasp claimed that he "didn't lose no time gettin' started."

Mr. Rasp's age is immaterial here but you've got to admit that the details are interesting. Anyway he had been a gold hunter many, many years and after the manner of the sourdough had tramped the hills, valleys and desert on a fifty-fifty basis—half of what he might find going to the city capitalist who grubstaked him and half being his very own. This entirely uncomplicated scheme was regarded by such ancient sourdoughs as Mr. Rasp as practically depression-proof because, you see, the prospector was never without his beans and even if no gold came of the year's tramping, his grubstaker was always considerably hopped up on the hope that springs eternal. Or, as Mr. Rasp and two or three other sourdoughs would have it, the prospector is sure of getting lots of clean, fresh air anyway and his patron is forever tasting of the delights that come of not knowing what moment he, too, is going to get something. We came near to saying Mr. Rasp and his friends, but that would be misleading. A sourdough has no friends; all he has is "somebody follerin' him every place he goes and a feller in the city suspectin' he's loafin' or worse." Furthermore, this fifty-fifty relationship between sourdough and capitalist is at the insistence of the former who, contrary to legend, is an exceedingly gregarious person when not on the prowl. If, Mr. Rasp explained, the prospector "didn't have no grubstaker he most likely wouldn't have nobody to talk things over with when he came back to town, most folks not wantin' to talk to prospectors no more than necessary."

But now Mr. Rasp had been fired. And it had come of something Mr. Rasp had never held with—book learning. Some weeks before we arrived in Salt Lake City, Mr. Charles H. Skidmore, Utah's state supervisor of trade and industrial education, had decided that with all the gold, silver and other desirable minerals abounding as they are in Utah, it was too bad that more people weren't out digging them up. Utah's unemployment troubles were not as poignant as those of some of her sister states. Yet the rolls showed that as many as twenty to twenty-five per cent of her population were on relief of some sort and dimension. And it was the intelligent opinion of Messrs. Skidmore and Gunderson that morale preservation might be well served if large numbers of industrially unoccupied men and women be taken out of their dispiriting surroundings and dispatched to the mountains and the desert in quest of gold.

No one had to tell these gentlemen that few if any of the unemployed knew a telluride from cinnabar or a mess of Devonian limestone from quartzite, a prevailing innocence that will doubtless astonish you. But they, having been

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They had brought a couple of chauffeurs to dig, sift, sort, wash and inspect the gravel

trained to grapple with public ignorance, met the situation by inaugurating a public prospector's course—a singularly happy inspiration. With the same unerring sagacity they selected Mr. Frank Gunnell to do the teaching and announced that classes would be held in every county and community. Mr. Gunnell, a young and personable fellow, is geologist for the state tax commission and it is general knowledge that anybody trying to learn more than Mr. Gunnell knows about the metallurgy and alluvial deposits of Utah would be guilty of an un-Christian waste of time. To say nothing of Utah's rocks—lamination, stratification, denudation, cleavage and lode dip.

As a success, the classes were major triumphs, as many as three hundred and fifty enthusiastic Utahans shoving each other for elbow room at single lectures. It is worth the telling, and it may be significant of something or other, that the unemployed, on relief or otherwise, did not manifest the same enthusiasm as their more fortunate brothers and sisters. As nearly as we could learn there were as many employed persons in the classes as unemployed—perhaps more. Of course you had all sorts of explanations offered—dozens of them. You were told that it was a demonstration of the loss of initiative and enterprise with which the dole has cursed the idle. And you heard that a considerable portion of Utah's unemployed were miners anyway; and what would a miner be doing listening to a professorial young man talking rocks, lodes, drifts and tests? What nonsense. They told us that many of the employed attending the lectures were *grubstaking capitalists like Mr.* Brewer, eager to find out at long last what their sourdoughs had been doing out there all these years. And then a large number of boys and girls took the courses, seeking therein new ways and means to entertain visitors from the East, it being the general belief that mining parties would be much more interesting than sitting around all day Sunday talking about the Mormons.

However it was, whole villages turned out to meet Mr. Gunnell as he arrived, and followed him into the schoolhouse with notebooks and pencils. It would be an unwarranted imposition upon your time to set down here the fields and categories from which the students came. But there were schoolmarms and cops, boy scouts and bellhops, housewives who hadn't bothered to remove their aprons, and preachers who blessed the meetings with prayer. There were college students, grocers, campfire girls, barbers, manicurists, bankers, lawyers, legislators and journalists—to enumerate them in their ranking in importance. And there were bootblacks and grubstakers.

And among the latter was Mr. Giovanni da Bologna Brewer but not his erstwhile sourdough, Mr. Will Rasp.

Lessons in Gold-Seeking

But before we set forth what Mr. Brewer, the grubstaking capitalist, learned, and lead you to the firing of Mr. Will Rasp, the unschooled sourdough, we shall complete the details of the organization. Hard on the heels of Mr. Gunnell (who, incidentally, had the hearty coöperation of the teaching corps of the School of Mines of the State University and the mineralogical brains of Brigham Young University) came the Great American Prospectors Association. In fact it was the Great American Prospectors Association that encouraged Messrs. Skidmore and Gunderson to perfect their idea. Its president, Mr. Harry S. Joseph, and his handsome comrade, Mr. Walter Hobbs, let it be known that after Mr. Gunnell had imparted all the rules and book learning of magnetic ore deposits, secondary ore deposits, bedded non-metallic deposits, outcrops, *mining laws, streak tests, concentration,* amalgamation and cyaniding—to say nothing of how to sell a prospect once it is developed—they would organize and conduct the students to the scene of hidden wealth and teach them how to conduct themselves profitably. Messrs. Joseph and Hobbs, having chased the rainbow until the poor thing hadn't a secret to its name, told the tales of salting and other skulduggery that came near to destroying their faith in the whole animal kingdom. And before we're through we'll tell you. There are times when unqualified trust in a miner is not a sign of superior wisdom. And even some of the most beautifully contrived mining stocks turn out occasionally to be worth less than the salesman said.

But to continue our story of the dissolution of the partnership of Mr. Brewer and Mr. Rasp (which will cover the reasons why Mr. Theron and other capitalists dismissed their sourdoughs), we found that Mr. Rasp had been pursuing gold lodes and deposits in streams and rocks on the gulp-and-go-to-it plan, a system predicated on the theory that the more you read of what some other fellow wrote the more you don't know. A certain amount of superstition marked Mr. Rasp's method and it was his insistence that the pitch and timbre of a rattlesnake's tail were more dependable than "settin' on a rock lookin' at another" that aroused the ultimate ire of Mr. Brewer. When Mr. Gunnell was through with Mr. Brewer, the latter had become a raging Vesuvius of science. His conversation, as he polished a boot, was reeking with drift beds, quartz lodes, metamorphic rock, blendes, basalt, conglomerates, micaceous schists, andesite and the flotation process. Mr. Rasp's favorite and most irritating comment when deluged by Mr. Brewer's new erudition was: "Le's hear you spell it." And naturally that couldn't go on.

Mr. Rasp, notwithstanding his annual failures to uncover Golcondas, was faithful to the unwritten laws of gold-coursing. While on the prowl, for example, there should be as little noise as possible. That's why, said he, a fellow never found lodes in the city. And that's why the west is haunted by ghost cities—towns which once had been the sites of vast raw wealth but are now but a collection of dismal and uninhabited shacks surrounding holes in the ground. You see, the gold stood the din of massed humanity just so long. And presently, when the hollering, dance-stamping, horn-blowing and the rest of the human callithump got so bad a body couldn't tell whether it was sin or salvation, the gold streaked off to where it could be dug up in peace. Gold lives. Gold speaks. Gold weeps and laughs, loves and hates. Gold has nerves.

Strictly, it isn't a good thing for even three or four prospectors to work together. There are likely to be arguments. And Mr. Rasp said he had seen arguments grow into downright differences of opinion. And when that happened shooting was known to have come to it—shooting, hollering, moaning and a general disturbance. So the lone prospector, the solitary sourdough, was the city capitalist's best bet. When a feller traveled alone he didn't make much noise because "mostly the only reason a feller makes a lot of noise is because he wants folks to notice him and when there ain't nobody around 'tain't no use." Thus spoke Mr. Rasp.

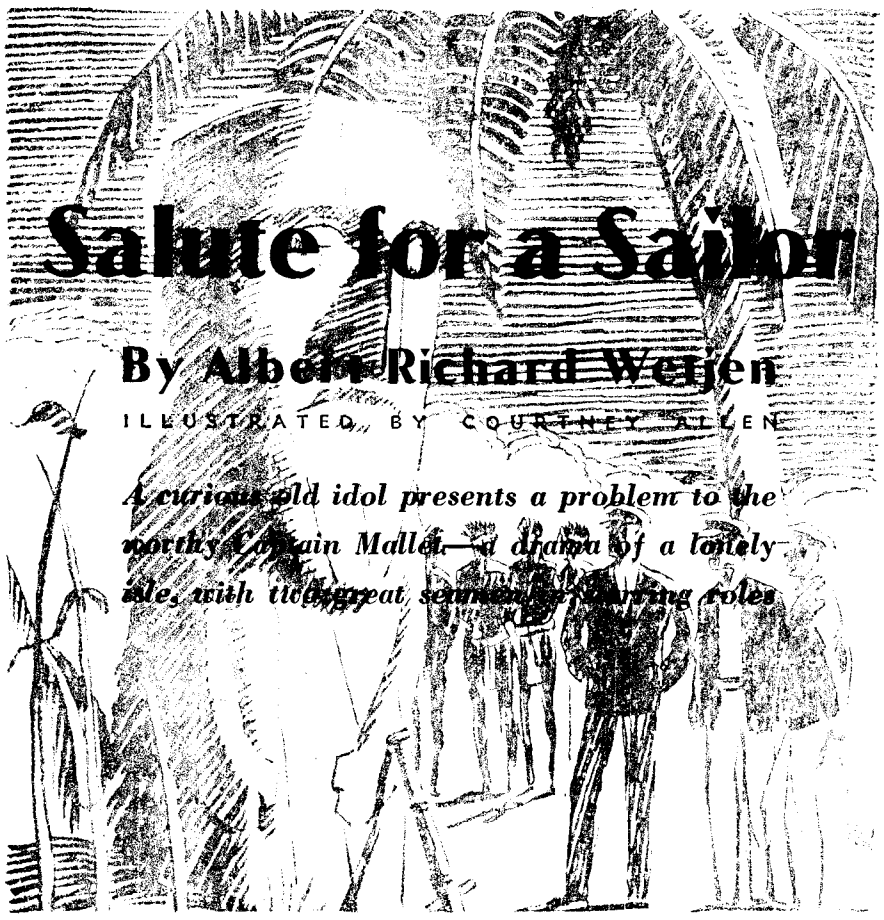
When Silence is Golden

Of course a lone prospector has to make some noise; but what he makes consists almost entirely of muttering. We went into the matter rather thoroughly. This muttering is almost entirely limited to: "Well, it must be around here somewheres." Of course the solitary sourdough could just think that, but his honest soul compels him to

(Continued on page 48)

He salted the sample with gold chloride

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Salute for a Sailor

By Albert Richard Wetjen

ILLUSTRATED BY COURTNEY ALLEN

A curious old idol presents a problem to the worthy Captain Mallet—a drama of a lonely isle, with two great seamen sparring coles

CAPTAIN MALLET'S face was as hard and as brown as weathered teak, just as his body, like teak, was close-grained, solid and eminently efficient. The two deep lines etched from his nostrils to his jaw framed a mouth as grim as a shark's, while the iron-gray brows of him sheltered eyes that were little more than slits of icy blue. He was a man of unfaltering integrity, of determination and unquestioned courage; a first-rate seaman and a navigator of parts.

These latter things were his pride. He was capable. He could stand on his own two feet, on the deck of any ship in the world, and bring her home. And he knew it. But his officers feared him, and his crews hated him with all the bitter, impotent hatred that infests men who fully understand they count for nothing beside the job, beside the ship, beside the glory of a crack passage and the pride of a master of the craft. And he knew that too.

Standing wide-legged on the poop deck of the full-rigger Calabar, he surveyed now the weary men below him moving up and down at the pumps. For fifty-six hours those men had labored, at first with intervals of rest; but for the past fifteen of those hours there had been no intervals at all.

Captain Mallet was very well aware they would still be cursing him if they had the strength and energy left. He was well aware, too, that if he went below out of sight for any length of time those same men would have the boats in the water and would abandon the Calabar to her fate. But his presence held them. His presence alone. And he had been without sleep for seventy hours straight!

"They can't last much longer," said McCleod, the mate, staggering up the companion to join him. The mate was a tall man, gaunt and rough-hewn, haggard now and desperately tired. "If we don't sight the island tomorrow . . ."

"We'll make it," said the captain. "We'll sight the island after dawn."

The mate ran his sun-reddened bare arm across his parched lips and choked.

"I hope so, sir," he agreed doubtfully. "But it's a toss-up if they'll see the night through. They've had a hard time and they figure the ship's lost anyway, so they might as well take the boats."

"The pumps are holding the leak."

"Just holding it, sir. But as the men grow weaker. . . ."

"They'll still hold it. I'm not losing my ship because a crowd of salt-water laborers can't stand a little punishment."

Almost as if the mate's thoughts had reached them the men at the pumps suddenly quit. Reeling from weariness, they gathered in sullen, whispering knots, looking aft at the grim figure by the taffrail, looking at the two remaining boats, the longboat and the dinghy lashed on top of the battered galley house. Ominous. Brooding. Captain Mallet straightened from the taffrail and crossed to the companion.

"Come," was all he said. The mate tightened his belt and followed instinctively. The men grouped closer and waited, silent now. Captain Mallet halted and made a sweeping gesture with one hand. "Get back to work."

A MAN stepped forward, his face set in grimly desperate lines.

"We're through," he stated flatly. "We've done all any human beings could be asked to do. The Calabar's finished. We can make the island in the boats and we're going."

"Get back to work," said Captain Mallet dispassionately.

The crew's spokesman choked on an oath.

"You be damned," he said. "We're going."

He turned back to the others and Captain Mallet reached round and drew his gun from his hip pocket.

"McCleod," he said, "get an axe."

The mate obeyed mutely, jerking a fire axe from its brackets screwed to the bulkhead of the sea-battered galley house. The crew's spokesman twisted about again, startled, as if he expected the axe was for him. He saw instead the unwavering muzzle of the captain's revolver and the slits of icy eyes above it.

"Smash the boats, McCleod," said Captain Mallet.

There was a silence as tight as a drawn wire.

"Yes, sir," the mate said quietly and moved toward the boats. The speaker for the crew came to life with a tremendous effort.

"You can't do that!" he raved. "Here . . . get him. . . ." He took two steps after the mate and the captain's gun roared, staggering him. He put an unbelieving hand to a shattered shoulder and then slowly rocked round to face once more the master of the Calabar.

"Get back to work," said Captain Mallet icily, and they obeyed him, horrified and fascinated. There was little else to do in the face of the blue smoke curling from the muzzle of the unwavering gun, in the face of those slits of icy eyes. The clank-clank of the pumps started their old refrain, across which jarred the splintering strokes of the mate's axe. Captain Mallet looked at the man he had wounded.

"Come aft and I'll dress that," he said curtly.

LOW in the water, weary as a dying leviathan, the Calabar rolled sluggishly toward the low hills of the island that opened before her with the rising sun. Captain Mallet surveyed it through his glasses, frowning a little. He hoped there would be a sound beach, a sheltered beach. He did not know. No one seemed to know.

The Pacific Pilot was politely vague about the whole business. "Dodds Island," it said, "visited by H. M. sloop Angelina in 1885. There is a fair anchorage reported in a bay on the southwestern side but the Angelina did not enter, fearing possible hostility of inhabitants. Vessels approaching this island should use extreme caution, as the coast and surrounding waters are unsurveyed and reports of long standing regarding the treachery of its natives render it an undesirable place at which to refit or procure water or provisions, except in extreme necessity. It is believed sometime to have been used by whaling vessels and sandalwood traders driven out of their course or in urgent need of provisions, but this is uncertain."

Captain Mallet saw the reported bay at last. He turned to McCleod and gestured.

"We'll take soundings as we go in. I'd send a boat ahead if we had one fit for use. Something I should have thought of yesterday." The idea that he could have been wrong irritated him. His shark's mouth tightened. "We'll have to chance it anyway. Unlock the arms rack and set the carbines and a few boxes of cartridges out on the hatches. We may have to fight."

The mate's lips moved with unuttered oaths as he stumbled below with the captain's keys.

"There's no sense to it," he muttered. "No sense at all. If ever a crew should have mutinied we should have. If we don't tear the bottom out of her on the coral going in, we'll have our heads hanging in the native curing fires."

Captain Mallet held a first audience on the beach, in a neutral spot

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

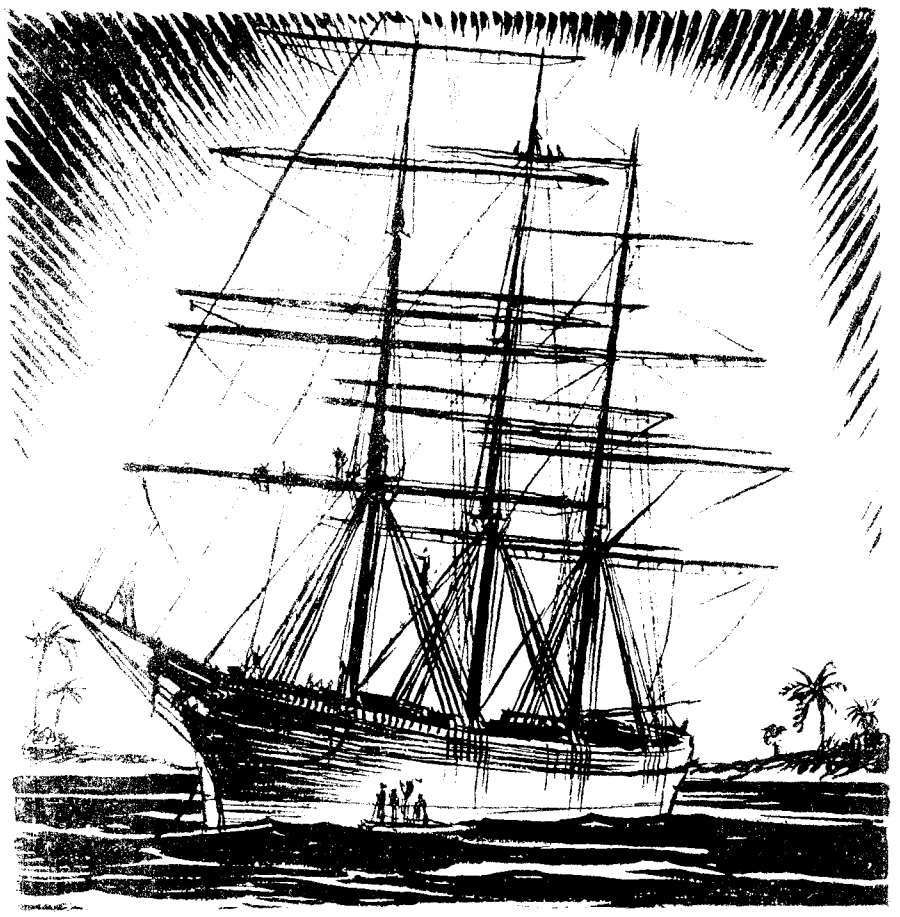
But he was wrong in that. For, with knots of curious natives watching, the Calabar swept between foaming reefs through a clear channel into the bay, and she labored wearily toward a shelving beach of white sand with the pumps still going. And with her sails still set, for the men were too tired to take them in, even had the order been given, she rasped and slid to a stop at last, heeled slightly to port and was still.

THE following weeks were very much of a nightmare. They piled cargo on the beach and kept it under heavy guard. They probed into the bowels of the Calabar. They waded overside when the tide was down and stripped such copper from her bottom as they could conveniently reach and handle, and then they calked the leaking seams. They sent down the makeshift topmasts, repaired the deck and the deckhouses. One half of the men worked at a time while the others, though resting, kept, as it were, one eye open in case of attack.

As a matter of fact, it looked very much as though the natives of Dodds Island had been very much maligned by the generally austere and exact Pacific Pilot, for they seemed harmless enough, and even friendly. Captain Mallet's second mate, a slender, liquid-eyed, quarter-caste Polynesian, born in Australia, found little difficulty in understanding the natives' speech.

The day after the arrival of the Calabar Captain Mallet was compelled to attempt friendly relations with the savages whether he wanted to or not. There was not only the question of averting any possible hostilities with gifts and such, but also the pressing fact that he was badly in need of provisions and still more in need of water. Yet he was cautious. He met the chief of the village, a smirking, villainous, smelly and wrinkled old man, partially deformed in one leg, wearing a sort of crown or headdress of frigate-bird plumes and carrying round his neck, by a cleverly plaited string of sinews, a small, flat pouch of bird's skin, which contained heaven knew what—probably, the captain thought, some remarkable witch doctor's charm.

If anything, the chief was more cautious than Captain Mallet, and at first he could not be induced to board the Calabar at all. Captain Mallet, the second mate acting as interpreter, held a first audience on the beach, in a neutral spot halfway between the jungle and the water's edge and, after breaking down the chief's first suspicious hesitancy with a bottle of rum, soon came to what appeared to be a first-class understanding. He was allowed to send men to a near-by spring for water, while the natives, reassured, eagerly traded fowls, pigs, yams, taro and fruit for trinkets.



"They seem to be familiar with such things," Captain Mallet ventured later with some perplexity, after the chief had become a regular visitor on board. "I thought no ship had been here since '85."

His second mate asked the chief and then laughed.

"He says that is true. No ship has come into the bay since long ago. But sometimes ships pass the island and his young men paddle out and trade. He does not understand why none of them will come close."

"Tell him he's got a bad reputation," snapped Captain Mallet. "No, don't say that! Ask him what sort of thing he's got stuck up on that knoll behind the village. Looks like some sort of an idol."

THE second mate looked curiously at the knoll, for he had been wondering himself. Most island images were concealed in tabooed groves or in caves or large huts, but this was facing the sea and bare to the weather save for a few trees left backing it as a sort of crude amphitheater.

"He says," answered the second mate, "that it's the spirit of Dakerate. At least, that's as near as I can come to it. He says that a long time ago, before his father's father's father's time, in the beginning, in fact, a white man's ship came to the island and rested just as ours is resting. I suppose he means she was beached for repairs."

"Probably one of the old whalers," said Captain Mallet indifferently. "What happened?"

"He says at first they were friends and the captain of that ship gave his father's father's father . . . well, in the beginning . . . many gifts. That bird's-skin pouch round his neck he says holds a very special charm. And then for some reason they fought."

"Probably they tried to cut off the ship and loot her," suggested Captain Mallet with cynicism.

"That's more like it," agreed the second mate. "Wait a bit, sir, I'll see."

But the chief was vague on that subject. There was a quarrel, that was all he knew, all that had come down to him, and the white captain had killed many of his people and laughed and sailed away unharmed. After which they set his image on the knoll and made offerings to him as one of the sea gods.

"It appears they lured him ashore with only a few men and then jumped him in the brush," the second mate interpreted. "But in some miraculous way . . . at least they apparently thought it was miraculous . . . he fought down to the beach again and shelled the tar out of them."

"Shelled?" jerked the captain, startled.

"That's about the only way I can describe it, sir," said the second mate dubiously. "He says, literally, 'Great balls ran through the trees and killed with much noise.' "

"Well, some of the old traders carried cannon," agreed Captain Mallet briskly. "And," he added with grim approval, "they were men who knew how to handle little affairs like that. Stood on their own feet. No monkey business. They were hard and they knew their work. We don't breed them any more." He stopped and lighted a cigar. "But to get back to more important business. Tell him I need fish, a lot of fish for salting and drying. Also many pigs and chickens. We've got to lay enough provisions on board."

"Yes, sir," said the second mate and began to bargain.

CAPTAIN MALLET on the whole paid very little attention to the early history of Dodds Island. He had been vaguely curious about the image on the knoll but certainly not sufficiently so to cause him to investigate it or distract his mind from the care of his ship. As the weeks succeeded each other and the natives remained friendly and helpful, he began to think it rather a waste of time and energy to have so many of his men on guard all the time. For one thing, he noticed the natives ostentatiously laid aside their spears and bows when they came aboard the Calabar and, for another, their women often mingled with them on the beach. He decided he would write the Hydrographic Office and have the Pacific Pilot corrected . . . natives treacherous be damned! . . . though, to be sure, that eminent tome was seldom in error and never given to romancing. But it must

(Continued on page 46)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Having nothing on her mind whatever, Babe spent the time correcting Hollywood's dumb blunders

Fresh Material

By Frank Condon

Concerning the curious adventure of Babe Sims' doting husband in fair Hollywood. A story which will surprise you greatly—if you don't know Hollywood's way of doing things

IT CERTAINLY gives me genuine pleasure to make out these minutes concerning Babe and Lennie Sims, recently residents of the Bronx, for I am able to set forth a vast improvement in their affairs. Things are definitely on the up for Lennie and his bright-eyed bride, who stands by him loyally and helps him puzzle out life's problems. Six months ago the report would have been dismal indeed, but now it is full of cheer and the goose hangs high.

Nobody will believe it, but those two innocents are out in Hollywood, 'pon my word, living in a pink stucco cottage, with a white garage and a clipped hedge. Babe has a dog that looks like a cat. They either own or rent an open roadster with red wheels, and every workday morning she drives him to his job like a proud and friendly wife. I believe they even have money in the bank, and if so, it is the first time Babe and Lennie have had money, either in the bank, hand, wallet or sock. It certainly is a remarkable change, as Noah said when he looked out.

I presume any normal person would regard Leonard Sims as a mild eccentric, of the studious or harmless literary type—a dreamer, thinker, delver into the unknown. Babe was a chorus girl once, so she is not like that and likes to eat three times a day. It may be that Lennie is a genius, which only means different from other people. I never could say, and gave up trying long ago, but at any rate, when he and Babe were married, and that less than a year ago, I was the stanch friend who stood up with them. Without the slightest sign of a honeymoon or any merry-making, Lennie tucked his bride under his arm, went on uptown to his old flat, now their mutual home, and finished work on his Yellow Summer.

I MAY say here that Yellow Summer is a novel, or something like a novel, as it has blue covers, and pages with printing and in one place it says: "By Leonard Sims." Therefore it must be a book. I am widely acquainted in matters of literature and art, being an omnivorous reader, as well as a cigar salesman, and will confess that Yellow Summer is not the best book of the year, taking any year. It may be the worst. I don't know and refuse to say, as I am a friend of the family.

Two hours after his wedding ceremony in a ministerial back room, Lennie was again whanging away at Yellow Summer, and the blue-eyed Babe was wandering about, wondering if two adults could ever squeeze by in such tiny quarters, which they could and did. At the moment, Babe was by far the prettiest girl-bride in all New York City and suburbs, as far west as Oklahoma. You looked at her and said: "No, I don't believe it—I'm dreaming." She had yellow hair, blue, innocent eyes, a small, red mouth, always laughing, scarlet fingernails and a giggling attitude toward life and daily problems. She was like one of those impossibly beautiful creatures on a billboard, and here she was, married to a moon-dreamer.

At this point I should say nothing about Babe's mentality or mind, for many close friends remarked during the courtship that Lennie was foolish, marrying a dumb maiden. It was the consensus that Babe could work herself out of a revolving door, if given time, but I set no store by such calumnies, so I say she was not dumb. She was merely pretty, though of course it says in the Sunday supplement that all extremely pretty girls must be dumb, an evening-up process of nature.

After the Simses move up to the Bronx flat, I am out of town selling cigars and do not see Babe or Lennie for six months, but upon returning to New York, I wander at four in the P. M. into a joint on Fifteenth Street and there stands Leonard Sims, leaning his person against the bar, in close communion with a glass of milk and seltzer. He looks paler and thinner, gaunt around the cheekbones, with worry wrinkles on the scholarly brow.

I am not coming into the joint for a milk and seltzer, as such drinks petrify the lining of the stomach and bring on rickets. Lennie and self shake hands, pound each other on the back, I have a drink and buy him one, not milk and seltzer, and at five P. M. he suddenly cries out:

"Joe, you old scalawag, you come on out to our place and have dinner. Babe is dying to see you. How is she? She's glorious. She's one of nature's rare flowers."

SO OUT we go on the subway, ring the bell, walk up three flights and there is Babe in a flouncy white apron, prettier than ever and very happy to see me again. Three times she shakes hands all over, and says she is glad, and then adds in her own cheery tones:

"It is very nice of you, Joe, to come out for dinner with Lennie and me, and wouldn't it be lovely if we had some dinner to offer you? There is one cold chop in the icebox, a loaf of bread and a pint of milk, not very sour, and why should we lie about it to you?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Whereupon I discover literature has petered out for the bounding Simses and they are on the rocks of poverty, but not despair. They haven't a dime. They haven't had a dime for some while. Lennie is still steaming from the drink, and acts quietly dignified, so I speak to Babe, hasten down three flights to a grocery and return with enough food to start Russia all over again. We have a filling meal and talk candidly.

Literature, as Babe begins to visualize it, is a nice, clean trade, but doesn't seem to keep the meat man happy. Yellow Summer was a sublime floppo, as I could have informed them long in advance. I read it and could not understand it and I am bright enough. As a novelist, young Mr. Sims went in heavily for the esoteric, with a dash of the spiritual and some strong suggestive symbolism, all of which is lovely, but non-paying. Where he writes in his book, "The little sad eagle flies low into the sunset," he doesn't mean it, but instead he means life will be pretty drab, if you do not find your soul. Now you offer the cynical reading public two hundred and fifty pages in a book about little sad eagles, and naturally there is no sale.

Even the most astute critics in New York City couldn't savvy the novel, so Lennie might as well have written it backward, like Ulysses or Gertrude Stein. They harshly advised him to quit writing books till he found out what he was trying to do; and of course Mr. Sims is already hard at work on his second book—a book, I may confess, that had even less sense to it than Yellow Summer. And that is why the two Simses were at home, with a cold potato in the icebox and the landlord leaving nasty notes under the door.

It was strictly the darkest hour before the dawn with my bride and groom, and Lennie worried mainly because of Babe and her short rations, as she had a healthy appetite. He himself was serious-faced-thinnish, inclined to brood and not much concerned with material things, like mutton chops and roasts; and he was wildly in love with Babe, as she certainly was with him. When he read aloud sections of his second book, she clapped her hands in joy and declared it marvelous, perfect and better than anything . . . It didn't mean a thing to her, but that is the way a young wife should act. That's loyalty.

She even waded all the way through Yellow Summer, passing from cover to cover, and proclaimed it one of the golden masterpieces of modern times, and never mind those critics. Of course, Babe's opinion was slightly tarnished by the fact that she did not habitually read books, or anything else, except the mildest kind of cross-word puzzles, with no hard words. Yellow Summer was her first book, and she patted Lennie on the shoulder and urged him on to more and greater tomes. That's the sort of a wife to have.

WELL, I loaned the defunct firm a little money, but they continued to fall behind with the tradesmen, the gas company and the landlord. And then out of a cloudy sky came the miracle. The struggling house of Sims attracted the attention of the cinema, or at least Yellow Summer did, and an official sent Lennie a hurry-up telegram, advising him to drop into the New York office without delay and see Mr. Horace Blagden, editor-in-chief of the monster corporation. It was Babe who opened the telegram, expecting a death in the family. She read it and began dancing about the room and hugging her husband.

"I told you so all the time," she cried delightedly. "I told you Yellow Summer was a swell book. Now they're finding out, the stupids. You hustle downtown this morning and see Mr. Blagden and put on your other shirt, without the hole."

AN EXCITED Lennie Sims was in the office of Horace Blagden at ten. He had a job at eleven. At four in the afternoon he was standing with his baggage in Grand Central, his bride beside him, waiting for the train to rush him out to California and the movie plants, for that is how hastily things happen when the Midas fingers of the movies touch a young man's life. Babe was to remain behind.

That morning in the New York office, Mr. Horace Blagden had informed him: "We will give you a contract for three months, and pay you one hundred and fifty a week. You start at once for Hollywood, where you will work in our studio under Mr. Williams, the general manager. It is quite possible they may wish to do something with your book, Yellow Summer. I don't know. You will receive instructions when you arrive at the studio."

Lennie hurried uptown with the thrilling news, some advance money in his pocket and a railway ticket for himself only. Babe praised him and declared she always knew it. Hastily she packed his bags and declared she was not the least bit disappointed at being left behind, which was a wifely fib.

"You just be patient, darling," he consoled her at train time, "and I'll be sending for you. You'll be out there in Hollywood with me as soon as I find out what's what, and meantime you might try to sublet the flat."

"Mustn't worry about me." Babe smiled, kissed him, shoved him towards the train, and went back to the empty abode, proud to be married to a recognized genius and a man among men. Lennie walked into his train and headed west, as Greeley advised.

Sitting alone in the smoking-room, he wondered what the movies would demand of him, and why they couldn't have stretched a point and paid Babe's fare, too. He assumed his abilities had been disclosed by Yellow Summer, and that his book had pried open the magic doors of cinemaland, which was as far from the truth as Cedar Rapids is from Singapore. The movies hadn't discovered anything. They knew little about his novel, and couldn't understand it, like everybody else. Lennie was utterly wrong, as he lolled back looking at the Hudson River.

But out in Hollywood there happened to be an important and hustling film corporation with a huge studio, engaged in manufacturing photographic entertainment for the populace of four continents, and in a certain shining office there sat a fretful man, Mr. Marshall

(Continued on page 28)

"I'm the guy that shows you how to do this," he grinned

ILLUSTRATED BY IRVING NURICK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Six Million Little Brown Shirts

Get them young, treat them rough and tell them nothing but Nazi gospel. The result of this program is a vast army of boys and girls eagerly waiting to carry the banners of Hitlerism forward into the future. Collier's sent T. R. Ybarra into the Third Reich to report developments. One of the most significant things he saw was Baldur von Schirach, Reich Leader of Youth, busy bending twigs

By T. R. Ybarra

DOWN the broad Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin strides Adolf Hitler. One of those grand celebrations, typical of Nazidom, is on; the supreme overlord of Germany is on his way to a monster meeting, to make there one of his ringing speeches.

On one side of him is Hermann Goering, second biggest Nazi chieftain. On the other looms the tall figure of General von Blomberg, head of Germany's formidable new regular army. They are followed by brown-clad Nazi personages, by regular army officers in gray-green. Guarding their route, ranged shoulder to shoulder, as far as the eye can reach, in black uniforms and trench helmets, stand hundreds of the "S.S.," the crack corps of Hitler's private army. Packed closely behind them are thousands of the people of Berlin, their hands upraised in the Nazi salute.

"Heil Hitler!" they roar.

Suddenly there is a stir of uneasiness.

A small tow-headed lad, ducking under the arm of one of the guards, leaps right in front of Adolf Hitler. In his hand is a bouquet of flowers. Shy but determined, he offers them to the Fuehrer. Shocked policemen grab at him—but Hitler imperiously waves them away. With a delighted smile, he takes the flowers. Then—but not till then—the little intruder is hustled outside the lines.

Bouquet in hand, Hitler strides forward. Cameras click.

Next day the picture of the Fuehrer holding the little lad's flowers is published in newspapers all over Germany—just as were similar pictures, showing him patting a little boy's head, kissing a little girl's cheek, walking in front of his home in the Bavarian Highlands with a little boy on one side of him and a little girl on the other.

For Adolf Hitler constantly says to himself: "To youth belongs the future." He loses no chance to win the hearts of German children. Like Mussolini, his Fascist teacher—the hymn of whose Fascists is entitled "Youth"—he long ago formed in his mind, and for many months has been putting into execution a carefully conceived plan.

You don't realize this when, for the first time, on a street of some German city, you are almost pushed off the sidewalk by a lot of youthful Germans, romping along five or six abreast—gay, red-cheeked and brown-clad. Nor when, another time, you are swept aside by another crowd of them, as they rush, amid boisterous jostling and yelling, toward the third-class compartments of a holiday excursion train. Nor when you encounter still another batch, in formation as compact as that of a military battalion, marching in swinging rhythm, to the melody of stirring songs, along a road threading the German countryside—boys and girls, big and little, tousle-haired and bright-eyed, with Hitlerist insignia on their sleeves, and, on the banners waving over their heads the big black swastika of Hitlerism.

"Who are those kids?" you ask.

"Hitler Youth," is the answer. More persistent inquiry brings out more specific answers. By heeding these you will learn to distinguish the very little marchers and jostlers as "German young folk," others as members of the "League of German Girls," still others, sturdy lads between fourteen and eighteen, as the genuine "Hitler Youth," whose official title is often carelessly used to cover all the rest as well. But, no matter what they may be called, these well-disciplined squads and battalions of youngsters represent one of the most formidable manifestations of Hitlerism—its attempt to assure for itself, in the future, a power over Germany as absolute as it wields there at present. After watching those youngsters on a few more occasions, the full significance of the plan which Adolf Hitler is putting into execution dawns upon you:

Six million German youngsters, at the most impressionable age, are being trained by the Nazis of today to be the Nazis of tomorrow.

A Crusade of Youth

Like the Nazi party itself, this youth movement, at its inception, was weak and insignificant. As was the case with the parent body, it was semi-secret, prohibited by the German government, ridiculed on all sides as a futile piece of nonsense, with no more chance of achieving influence and power than Adolf Hitler himself.

But now, with Hitler supreme in Germany and his Nazis the only party tolerated there, it has become a most efficient and ruthless crusade for 100 per cent Nazism. Those six million young people who are marching in its ranks are regimented as thoroughly as were the soldiers and civilians of the Hohenzollern pre-war Reich. And, while their muscles are being hardened and their health fortified by strenuous physical exercise, their thoughts are being directed into Nazi channels, their minds molded into Nazi shapes.

The head of the Hitler Youth movement is a young man named Baldur von Schirach. His official title is Reich Leader of Youth.

This general of an army of six million young soldiers is only twenty-eight years old. He comes of noble lineage, as the "von" in his name denotes. While he was a college student, in the days when Hitlerism was in its infancy, he heard Hitler make a speech. From that moment he was a fanatical Hitlerite. Abandoning his studies, he threw himself heart and soul into the task of helping Hitler to power. And, shortly after his chief had fought his way to supreme control over Germany, von Schirach—who, meanwhile, had been made Youth Leader within the Nazi party—proved himself a thorough master of Nazi "rough stuff" by forcibly seizing the headquarters of the associated youth organizations already in existence in Germany. He ejected their officials, confiscated their records, and informed their members that, henceforth, the Hitler Youth must be the only such organization in the Reich.

Though he is stocky and of muscular build and looks somewhat like a prize-fighter, his manner is shy. When he speaks, he scarcely raises his eyes from his manuscript. In him there is none of the fiery magnetism of Hitler, the aggressive assurance of Hermann Goering, the clever persuasiveness of Joseph Goebbels, Hitlerism's arch-propagandist.

Von Schirach has black hair and dark eyes; the general effect of his personality is pleasing. But he and his mission are far from pleasing to some Germans, especially to adherents of the old pre-war regime. They are enraged at the equality insisted upon by him in the ranks of the Hitler Youth, where a butcher's son is as good as a baron's heir.

"If von Schirach is such a fine young democrat," sneered a member of a noble family to me, "why does he keep that 'von' tacked onto his name?"

From his own lips I heard about the methods by which the Hitler Youth was built up to its present supremacy. He had come to address a gathering in Berlin which included adult members of his staff, as well as a delegation of boy leaders picked from his army.

"Perhaps the most important of our ideals," he said, "is that of inculcating in our young people a spirit of self-reliance. Personally, I am in favor of a boy who, when he is out camping, can mend his own socks, even if he does it, through lack of the right materials, with string."

He emphasized the importance attached by the Nazi guides of German youth to instruction at home. One evening a week is set aside for homework. This includes, besides carefully selected reading and hand-picked subjects of conversation, a spell of listening to the radio, through which lessons of a thoroughly Nazi type are pumped into the young auditors, under the title of "The Hour of the Young Nation," by Nazi announcers.

Camping tours, also, sometimes lasting weeks, play a leading role in the training course—as is witnessed by the frequency with which one meets detachments of Hitler Youth throughout Germany, with knapsacks and hiking shoes and full camping outfits.

"Whereas one million young people slept under tents last year," said their leader, "perhaps two or even three million will do so this year. And, in a not far distant future, there will not be a single member of our boys' organizations who will not spend at least three weeks regularly every year in a camp."

This sort of life, it seems, develops the boys rapidly. Even while they are still children, they get to prefer hiking and sports to the pursuits usually associated with early childhood.

"German toy-makers complain to me that little boys in Germany no longer like toys," von Schirach will tell you, with a chuckle of satisfaction.

And there is another change noticeable in the boys of Nazi Germany: A few years ago they used to devour books about our wild west, with its cowboys and Indians. But nowadays their training in the Hitler Youth is making them despise all that sort of thing.

Every Boy a Soldier

And it is making them glory in physical toughness. Recently, when the mother of one of its younger members objected to the fact that its rules obliged her little son to march too many hours and subjected him to other over-exacting endurance tests, one of his young comrades reproved her with great severity.

"Madam," he said solemnly, "you complain that your boy gets tired. In the Hitler Youth there is no such thing as being tired."

Though von Schirach's army of youth is organized with military thoroughness, its leader vigorously denies that it has a military character. Be this as it may, the matter is not as vital as it was before Adolf Hitler, early this year, announced that Germany had reverted to universal military service for her young men, in defiance of the Treaty of Versailles. All German boys over eighteen are going to be soldiers anyhow. And, before that age, they are having two things drilled into them which are most welcome to Germany's military chiefs: *discipline and obedience.* They are never for a moment allowed to forget that they must carry themselves, in all things, like soldiers; that they must obey their leaders without question.

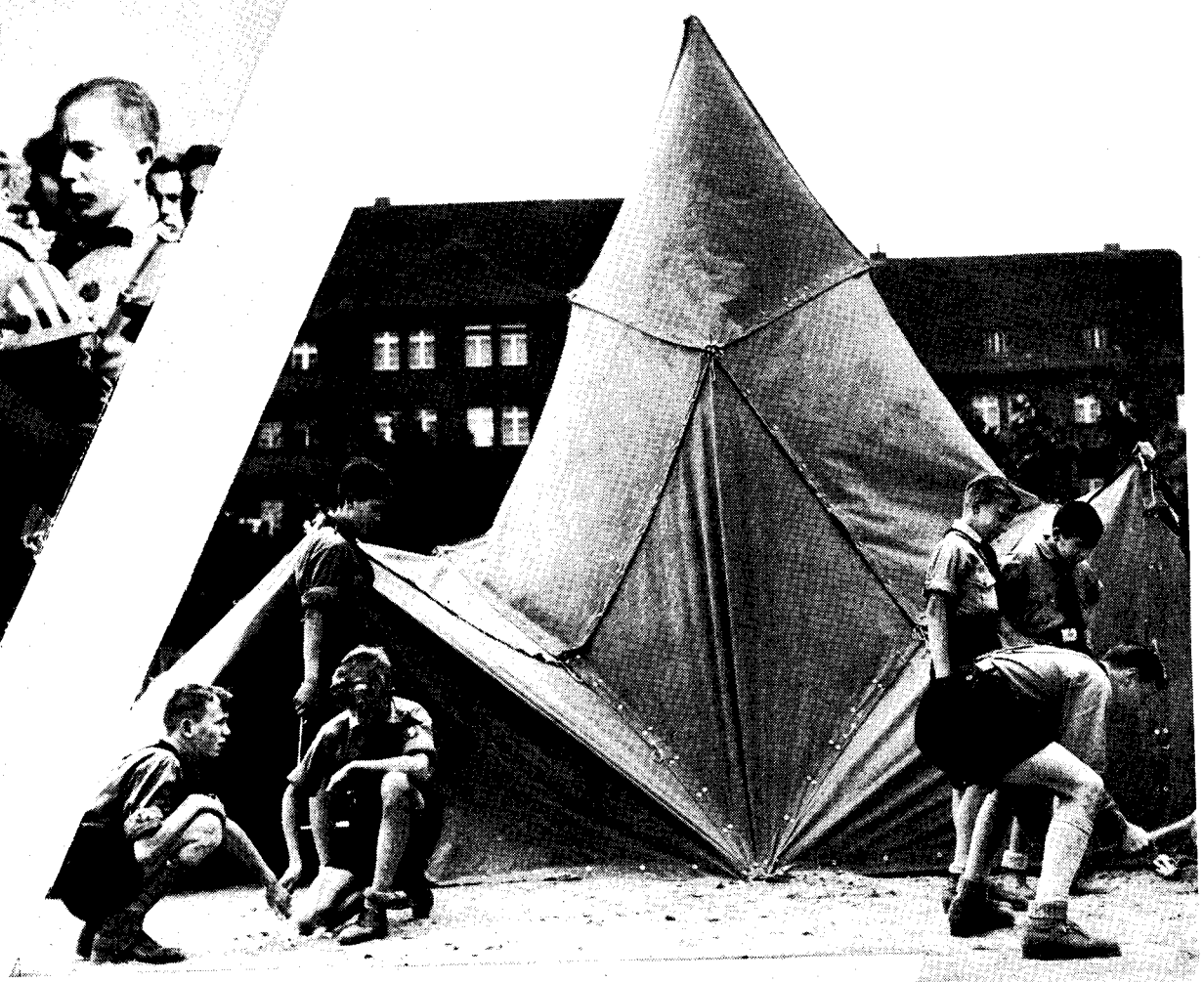
Another point sure to make them good raw material for the rapidly growing German regular army is the physical fitness which membership in the Hitler Youth gives. As to the Nazi attitude toward life, to which von Schirach and his aides attach the greatest importance of all, it is doubtful whether it will arouse much enthusiasm among the boys' drill-masters, after they are no longer enrolled in the Hitler Youth but are, instead, privates in the German army. It is an open secret that a considerable percentage of that army's officers have little or no use for the doctrines of Hitlerism.

The Hitler army of young people is divided into four big sections: the German Young Folk, the Hitler Youth, the Young Girls and the League of German Girls.

The first-named is composed of boys ranging in age from ten to fourteen. The Hitler Youth, by far the largest and most important of all, is made up of lads from fourteen to eighteen. Just as armies of real soldiers are divided into corps, divisions, brigades, regiments, battalions and companies, these youngsters are formed into similar units. The smallest unit in the Hitler Youth is known as a "Kameradschaft"

(Continued on page 32)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



EUROPEAN PICTURE SERVICE

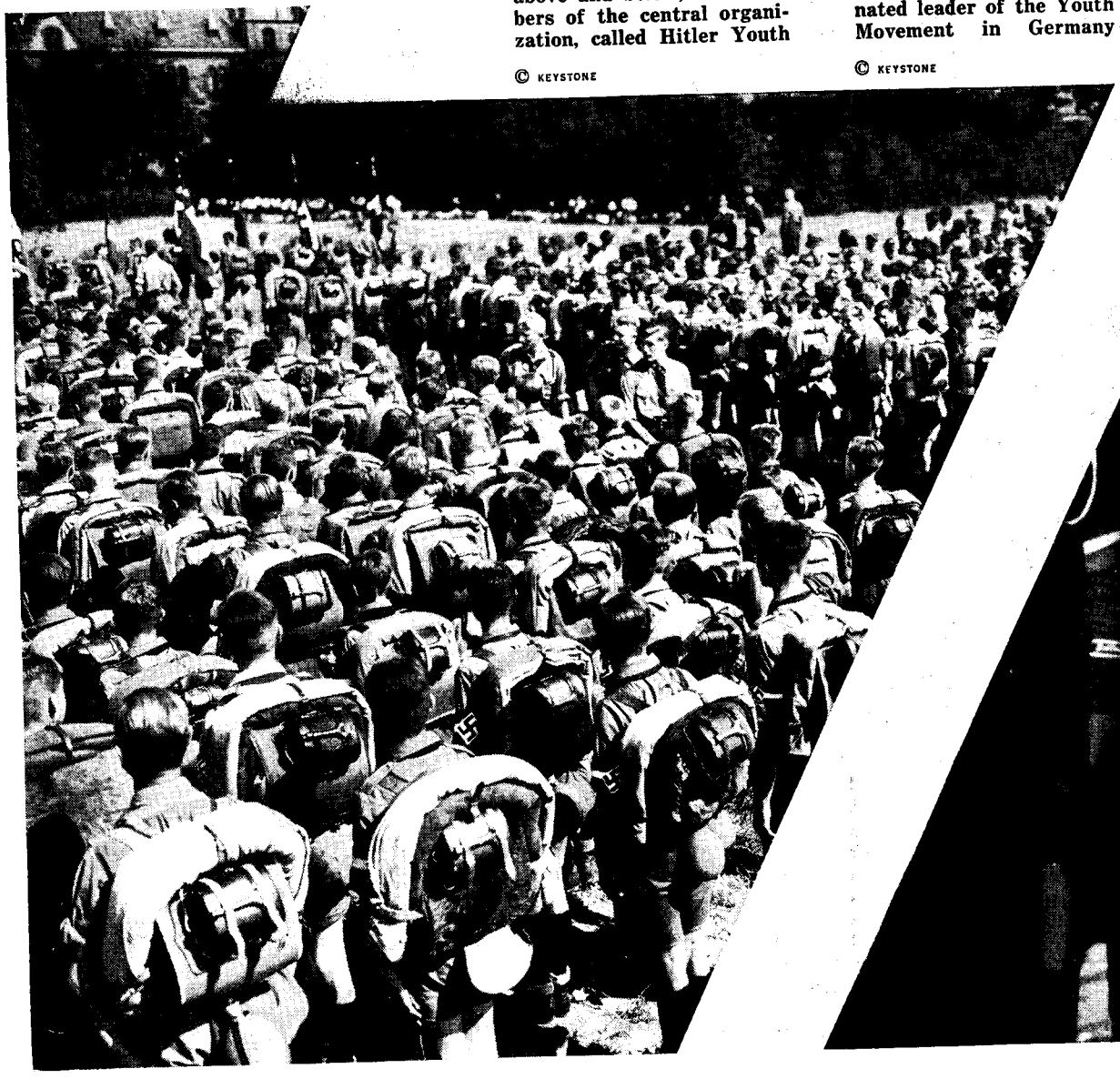
Mind and body, German youth is being molded to Nazi patterns. The older boys, above and below, are members of the central organization, called Hitler Youth

© KEYSTONE

WIDE WORLD

A German "Young Folk" camp on Tempelhof Field, Berlin. Below is Baldur von Schirach, officially designated leader of the Youth Movement in Germany

© KEYSTONE



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Silver Desert

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM

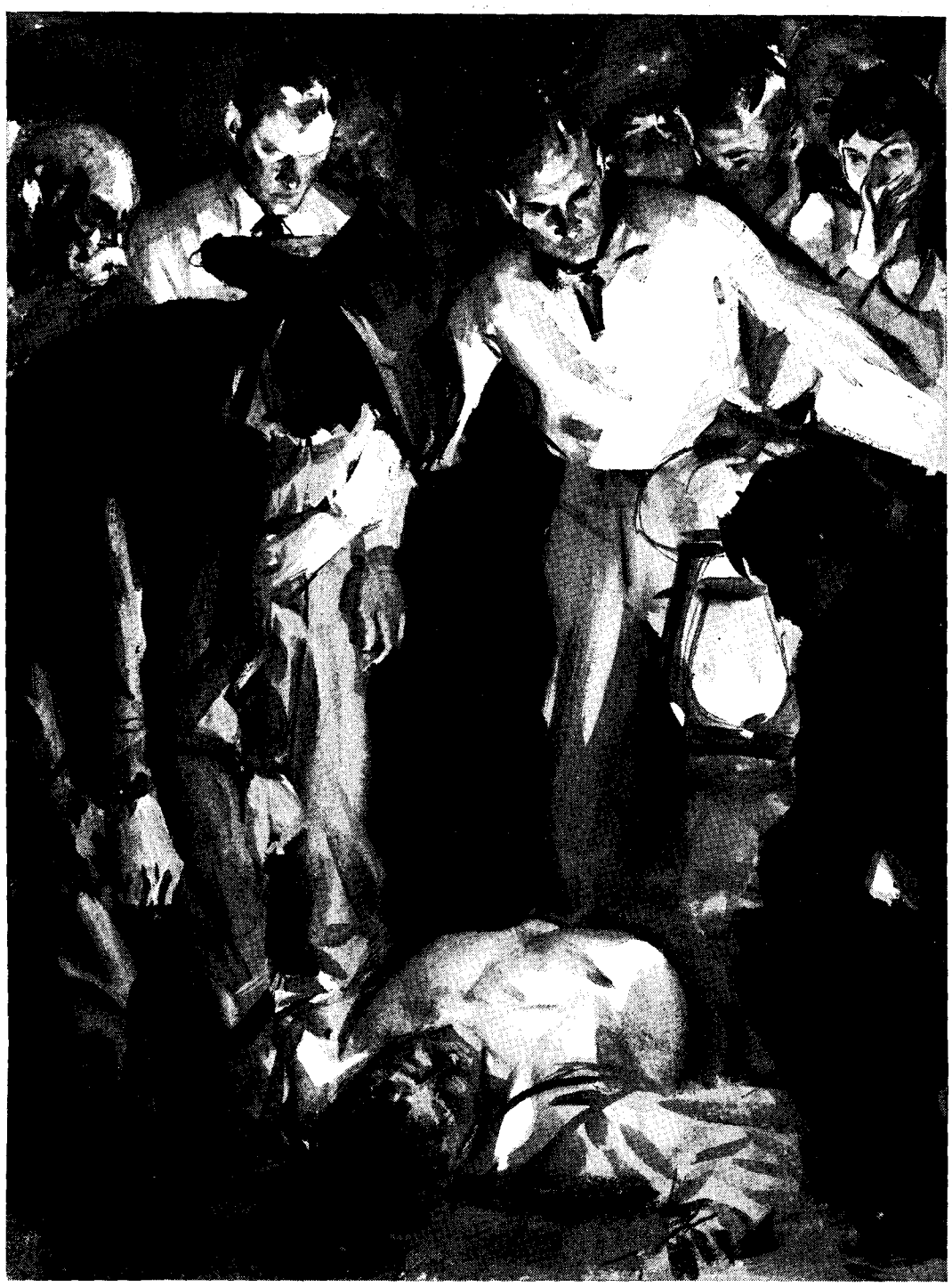
The Story Thus Far:

ARRIVING at his ranch-house late one evening with some guests—Lily Tennant, a Hollywood star: Kit Christopher, Timmy Akin, Judge Sillavan, and a man known as Buffalo Galt, who, uninvited, has brazenly joined the party—Tom Sebastian, owner of the Barrier Ranch, near Reno, receives a shock. Marauders are attacking the ranch-house; one of his men has been killed!

Under cover of darkness, the killers continue to fire on the house. Whereupon, Galt orders them to go away—and they do so! Amazed at the audacity of the man, Sebastian orders him to leave and never return.

The guests spend the night at the ranch. And before she returns to Reno, where she has a cottage, Lily Tennant learns that a beautiful young woman, Charm Michelet, is occupying a room at the ranch-house; and, although she is not married, has a child. The inference is obvious, Lily thinks.

Frantic telegrams from Hollywood, including one from Jay Stuart, who has helped her to success, urge Lily to return and resume her work. She ignores them and returns to the ranch with Sebastian. But before they start, by motor, with Kit Christopher and Timmy Akin, Kit sends a telegram to Jay Stuart: "Lily has gone native. Only you can stop that, so come immediately."



One man seized the lantern and lowered it against Galt's face

III

TUMPAH, spawned by a mining boom, had lived through its hurdy-gurdy days. It was nothing now but a frowzy, disintegrating settlement serving a few permanent citizens and a few mysterious men who moved through the surrounding hills and desert like vagrant shadows. A dirt street that began in the desert and ended in the desert slanted between an irregular collection of paintless buildings. A restaurant and card-room, a store and a school and a garage, a smithy that was also a stable, and a scattering of shanties squatted aimlessly on the sandy earth—these were all. These and Madame Belle Gilson's two-story saloon and rooming-house, which sat, as though conscious that its skirts were not clean, somewhat apart from the town proper. When Buffalo Galt cantered out of the night from Barrier headquarters on a Barrier horse, Madame Gilson's lights made the only cheerful show in that dismal town.

He racked his horse beside other horses already standing in front of the place, surveyed them a moment, and stepped through the door. His appearance disturbed the small crowd as fresh wind agitates dead air. Four men playing a desultory game of cards at one of the tables looked up—and the game stopped. Two prospectors turned to watch him from the bar. And one other man stood at the end of the bar by himself and unobtrusively enjoyed a drink. Galt's eyes fastened themselves to that man for a long half-minute, speculative and not pleased. Afterwards he walked to the table and stared at the seated four—at Duke and Ben DePard, at Star Humboldt, at Dode Cramp. He helped himself to their bottle of liquor. He said:

"Where's the rest of the party?"

"Split up for the night," answered Duke DePard. "Didn't want 'em, did you?"

Galt watched Duke DePard, anger sparkling in his pale eyes. "You damned, ignorant saddle bum!" It was softly, wickedly spoken.

"Nuts," grumbled Duke DePard. He was a small and dark and lithe man, with a dangerous temper of his own. But he looked away from Galt's insistent glower. "Don't get sore, Buffalo," he added. "We had to pull that stunt at Barrier."

"Who said so?" rapped out Galt.

THE rest of the men weren't speaking. Star Humboldt was a sullen lump in his chair; he looked down at his huge hands, his underlip was slack, and he was quite evidently lost in smoldering, violent thoughts. Dode Cramp remained silent because he was afraid. As for Ben DePard, the fixed and meaningless grin of the simpleton covered his vacant face as it always had. There wasn't anything in his head but a doglike devotion to his brother, Duke; that and a sly ferocity when roused.

"It had to be done," repeated Duke DePard. "I'll tell you why—"

"Don't talk here. Go on up to the house."

The four rose. Ben DePard reached back to drink the last of his liquor. Buffalo Galt turned his severe attention to Humboldt. "I thought you went to Reno."

"Yeah, but I saw Sebastian there—so I came right back."

The four turned out of the place, shoulder to shoulder. Nick the Greek came down a flight of stairs at the corner of the room. "Belle wants to see you," he told Buffalo.

Buffalo finished his drink. He made a quarter turn toward the tall and mild figure standing alone at the end of the bar. He said in a flat, challenging way: "What you doing in here, Sheriff?"

Lot McGinnis looked up as though surprised. He pushed back his hat; the poor light of the room faintly sparkled against the silver edges of his hair. He wiped his mustache with the back of his hand. "Evenin', Buffalo. Just payin' you folks a visit."

Buffalo continued to stare into the thoroughly bland countenance across the room. He said, after a while, "You're a soft-footed old scoundrel, Lot," and swung away. He went up the stairs, following a hall to its end, and opened a door without knocking, thus coming into a room cluttered badly with that type of ornate furniture which in the period of General Grant had been called "elegant." A crystal chandelier lighted the place. In a corner divan sat a woman who, thirty-five years before, had been beautiful. A portrait painting on the wall testified to that. But she was a big, rawboned creature now, with an outlandish pompadour overhanging rough and brilliantly crimson cheeks. Her voice was strong as a man's.

"BUFFALO," she said, "you're a fool."

Buffalo removed his hat and stood beside her. Madame Belle Gilson waved a homely, jeweled hand. "Never mind your manners. You're still a fool."

"I had nothing to do with that shooting on Barrier, Madame," he said quietly. "It was Duke DePard. I don't know why, but I'll find out soon enough."

"Don't lie, Buffalo. It's your doing."

"No," he answered, still soft with her. "It wasn't. And I'll scrape the hide off somebody for pulling that stunt without my word. But I don't regret it."

"Give me a cigarette," she said, and waited till she had lighted it. "Buffalo, I want to warn you. I'm sixty-three

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

years old and I never knew a man to buck Barrier who didn't die or disappear. You're a wild one. But wilder men than you have tried to beat that ranch and broke their hearts on it."

"Times change," he said gently. His courtesy toward her was very strange. He stood almost at attention; his voice never lifted.

"Times may change. Sebastians don't. I knew them all. Old Dan Sebastian was a slant-eyed pirate with a red beard. He could laugh in the muzzle of a gun and no man dared stand in his way. They had to shoot him in the back to kill him, but he left Henry Sebastian thirty thousand acres. Henry built it up. And Henry was a king the like of which we'll see no more. Only three people in the state weren't afraid of him." Madame Belle's strident voice went suddenly soft. "He was a great man, Buffalo. And Tom Sebastian's like him. Exactly like him. As long as a Sebastian lives don't fool with Barrier."

"Maybe the Sebastians won't live forever, Madame."

"Buffalo," was Madame's loud retort, "if that idea is in your bonnet you'll end up either in the death house at Carson or in a dry gulch."

"I'm not afraid to try."

Madame looked long and straight at him. "No, there's something in you that won't stay down. You were a cheap cattle thief. Then you got yourself a crowd that minds you like a pack of dogs. Now you've tied up with some political influence. You progress, Buffalo."

He showed his open surprise. "How do you know, Madame?"

MADAME'S answer was ironic: "I'm a disreputable old woman, but in my day I knew all the young sports. They're respectable citizens now and they run the state. But they still remember old times. When I want information I go to the top for it. Not many doors in Nevada are closed against me. What are you after, Buffalo?"

Galt's heavy, half-handsome face went dogged. "What do you think, Madame?"

"Buffalo," rapped out the old woman, "leave Barrier alone."

"What do you care?" demanded Galt, with the first show of resentment.

"Because," said Belle Gilson bluntly, "as much of a scoundrel as you are, you are nevertheless my son."

"Thanks," said Buffalo, and made a short, stiff bow.

"I'd regret seeing Barrier hunt you down as it has others. Don't cross Tom Sebastian. You got started off wrong in this world, but there's something in you nevertheless—and I guess I know where that came from, too."

Buffalo Galt stiffened. His cheeks flushed up, the veins in his forehead showed their struggling lines. Emotion shook him perceptibly. "Madame, there is only one thing in this world you can do for me. I have asked it before. I've got the right to ask it again. Who was my father?"

Madame's eyes were enigmatic. "Some day I may tell you."

"Good God, Madame!" he burst out. "Why not now?"

"I don't want to dig up skeletons, Buffalo. I play the game square, which is something you need to learn."

"It happens," said Buffalo thickly, "I know who my father was."

"You're just guessing."

Galt's big fists clenched together. "My father was Henry Sebastian."

"Buffalo!" snapped Madame. "Keep your dirty tongue off Henry Sebastian! He was a good friend of mine—but he wasn't your father."

"I don't believe you, Madame."

"No, of course not. You want some excuse to steal from the ranch and so you'll use that one. But he wasn't your father, my boy."

"Who was?"

She said, "Some day I'll tell you."

He looked at her, a throttled rage swelling the tissues of his face—and abruptly turned from the room. Madame sat motionless for a long time. She thought: "I wonder if Lot and I shouldn't have told him?"

BUFFALO GALT cantered up the wholly dark street to the stable. He went inside and said to the hostler: "Next time a Barrier hand comes to town tell him to take this animal back where it belongs." Then he saddled another horse and swung out of the stable.

A man's voice issued from the opaque side of a building wall. "Want to talk with you a minute."

"Not here, Blagg. Come up to the shack." Buffalo Galt spurred his pony out along a road that began climbing the side of a hill. A few minutes later he reached his place and unsaddled and drove his pony into a corral. Other men had reached the house before him, their voices coming through the open house door, but he stopped briefly on the porch to survey a desert that reached away into black, swimming distances below. The few lights of Tumpah were at his feet. Far beyond, the twinkle of Barrier alone broke the wide-flung western vastness. Buffalo Galt stared that way, his big shoulders rearing. He lighted a cigarette, the match flame saturninely etching the rebellious details of his cheeks.

He went inside. He said to Duke DePard, "What the hell did you do?"

"We were west of the Moonstones yesterday," explained Duke, cool and casual. "Up near the woodcutters' camp. A Barrier rider saw us and began banging away. What the hell? We went after him, but he holed up in an arroyo till dark and then streaked for home. You don't figure we'd let him get away with it? So we followed and stood out on the desert and slapped a little lead at the house. This guy in the doorway—whoever he was—didn't use good sense bein' there. We dropped him."

"It was a dumb stunt."

"Yeah? Well, now you tell us why you happened to be so chummy with Sebastian tonight. And what was the idea of yellin' out Ben's name and mine?"

"Don't get tough with me," warned Buffalo.

Duke DePard's black and narrow visage hardened. Danger glittered in his glance and cocked his nervous muscles. "Trying to make a big shot out of yourself?" he asked, falsely soft. "Usin' us as suckers?"

"That's enough."

"It won't do," grunted Duke DePard. "Stay in your own class or—"

Buffalo slapped his words brutally back. "Shut up!"

DUKE DEPARD rose half out of his chair. His two small hands closed together on the table. Ben DePard's silly smile vanished. "Don't talk to brother Duke like that," he complained. Star Humboldt was lost in his sultry thoughts. Dode Cramp stayed discreetly outside the quarrel.

The silence turned thick. But presently Buffalo, knowing he had them under his will, spoke: "Never mind. I've got something up my sleeve—and it's all right."

The telephone rang, and a car coughed consumptively up the hill in front of the house. Buffalo went to the wall and lifted the receiver. A man's voice said: "Galt?"

"Yeah?"

"Wait a minute for Reno." The wire crackled and then another man's voice came along.

"Buffalo?"

"Yes."

"You know who is talking?"

Buffalo said, in a softer, more alert way, "Yes, I do."

"Come and see me this week."

"Yes," said Buffalo. He hung up and turned. Blagg stood in the doorway, listening. Blagg ran the weekly paper at Tumpah. He said, "Who was on the wire?" His severe, intolerant face was a warning in itself; he had the long, slack mouth of a braggart. His pen was a venomous thing and he had no known scruples. He was here because Buffalo wanted him, but nobody trusted him, and none of the others in the room bothered to look at him.

Buffalo said to Duke DePard, "There's a dance at the Parral school night after tomorrow."

Duke studied his leader a moment. He said, "Fine," and got up. The others at the table, all ignoring Blagg, followed Duke out of the room and in a moment the echo of their horses died down the hill. Buffalo Galt hooked his thumbs through his suspenders and turned to Blagg. "I've got a chore for you, Blagg," he said, and began to talk.

Ten minutes later Blagg left. Buffalo Galt lighted a cigar and walked to the porch with his hands plunged into his pockets. He stood watching the distant wink of Barrier. His jaws clenched on the cigar and his chunky shoulders were rigid; and as he stood there, alone and bitter, a relentless ambition clawed its way through him.

THE impressions of this land were all strange and strong. Sitting at the supper table in Barrier's long dining-room, at the end of her first full day on the ranch, Lily watched the changeless ritual of eating. You came in and sat down at your place and reversed the capsized plate and cup. You reached for the nearest bowl of food and filled your plate and ate with the least possible delay. When you were through you stacked your dishes and got up and went out.

It was no place for dawdling; these people ate only to quench hunger. There was little talk except at the head of the table, where Sebastian sat, and she had the feeling that this little was really a concession to Kit and Timmy and herself. Charm Michelet was on his right at each meal, maintaining that silence which was to Lily more vocal than words. In this girl's tilt of head and in the coloring of her eyes when she looked at Tom Sebastian was something hard to define, hard to forget.

This particular evening, Lily noted, the dining table was only half filled and the men present seemed shaved and

(Continued on page 41)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Secret Marriage

By Kathleen Norris

COPYRIGHT, 1935, BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

The Story Thus Far:

WHEN Mary Burleigh's mother dies in a small town in California, it is discovered that a number of bonds have disappeared. Without the bonds, the little family — Mary, Peter, Barty, Chrissie, Lindsay and old Aunt Joan, who has lived with the Burleighs for years—is almost penniless. With characteristic courage, Mary goes to work in a bakery, and Peter gets a job with a lumber company.

Then, yielding to the impassioned pleas of young Calvin Tait, nephew of a local banker, Mary marries him—secretly. Far from happy in her marriage, she regrets it bitterly. One of her friends is preparing to marry an Easterner: Jeffery Maclean. Jeffery arrives. He and Mary see much of each other; and within a few days they are madly in love.

Jeffery promptly breaks his engagement and asks Mary to marry him. Amazed (she has tried desperately to conceal her feelings), Mary tells him of Calvin. He sails for China at once.

Heretofore, Calvin has worked in a Southern California bank. He now persuades his uncle to make him vice president of his bank; and he announces his marriage. For a time, life moves serenely for the young couple. Then comes a terrible shock: Calvin's bank fails, and his uncle commits suicide. Jobless and without money, Calvin is forced to make his home with the Burleighs. And presently, Mary's first child, a girl, is born.

While Calvin is away, job-hunting, Jeffery Maclean (who has returned from China and is preparing to go back there) arrives for a brief visit. He is still in love with Mary; and Mary adores him. Together, they are radiantly happy.

Aunt Joan, an eccentric old lady who is full of strange whims and fancies, has predicted that an earthquake is imminent. While Jeffery is at the house, it comes—a series of shocks which, though slight, so terrify Aunt Joan as to cause her death. Mary faints. When she regains consciousness, Jeffery is bending over her. "You are all right now, dearest," he says, gently.

But Mary is not all right. Torn by conflicting emotions, her responsibilities heavy, her strength almost gone, she has been at the breaking point for months. She stands up, reels heavily against Jeffery—and faints again.

Boxes were arriving: table napkins and sheets and glasses. Two men were finishing the last unpacking of the old, familiar china

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT

X

MARY lay in her white bed in a state of infinite well-being, infinite restfulness and peace, and Peter sat beside her, still awed by the miracle that had restored her to them, after a night of fear; still a little apprehensive that this new, ethereal Mary might vanish from his hold.

The exquisite order of the hospital room was broken by jars and bowls of flowers: spring flowers—freesia lilies, white lilacs, pink and purple stock. In the hot May afternoon the jalousies were dropped against the southern light; it was wonderful to Mary to be able to lie still in a place of ordered quiet, and dream and look at the flowers.

She had been ill, she knew; there had been a time of pain and fright, an operating-room and the smell of ether. But that was over. Lindsay had brought Betsey in for a few ecstatic minutes this morning; there had been real food for lunch; now Peter was here, dearer and tireder and gentler than ever. And they were talking new talk of hope and work.

Mary's life before the earthquake already seemed to her unreal and dark; it had broken, even as her fever had broken; it was no more than a dream remembered by an awakened dreamer. All the heat and suffering and passion and suspense seemed to be drained away; her mind was steady and her heart at peace. The gate had been open for a little while; Mary still felt the nearness of it, the wonder of it; it was almost as if she felt the pricking of wings on her shoulders.

"No new baby, Mary."

"I know. Poett was in here with me last night. He was so kind! No," Mary said, looking away, but still keeping her brother's hand tight in hers. "No little brother for Bets."

"Tough."

Mary did not speak for a while; her long lashes were lowered against the sudden tears in her eyes.

"Was I pretty sick, Pete?"

"Poett said not, all along. But Lin and I were horribly worried. You had a fever, you know."

"I suppose we oughtn't be too sorry," Mary whispered with trembling lips.

PETER merely patted her hand by way of reply.

"But no matter how poor we were," she said, "he'd have brought his own welcome. We'd have come to love him as we do Bets."

"No," Peter said firmly, "we'll never love another kid as we do Bets." Mary laughed feebly.

"I'll have plenty to do when I get home," she said, resolutely philosophical. "Lin tells me that the stove is in pieces and the kitchen a perfect mess. And there's always Bets to keep me busy. Poett said that things mightn't have been right with the new baby, ever, and I couldn't have borne that. Then it's something, Pete, that I have been offered a good job. My thirty-five dollars a week will make a difference, Pete."

"Don't be in too much of a hurry. You've had quite a setback."

"Setback? I feel as if I'd had the most wonderful rest of my whole life! I just lie here reveling in peace. In ten days I report at the cannery, not just to peel peaches, like last year, but as—what am I to be, Peter?"

"Superintendent of women."

"Well! It will be more money than I've ever made before."

"Only until the end of the grapes, of course."

"I know. But by that time—why, that's *months* ahead! Possibly Claire Figson will be having a baby by that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

time, and I'll take her place for a few months in the bakery. When was she married? Last November, wasn't it? It'll be just about time for her. And meanwhile I'll take Betsey with me every morning to the cannery; there's a nice girl there running all the children, and a playground and everything, and in no time this hospital business will be paid for, and we'll be on our feet again."

"Mary, Lin told you about Aunt Joan?"

"Poor little old darling, yes. It was her heart, I suppose. She simply—went out with terror. Will you ever forget the scream she gave as she came into the kitchen? I suppose that things went all wrong with me then. I felt the strangest sense of shock, a sort of plunge into shock, and it seemed to me that the whole world was darkness and horror, and coals leaping out of the firebox, and Betsey asleep upstairs! It was like a look at the inferno. You don't feel really sad about Aunt Joan, do you?"

"WELL, d'you know we miss her, and Chris seems terribly subdued," Peter said. "Chris takes care of the cat—by gosh," the man said simply. "Chris can be awfully decent when she wants to be! She cooks me things, makes up my bed—"

"The darling!" Tears of joy stood in Mary's eyes. "We did all we could for Aunt Joan," she reminded him almost timidly. "We were kind to her, and she was as happy as she could have been anywhere. We never let them take her to an institution."

"No, that's what I'm glad to remember now. No; it was a good thing," Peter said. "We put her beside Mother and Dad yesterday; you knew that?" he said.

"Oh, yes. You don't have to keep things from me, Peter; I'm as well as ever I was in my life! I'm wonderful," Mary said. "Lin looked so serious yesterday that I guessed that something was up, and she told me. What's today?"

"Tuesday."

"And the earthquake was Saturday?"

"Yes. Lots of broken windows down our way, and the Cutters' house burned down, and the O'Neills' mill."

"Life—isn't life queer?" Mary mused. She was silent a moment; then she said:

"Did Jeffery sail last Saturday? Did you see him again?"

"He sails tonight on the Balentic."

"He missed his boat!"

"Oh, yes. He stayed Saturday night in Las Palomas; you knew that?"

"I don't remember anything very clearly. Sunday and Monday seemed to run together—"

"And he was down here yesterday, but you were asleep."

"He was down here! Then I may not see him again?"

"Mary," said Claudia Mack, Mary's nurse, in the doorway, "Mr. Maclean is here."

Mary looked at her brother. The nurse went out.

"Jeffery," Mary said.

"I guess he's come down here to say goodby, Mary," Peter said. "I'll beat it."

"No, no, no," she protested in alarm. "You mustn't! I'd rather not—"

Peter was looking down at her very kindly.

"Is it so hard for you, Mary?" he said.

"Not too hard," she said.

"He likes you, doesn't he?"

"I don't know," she said slowly, "that it matters."

"Poor old girl!" Peter said, patting her hand. He went away and Jeffery came quietly in and took the chair that Peter had vacated, and put his hand over Mary's hand.

"Hello, old girl, feeling better?" he said.

"Feeling well," Mary answered smilingly. "You missed your boat, Jeffery!" she reproached him anxiously. "Did Professor Lewisohn go?"

"Oh, no, no; he waited for me," Jeffery said briefly, without interest. His anxious eyes never left her face. "You look radiant," he said, reassuring himself.

"I feel as if the earthquake and fire had passed over me, and in my heart," Mary told him, "is nothing but the still, small voice of the Lord. It was so complicated and so hot and troublesome and heavy a few days ago, Jeff; everything, I mean. And now I feel equal to it all. I've got a job, Betsey's in the pink, and there's nothing to do but go straight ahead!"

"And the poor little aunt gone?"

"Yes, poor Aunt Joan. But one can't grieve for that, Jeffery. She wasn't herself, she hasn't been herself since the accident that killed my father. It seemed to shock the sense right out of her, and no one could want her to go on living."

"It may make things easier."

"It will! We all felt so responsible for her, and sometimes she was so troubled and so strange."

"You're not going to hurry, getting away from here, Mary?"

"Not for another week, Poett says."

"And you've a job?"

"Yes. I worked last year in the cannery, and made good money, too," Mary explained. "Oh, I know—it doesn't sound particularly pleasant," she interrupted herself, as he winced. "But it wasn't so bad. Calvin really suffered over it, but it was three dollars a day, most days, and I didn't mind! Now old Bulotti, who runs it, wants me to come in as superintendent of women, at thirty-five dollars a week. Big money!"

Jeffery was slowly rubbing his thumb back and forth against her hand.

"I wish you didn't have to work at all, dear," he said.

"Well, if Calvin comes back with some good news, perhaps I won't."

"You won't let me help you?"

"I think it's wiser not, Jeff. As I told you, it isn't an emergency. I'm married, I'm living with a bunch of sisters and brothers whose one idea is to give me everything they have. It would make me uncomfortable."

THE sense of their love for each other was so strong in her mind and soul as she spoke that the words meant little; the room was like some place afloat in ethereal heights above the stars.

"Calvin won't come back with good news. You know that now," Jeffery said.

"He might." A shadow fell upon her happy face. "Poor Calvin!" she said.

"Poor Mary!" Jeffery amended it. They sat still for a few minutes in the room from whose shuttered windows the sunshine had departed; the scent of freesia lilies was delicate in the languid air. Mary lay back luxuriously; her blue eyes, sunken in delicate faint circles of violet, were fixed contentedly on Jeffery's face. Against the white linen of the pillow her blazing, beautiful hair lay in a cloud. Her fingers held tightly to Jeffery's big hand.

"We love each other," he said.

"Oh, yes," said Mary simply.

"Isn't it too bad that it has to be this way? Isn't it too bad that you and Betsey aren't sailing with me tonight?"

Mary considered this, her dark lashes lowered, her forehead a little puckered.

It was signed "An Old Las Palomas Friend," and postmarked Seattle. There was no other means of identification

"Strange to think how it might have been if I had never married," she said. "It would all be so simple! As it is—"

"As it is?" Jeffery echoed in the pause, clearing his throat, not raising his eyes from the thumb that was moving back and forth against her hand.

"As it is, there's Calvin."

"There isn't Calvin. You've not heard of him since February."

"I don't know that that matters."

"You mean that nothing will make you change?"

"I mean that I don't think I could. Betsey's his as much as mine. He's down on his luck now; better men than Cal have been that! It doesn't seem quite the time to tell him that I'm leaving him, going off with a richer man, a famous man, a man I love. I don't want to divide Betsey. I don't want to say to him, 'What can you offer her? You haven't a job or a home or a woman in your family to take care of her!' It wouldn't seem fair. He did buy me a beautiful home; he was so proud of it! He's proud now."

"*You* got a job," Jeffery said, stressing the pronoun significantly.

"Oddly enough, in this state of affairs, women can get them easier than men can."

A SILENCE. Jeffery said after a while: "There is nothing in the world for me but you. If I go on into this expedition work it will be because I am desperate, desperate with need of you."

"That's all I want to know," Mary said. "That's what makes it possible for me to go on. The miracle is that we found each other—you coming up here to marry Carol, and I secretly married to Calvin. That was the gift, the glory, the thing I—I can't get over," she finished simply.

"Perhaps if I'd known of that marriage it would have been different," Jeffery said. "Perhaps I would have looked upon you then as just young Mrs. Tait, another man's wife, the girl with the queer voice and the bright red hair; perhaps I wouldn't have felt what I did feel that night, the night of Carol's dinner, remember? 'I'm Mary Burleigh; I'm the maid of honor,' you said. 'We've just lost our mother.' And I said to myself: 'Mary Burleigh, eh? You've been growing up here all the time—like a flower a man might find in a forest.' My God, my dear, I wish all this were different!"

"I wish it were," she said. "I'd like to be going into town with you tonight. I'd like to have a big brown coat and a soft brown hat, and a new trunk with 'M.B.M.' on it. I'd like to be one of those happy women who wear white, and walk around a sunny deck with the man they love! But I'm anchored here. And I've come so far, Jeff," Mary added, a little wearily, her hands in his and her eyes fixed on his eyes, "that I can't stop now. I've got to—I've got to do it right. The way I see it, I mean."

"Of course," he said slowly, after a long pause. Claudia put her head into the room again.

"Mary, honestly—" she began. "It was to be three minutes!"

"Yes, I know," Mary agreed in a smiling whisper. Her voice was gone; her strength seemed drained away. Jeffery stood up, still holding her hand.

"Goodby, my dear," he said.

"Goodby, Jeffery."

"Do we write?"

"Now and then."

"Now and then. And I'll not forget the books."

He looked at her as if his gaze could not drink in enough of her, and she looked back, with the blue eyes ringed delicately with shadow, and no color in the pale purity of her face. Then he went quickly from the room and Claudia

(Continued on page 36)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

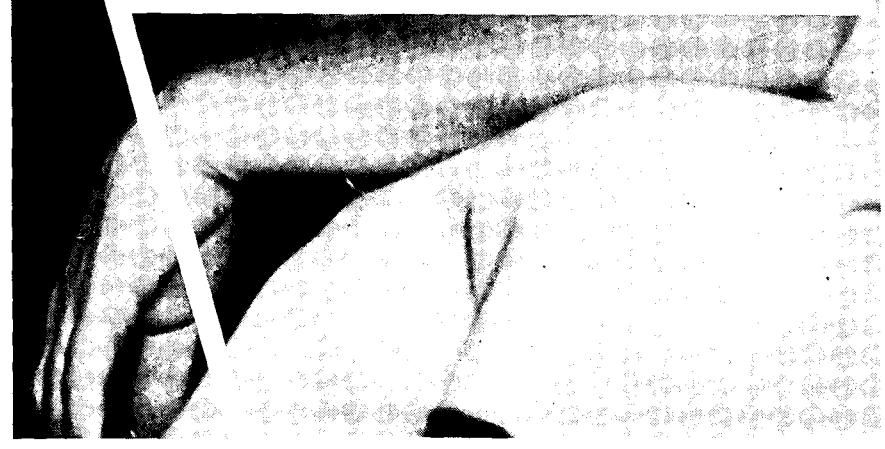
Florence McGee, who has the difficult role of Mary Tilford in The Children's Hour

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Little Borgia

By Kyle Crichton

The story of Florence McGee, who acts so well she's in constant danger



WHEN I saw the show, I was sitting in the third row and only my superb self-control kept me from climbing up on the stage and braining the brat. Ordinarily this might have been set down as a general reaction to child actors but I found upon investigation in the lobby between acts that I represented a bloc of constituents who had views about Miss Florence McGee ranging from homicide to slapping. The play was The Children's Hour, by Lillian Hellman, and either Miss McGee was a great actress or it was the duty of some public-spirited citizen to turn her in.

The McGee girl plays the part of the private school pupil who brings the two young ladies who run the school to ruin. As a psychologically twisted little monster who runs to her grandmother with tales about her teachers when she is crossed, Miss McGee creates a character which might as easily be known as the Frankenstein youngster and enjoys the inestimable pleasure (for an actress) of being hissed during the final curtain calls by indignant seat holders who may be able to distinguish between acting and personality but are going to be on the safe side in case it turns out that Miss McGee, actress, is also Miss McGee.

In a controversy of this sort, an agent of the truth gets very little support. If you get in touch with the young lady's family, they will perjure themselves to the end to prove that Isabella or Hortense or Gertrude was always good at washing the supper dishes and in addition had a nature of such sublimity that arthritic cases were brought in close proximity to the child for the sake of her beaming smile. Interviewing other actors in the company is equally futile because they think that if they can put it across in a flagrant case of this sort, the profession as a whole is excused from everything up to barratry.

Was Miss McGee a great actress or another Borgia?

The best answer I could get was from a stagehand who was loafing in the alley at the Garrick on a Wednesday after the matinee.

"You see her walking around the town in broad daylight, don't you?" he demanded.

It was a point. You couldn't get around that. If Miss McGee acted on Fifth Avenue as she did in The Children's Hour, there would be a delightful chase up and down the broad expanse of the boulevard engaged in by ladies with umbrellas, gentlemen with canes and innocent passers-by armed with stray table legs and cigar store showcase fixtures.

The truth, disappointingly enough, is that Florence McGee is a nice person with a sense of humor and a husband, and a zeal for acting which would allow her to play the Hunchback of Notre Dame if a good director requested it. She came to New York from Toronto five years ago and is good at comic parts and looks like a different woman when she gets her hair curled. She was born in Pretoria, South Africa, where her father was engaged in the real estate business.

"Sold veldt to the farmers or something like that," says Miss McGee. "I don't know much about it. . . . The family left South Africa when I was three months old."

In Toronto she went to Margaret Eaton's private school, which was much like the one in The Children's Hour. This might be a suspicious sign if the records at Miss Eaton's didn't show that the McGee girl did her homework faithfully, refrained from biting instructors and had disgustingly good marks and excellent deportment. The only thing queer about her was that she was nutty about acting.

But the Family Suffered

It was trying at home. The family said it was all right for Florence to have ambitions but would she please stop eating her soup as if she thought she was Camille. For a time conditions were strained, with Florence locked in her room with Shakespeare and coming out at intervals in her nightgown and a dazzling look in her eyes which meant that she was Ophelia. The family preferred her as Florence and hinted as much, getting for their pains nothing very much except the lines beginning:

"I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart . . ."

In the face of that the family could do nothing but assent when Florence got the part of Wendy in Peter Pan in a stock company in Toronto. She was fourteen and followed this, later, at the Hart House Theater, Toronto University, as Jim in Treasure Island and as the peasant serving girl in The Cherry Orchard. Still later, when she was seventeen, she got a job with a stock company at Hamilton, Ontario. The venture lasted three weeks and the McGee girl was stranded.

After bellowing around so long about her "career" and not wanting to face the folks after a bust of this magnitude she was glad enough to become a member of a company of four which was to play skits for a vaudeville house. The company consisted of a gentleman and his wife, a juvenile and Miss McGee. They played three shows a day and five on Sunday. The worst trouble was that the audience in Hamilton didn't like sketches at best and the sketches were taken from the leading gentleman's repertory when he was playing in London, England, around the year 1842.

"It was awful," says Miss McGee. "The audience would listen to the first few lines and then would begin that ominous rumble which lets you know that the conversations that had been started at the dinner table were being resumed. We usually ended in a hubbub of sociability in the audience. On Saturday, our first show was at eleven in the morning and the kids stayed there until six. They made no pretense of listening to our act. What they did was gallop up and down the aisles, take socks at each other in the seats and yoo-hoo at their pals in the balcony. The balcony yoo-hooed back and also threw spitballs."

A Fling at the Big Time

They lasted four weeks and Miss McGee saved money enough to get back to Toronto. Once there she met Jacob Ben Ami, who was playing in Samson and Delilah. Being a kind-hearted fellow with an interest in the hopes of the young, he dashed off a letter for Miss McGee addressed to Theresa Helburn of the Theatre Guild in New York. With this Miss McGee's fate was sealed. She took the train to New York, received a handshake from Miss Helburn and was asked to leave her name and phone number. She took a room in a theatrical boarding house, started to make the rounds of the theatrical booking offices and wondered, at such times as her meals were delayed, whether the folks at home might not have been right originally.

When despair was at its peak, she got a call, along with three hundred other maidens, to read a part for Otis Skinner, who was casting One Hundred Years Old for a road tour. Reading a part in a case like this—and most New York casting is done in this manner—is a major torture comparable to being on the rack. The actor is handed the script which he has never seen before and pushed out on a bare stage. In the shrouded seats in the auditorium sit various gentlemen who hang their legs over the seats in the row ahead, stifle their yawns and smoke their cigarettes and wait. In this case, Otis Skinner was in a front-row seat, wrapped in his camel's-hair coat and a trifle bored from having listened to horrible actresses since noon. It was now approaching five o'clock. Miss McGee read the lines and made the proper gestures, at least the only gestures which seemed to fit the words, and was rewarded with an order from Mr. Skinner, whether of relief from boredom or through interest in her work, to report next day for rehearsal.

The Skinner tour lasted all winter and took Miss McGee as far west as Omaha. Next summer she was engaged in something unbelievable. She was one of a company of six which was playing The Patsy and Tommy through West Virginia, Virginia, Ohio and Maryland. They traveled by truck and played

(Continued on page 39)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hollywood Hideout

By George F. Worts

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

ILLUSTRATED BY IRVING NURICK

WITH its air of nestling secrecy, it was just the kind of house that a prospective young bridegroom would select as a setting for his bride.

Peter Corvan had come upon it in one of the many little canyons which wind away from Cahuenga Boulevard on the long grade from Hollywood toward the pass. He realized how perfect it would be for Sally, who loved New England.

Someone else who loved New England had built and landscaped this house in an attempt to create a corner of home on alien soil. It was of white clapboard, with gay green shutters and window boxes scarlet with geraniums in bloom, and there was nothing Californian near it—no palms, no avocado or citrus trees, no eucalyptus, no bougainvillaea.

When Peter Corvan discovered the For Sale sign in the window, he was delighted. He would buy the place for Sally as a wedding present! He would furnish it suitably and, when it was ready, surprise her. He could think of no surprise that would give Sally a bigger thrill.

His engagement to Sally Palmer was still a source of amazement to him. He could hardly believe that a girl so beautiful could have fallen in love with him.

Others found it a little less incredible, for Peter Corvan was not only attractive, but he was, in his quiet, determined way, carving out an important place for himself in the production end of the motion-picture business.

His engagement to Sally Palmer came as a surprise to Marcia Eddy also. Marcia was a charming and warmly whimsical young person who owned and ran the most popular bookshop in Hollywood. She had known Peter for about two years. She was one of his crowd. Peter had said or done nothing to indicate that she appealed to him as anything but a dependable friend and an amusing companion.

Nevertheless, Marcia was surprised. She had suspected that Peter would one of these days be thinking of marriage, and this suspicion had made her very happy. He was the kind of young man who, by the very solidity and niceness of his character, is marked for early marriage. And she had seen him treat so many Hollywood beauties with businesslike indifference that she had thought he was immune to ambitious young women—like Sally Palmer.

Marcia knew that she was being catty when she reduced Sally's affection for Peter to these terms, but she knew her picture actresses. She knew what savage little opportunists they were. She knew that marriage to a young man with a future as certain as Pete's would have a powerful appeal to an up-and-coming girl like Sally.

And Marcia believed that though Sally's ambition might give the marriage a chance, her cool New England nature would clash fatally with the warmth of old California that ran in Peter's blood.

WHEN he burst into the bookshop one morning and announced that Sally had consented to marry him, Marcia did not betray by so much as a flicker or a gleam that she was shocked or hurt.

And when he burst in a few days later and announced that he had bought the little New England house, Marcia gave a perfect imitation of a delighted girl. She went with him to look at it. "Peter," she said, "it's lovely."

The next step was not so easy for Marcia. He wanted her to help him furnish the house.

"Your taste," Peter said, "is so perfect."

It was cruel, but Marcia consented. And she did a beautiful job of it.

Peter, who helped her with the shopping, thought the house was perfect. He thought Marcia was wonderful to do such a difficult job practically single-handed.

They worked together all one Saturday to finish it. He was going to show Sally the house on Sunday. But there was more work to be done than they had estimated; it would take them all evening to put on the finishing touches.

They decided to have some supper, and work on.

They were eating when Sally arrived. She came in the front door without announcing herself, and she found them in the kitchen, wearing aprons, and eating an omelet and drinking coffee.

Peter stood up. He was smiling nervously and he looked a little foolish in the apron.

Sally was not smiling. She looked at them and she said, in her lovely low drawl: "I wouldn't have objected to this sort of thing, Peter— I understand perfectly it's the thing to do in Hollywood. But what I do resent is that you haven't been at all clever about it, and consequently have made me look like a fool."

"SALLY!" Peter said. "Listen." But she coolly went on:

"Everybody has seen you at one time or another, alone or together, buying everything from boudoir pillows to dishpans. I'm—"

"Sally," Peter said angrily, "I want you to—"

She raised her voice only a little and rode him down:

"There's one thing I object to, and that's being called a fool."

Sally moved toward the kitchen door. She took off her ring. Opening the door she said: "And I would have been spared that if you hadn't been quite so stupid. After all, when the world beats a path to your door, it's time to change your hideout."

She placed the ring precisely in the center of the little table beside the door. She went out, slamming the door.

Marcia was crying. Peter sat down beside her and took her into his arms, and she sobbed against his collar. He was crying a little, too. The scorn of Sally Palmer, so coolly measured, had been an awful ordeal.

He did not realize that he was kissing Marcia until she objected to it. And when he assured her that it was the way he had always felt, that he had just discovered, as if a curtain had been snatched from his eyes, what a ghastly mistake he had almost made, and that they were driving to Yuma at once to be married, she struggled out of his arms.

"Oh, no," she whimpered. "I won't have a man on the rebound."

"But, darling," he said, "I haven't bounced."

"And I won't," she continued with spirit, "have a secondhand love nest."

"Whose hands?"

Marcia went with him to look at the house. "Peter," she said, "it's lovely"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Amateur Athlete

By Quentin Reynolds

INTERNATIONAL NEWS

THERE is something pitiful about a star athlete in his moment of glory when the applause of the world is ringing in his ears. Unless he is a well-balanced young man he is apt to think that he has done something very worth while, something extraordinary, and that henceforth everything is going to be just ducky.

There was once a man named Jim Thorpe, even now generally considered to be the greatest athlete ever to don a spiked shoe. Thorpe was greeted by kings and feted by the populace. Now Thorpe is by turns itinerant ditch digger and movie extra and his medals have long since passed under the sign of the three brass balls.

When Joie Ray was hot a few years ago people fought to shake his hand. The greatest miler of his day, Joie was perhaps the most colorful of all track athletes. Now? Now Joie is dividing his time between dance marathons and professional roller skating and if he manages to snare coffee and doughnut money out of it he's doing all right.

As a rule, star athletes are nice enough fellows—but not very bright. There are plenty of exceptions, men like Bill Bonthron, who were never dazzled by the gleam of those gold medals, but, as a rule, star athletes have a greatly exaggerated idea of the importance of their particular specialty.

The perfect amateur athlete would be one who thinks of his specialty as being a means rather than an end; who thinks of it as an avocation rather than a vocation; who sees beyond the brief span of this athletic life toward something more important—in short, a well-rounded young man who hasn't allowed sport to run his life. Suppose we look for such a one, put our microscope on him, for athletes are public characters who must forfeit any claim to privacy, and see what help athletics have been to him. We could pick any one of a thousand athletes—let's not pick a Bonthron or a Barry Wood or a Glenn Cunningham or a Jesse Owens—their stories are too well known.

A City Boy Who Made Good

Let's grab a kid from the sidewalks of New York and tell his story and when we've told it we may have the story of the typical amateur athlete, the highest type of athlete, who doesn't think that the world owes him a living just because he can do something with his arms and his legs that the rest of us can't do. We'll tell the story of George Kojac, who only a few short years ago was the holder of twenty-three world records—and who a year from now may be the hero of the 1936 Olympic Games.

The story of an East Side boy who rose above his environment to achieve something really magnificent is always a glorious, if unexciting story, because it is a slice of American life that is quite as important as the oft-told tale of the farm boy who made good. So . . .

Michael Kojac lived in a small village in the Ukraine, before the chess masters of Europe moved their knights and their pawns and their kings helter-skelter across the board in such fashion that new countries were born and old ones died. In the village where Michael Kojac lived there were two men who were looked up to above all others—the priest and the doctor. The peasant's idea of an enchanted land was a country where his sons could have the opportunity of being one or the other. Michael Kojac was poor and it is doubtful if he ever dreamed that one day he would have a son who would be a doctor. Michael came to the new land as so many had done before him. His story is the commonplace but always inspiring story of a man who carved a place for himself in the new world. He sent back to the village in the Ukraine for his promised bride and then they were Michael and Helene Kojac, just two of many thousands who worked and lived and sometimes laughed on the East Side of New York.

There were children, among them George Kojac. The family lived in two rooms at Avenue C and East 10th Street, that part of the city where the sidewalks of New York are the hottest in summer. Michael Kojac worked as a foreman in a machine shop and, although his salary wasn't big, there was always beef and cabbage soup on the stove—made as it has been made in the Ukraine for hundreds of years.

Young George was awakened one night by the partly suppressed moans of his mother. Bearing children on the East Side isn't easy—one doesn't have nurses or hospitals, or expensive doctors in attendance. Young George couldn't sleep that night and afterwards when he did, his sleep was troubled by the nightmare of his mother's suffering. In a dim, childlike way he had a feeling that such suffering was unnecessary. Then he made a great resolution. Some day he would be a doctor and he would see to it that people wouldn't suffer as his mother had suffered. He was eight years old then and he never forgot that resolution.

On hot days he and the kids from Avenue C would go over three blocks to the East River where steamers, tugboats and the kids from the sidewalks of New York mingle in happy companionship. This company is usually augmented by floating berry crates, logs and the refuse from journeyman scows. It is the swimming hole for the East Side and genial policemen with good-natured genius for looking the other way guard the pier.

A Champion's First Dip

George and his brothers used to go there to swim. George was the youngest of the gang and he had to stay up on the pier to guard the clothes of the others, for there were gangs from Avenue D and from Second Avenue which would gladly have grabbed such trophies as ragged pants and shirts. One day a policeman saw the kids swimming. He was new to the beat and didn't understand the tacit agreement between the law and the kids to respect and hold inviolate the swimming sessions. The cop saw young George—he was nine then—standing over the pile of clothes and he saw a dozen youngsters paddling around in the river. The cop, resplendent in the dignity and majesty of the outraged law, charged toward George. George had one panic-stricken moment. He was almost literally between the devil and the deep blue, though actually the cop at home was probably a decent sort of fellow and by no stretch of imagination could the murky, vegetable-dotted surface of the East River be compared with any deep blue sea.

George took the lesser evil. The river looked cold but at least it didn't have a club in its hand. He leaped without attention to form and there he was paddling around with his eyes full of East River water. The irate cop stood on the pier shaking his fist and the rest of the gang stopped their swimming to watch young George. Young George was swimming. Not very gracefully nor with the form which, a few years later, was to bring him world records, but nevertheless, swimming.

With the rest he paddled out to listen to a lecture from the cop and then for the first time he realized that he—who had never swum before—could swim. It was a great revelation. After that he refused to mind the clothes any more. He was a swimmer like the rest of them.

So our boy grew older. He joined the boys' club and one day he watched the club's best swimmer, Harold Florence, captain of the team, threshing up and down the pool. Florence made it look easy. He asked Florence to show him how to swim like that. Florence taught him.

Now he was at De Witt Clinton High

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

School. It wasn't until his third year that he went out for the swimming team. He couldn't give much time to practicing. After school he was always looking for odd jobs to help the family along. During his third year, however, he made the team, and the name George Kojac began to appear on the sport pages now and then. He broke this scholastic record, broke another and the first thing everyone knew he was George Kojac, the schoolboy wonder who held every single national free-style and backstroke schoolboy record. He was seventeen now.

He was a big boy, strong, with a pair of tremendous shoulders. Until now he had been pulling and pushing himself through the water by sheer strength. But his high school coach and Harold Florence at the boys' club kept improving his style and he was rapidly acquiring polish. They thought he was good enough to send to Chicago to compete in the national A. A. U. championships.

Soup Testimonial

He was tossed into the 150-yard backstroke, an event which like most others seemed to be the exclusive property of the then invincible Johnny Weissmuller. And the kid from the sidewalks of New York actually beat the great Johnny and there weren't many men who could beat that Johnny boy. In beating him he clipped three seconds off the existing world's record. George was in a daze after that race. Weissmuller to him had been the greatest of all athletes—and here he had beaten his idol.

He hurried to a telegraph office to let his mother know about his victory. She still has the wire. It reads:

I WON THE 150-YARD BACK-STROKE BEATING JOHN WEISSMULLER WORLD'S GREATEST SWIMMER STOP I OWE IT ALL TO YOUR BEEF AND CABBAGE SOUP STOP REGARDS TO DAD

Now he was finished with high school and scheduled to go to college. In the excitement of winning races he had never lost sight of that goal he had set for himself that night when as an eight-year-old he had heard his mother's cries of pain. He'd be a doctor or kill himself in the attempt. But first there was a trip to Honolulu. A new pool was to be dedicated at Waikiki Beach and the world's greatest swimmers had been invited. This was quite a trip for a kid from Avenue C.

Pacing a Shark

The new pool was open to the ocean on one side and the water was warm and clear and the sand was pure white—not like the sand at Coney Island or Brighton Beach. George was fascinated by everything and he asked questions. They told him about the water and about the reef and the coral—and about the sharks. Now this scared George. He could manage berry crates and tugboats and weave his way in and out of the paths of steamers which passed up and down the East River, but sharks—that was something else again. He'd never seen a shark and he was mighty nervous as he lined up at the start of the 200-meter backstroke alongside of Walter Laufer and Paul Wyatt, two of the world's greatest. They started and fifty meters from home George was trailing these two stars by a good six feet. Then some twenty feet to the back of him he saw a small white churn of water and a protruding fin. Panic invaded the breast of the kid from Avenue C. It was a small hammer-head shark. Then George swam. He swam faster perhaps than any man has ever swum on his back before. He sped by Laufer and Wyatt as though they were standing still, to win all alone and set a new world's record. He couldn't get out of that pool fast enough.

Kojac was the hero of that swimming carnival at Memorial Pool and on his way home he was offered picture contracts. But Kojac shook his head even when unheard-of wealth was dangled in front of him.

"I'm going to be a doctor," he told them. So he came back east and went to Rutgers University. He had four tough years at Rutgers, for there was no money to spare for college education at the Avenue C home. He did all sorts of odd jobs around the college and it wasn't always fun. Meanwhile of course he was swimming and breaking college marks every time he dove into the water. Not only backstroke but free-style records were falling into his lap.

In 1928 the Olympic Games were held in Amsterdam. Kojac was the high scorer among the American swimmers. He won the 100-meter backstroke, setting a new world record of 1:08⅘; he was a member of the winning 800-meter free style relay team and he was fourth in the 100-meter free-style.

This was all fine but it wasn't helping him to become a doctor. Back at Rutgers he continued breaking records—and continued waiting on table, mopping up the gymnasium floor and tending furnaces.

During junior week a swimming carnival was part of the celebration. One night, the night of the prom, Kojac led his Rutgers team to a practically one-man victory. He won two events himself and was anchor man on the relay team. The Rutgers pool, jammed with students and their fair ladies, shook with applause for the stocky Kojac as he exhibited his wizardry in the water. He was the hero, all right, and all the girls wanted to meet him. But he didn't go to the dance which followed the swimming meet. He was busy studying. The dance over, the merry-makers wandered out of the gymnasium where it had been held. One or two couples lingered. One of the girls noticed someone come in clad in a sweater and with a mop over his shoulder.

"Who is that?" she asked.

"That," her escort told her, "is George Kojac, the man you wanted to meet tonight. He has a job sweeping up the gymnasium after dances."

Even a Star Athlete Must Eat

He had plenty of jobs like that during his four years at college. His marks were high enough to give him a scholarship which took care of his tuition, but even a star athlete must eat and he had to buy books and occasionally a pair of shoes. Finally he got his B.S. degree and there was rejoicing in Avenue C. He graduated fifth in his class of 160. You see he wasn't any tramp athlete. Tramp athletes don't graduate fifth in their classes.

He entered the Columbia University medical school. He didn't do much swimming during the next four years—he even passed up the Olympic Games in 1932. He couldn't help but be interested in them, though, and he must have been pleased to notice that the only swimming mark not smashed by those amazing Japanese swimmers was his own 100-meter backstroke standard he'd set at Amsterdam.

He worked four years at medical school. I mean worked, too, for there was still no money to spare in the Avenue C apartment. He worked as a shoe salesman on the side and summers he went to camp as a counselor and camp doctor. Then one day last June, in the gymnasium at Columbia—where, because of rain, the graduation exercises were held this year—he was handed a bit of engraved parchment.

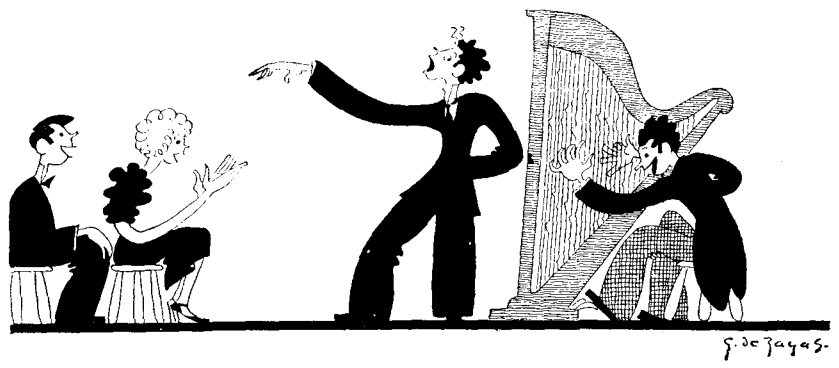
Now he's Doctor Kojac and from now on things will be easier. Kojac will have a little leisure. And what is he going to do with it?

He is spending every spare moment he has swimming, training to regain the form that was his a few years ago. You see, two years ago at Los Angeles the Japanese made our swimmers look very silly. Kojac thinks that maybe he can do something about it.

More than Medals

"Swimming has done a lot for me," he said thoughtfully. "I mean when I was working pretty hard, studying, and doing odd jobs all over the place, swimming was the only relaxation I had. Competing was actually a mental as well as a physical stimulant. Does it sound silly to say that I feel I owe something to amateur athletics? I mean swimming actually, literally, helped me to my doctor's degree, which has been the only important thing in my life. I'll feel that I've repaid my debt a bit if I can get back in good enough shape to make that Olympic team—and right now with only a few weeks' training I'm swimming faster than I ever swam before, so maybe I can make it."

All of which makes us forget the broken reeds of amateur athletics and makes us think that there may be something in this business of running and jumping and swimming besides the collecting of medals.



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Pennillion singing at the annual festival of the poets in Wales requires much ingenuity. The pennill is a form of verse on a topical subject which the contestant improvises and sings to the accompaniment of a harpist, who not only constantly changes the tune and time but also introduces unique variations and sometimes embarrasses the singer by ending the music while he is in the middle of a sentence.

Large-scale quacks, those who swindle the public out of at least a million dollars annually, have been known to operate for years through the United States mails. One striking example is an optical mail order concern in Chicago which has, since 1919, changed its name 18 times in order to deceive the Postoffice Department.

Persons who are afflicted with day blindness, the inability to see as well in daylight as in darkness, are far more numerous than those who suffer from night blindness, the inability to see after nightfall except under a strong artificial light.

Some kinds of bacteria are extremely hardy. They have been found to thrive in and actually consume as food that very powerful germicide and caustic poison—carbolic acid.—*By Berton Strickland, Longmont, Colorado.*

Lauenburg, Germany, is the only city in the world whose entire population of 5,000 is allowed to travel free on its railroad, a branch line of the Berlin-Hamburg Railroad which runs to Buechen, about ten miles away. This privilege was granted in 1841 when the railroad, then being built, failed in its promise to run its main line through this town.

Still existent today are primitive people who are unable to differentiate between a dream and reality. For example, when a man dreams he is bitten by a snake, he treats the supposed wound upon awakening. When he dreams of a fight with a friend, he continues the battle the following morning—much to the friend's astonishment.

The chances of Congress overriding a presidential veto, based on the legislative history of this country, are one in 14. From 1789 to the present time, the Presidents have vetoed 680 bills, 48 of which eventually became laws.—*By Jesse Toth, Detroit, Michigan.*

Up to 1827 in England a man accused of a felony could not be brought to trial without his consent because conviction usually meant not only death and the forfeiture of all his property but lifelong poverty and degradation for his family as well. Hence, both the guilty and those who were afraid of an unfair conviction refused trials—and often died by torture inflicted to secure a confession.—*By J. M. Hicks, Oakland, California.*

The Western world likes the number seven, using it to denote numerous things from the seven archangels to the seven chief virtues. But China's mystic number is five. China has five planets, five elements, five colors, five virtues, five punishments and even five directions—north, east, south, west and center.—*By Clinton Gordon, Birmingham, Alabama.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publishers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fresh Material

Continued from page 17

Williams, high muckymuck of the outfit, manager of production and head boss, and before Mr. Williams was a carved oaken desk, and in that desk reposed twelve copies of an English novel called Angels in the Dust. In one way it resembled Yellow Summer. Nobody in the studio could do anything with Angels in the Dust, or figure it out, or make it into sense, or translate it into terms comprehensible to the proletariat. It was by an English dowager with a long, lean jaw, who smoked Russian cigarettes in a holder, and never expected to have her novel crash into the movies. Four years ago it was a best seller for some strange reason.

THAT book, Angels in the Dust, was one of the studio's violent headaches, and had been giving the scenario writers high blood pressure for three and one half years before the afternoon Lennie Sims sailed out of Grand Central. While the movie people summoned Lennie, they had no intention of fiddling around with his Yellow Summer, and would have sneered at such a suggestion. Like me and everybody, they couldn't understand it, and didn't want to, and on the other hand, they couldn't understand Angels in the Dust, either. . . . The big difference was this: they owned the English novel. It was theirs, the same as the studio mortgage, or the general manager's indigestion.

Wherefore, some bright studio mind, knowing Yellow Summer and its opacity, and how completely it defied analysis or understanding, had figured out that Leonard Sims, the author of one puzzler, might be the very man to unravel another puzzler, seeing that no other living soul could do so. That is what you call studio logic.

Novelist Sims rolled into Hollywood on time, hunted out a neat hotel on Vine Street, hired a two-room suite and reported at the studio, where he was led in and introduced to Manager Williams, the careworn man whose troubles showed in his eyes. No time was wasted.

"Here is an English novel," Williams said. "Take it and read it. Your job here is to adapt it into a motion picture. You will be helped by Harry Fletcher, one of our scenario men."

He handed Lennie Angels in the Dust, made a few pleasant remarks, and an office lad escorted the newcomer to a small office in the writers' building. In the adjoining cubbyhole sat Harry Fletcher, plump, cheerful and without illusions. He walked in at once, shook hands and introduced himself.

"I'm the guy that shows you how to do this," he grinned. "Anything you want to know about the movies you ask me and I answer quick, as I have been in Hollywood since Balboa came around the bend. I'm what they call a continuity man."

"Thanks," Lennie smiled. "I don't know anything about the movies, nor do I know why they sent for me. But I am drawing one hundred and fifty a week and need it, so here I am. I'm a novelist."

"Yes, I know, but don't worry about that. You are to adapt Angels in the Dust and I'm to steer you, when you feel like shooting what the man thinks. And if you care to know, you are heading into a chore."

"When I started from New York, Mr. Blagden said they might be interested in my book."

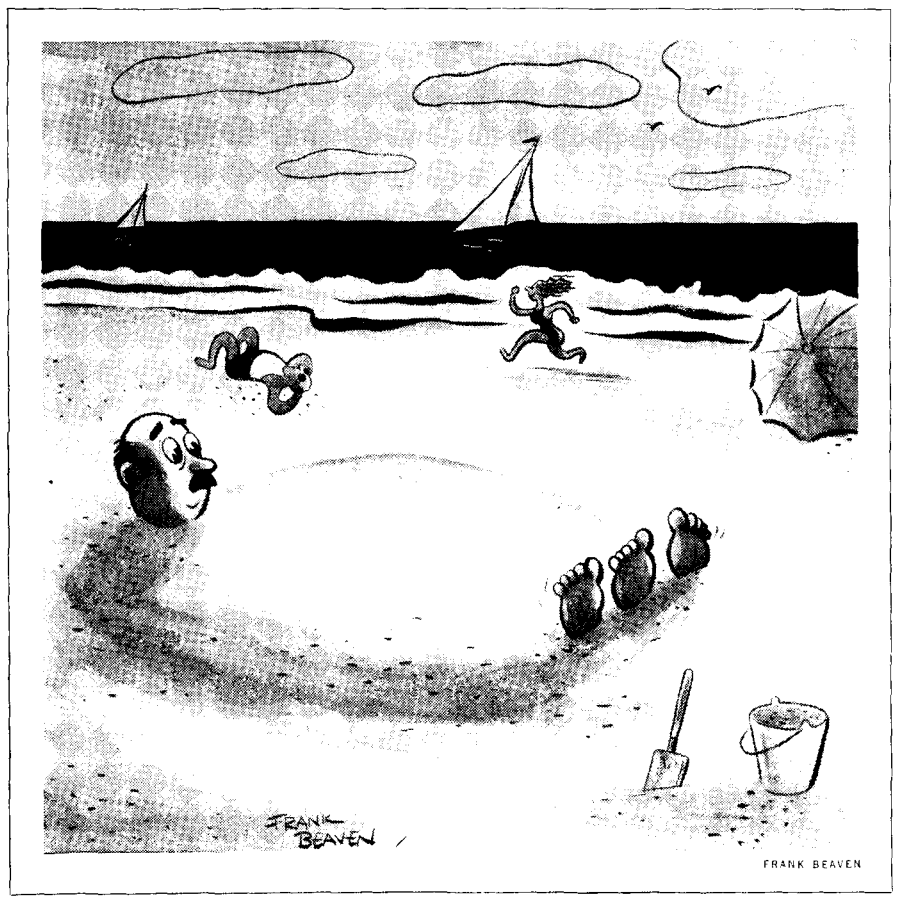
Mr. Fletcher shook his head.

"They have to make Angels, because they own it. They bought it and paid for it in swell gold notes, fifty thousand. They have never quit trying, and right now they are as far away from a film as ever. In one way and another, this thing has cost the studio the round sum of six hundred thousand dollars, and it's worth all of a nickel."

Leonard Sims read Angels in the Dust. Read it carefully from cover to cover, and then re-read it to make certain he had not missed some of the nuances. It was apparent to him that the volume dealt with a strange people, not like Americans or anybody. They lived in a strange land. They ate odd foods. Their conversation was peculiar, their customs were mysterious, and look as he might, Leonard could find no love story. In one place, a girl stared steadily at a man, but you can't call that a love story—not in the movies.

From time to time Harry Fletcher strolled in and cheered Lennie on his way.

"Practically every white voter in Hollywood has had a try at it," he grinned. "We've given it to novelists, playwrights, poets with and without hair, song-writers, sob-sisters and anybody that can write, or even says he can write. Twenty-one of them have gone over the falls trying to gouge out a treatment."



"Which is what?"

"Well, a treatment is a couple of hundred pages covered with interesting scenes for the director to shoot, the whole making a fascinating movie. Nobody out here ever wanted this Angels book. We didn't buy it. Our intelligent New York office purchased it solely because it was a best seller, and clean as a hound's tooth. Nobody is wronged in this book, except possibly our studio."

"THEN our job is to make up a new story, or a good story, and hook it somehow into this book?"

"That is not our job. That is your job."

Undismayed by the outlook, Lennie plunged into his adaptation and worked like a beaver. In New York, Babe wrote her husband bright letters, saying she was doing fine without him, getting the weekly check and waiting for him to send for her. How was Yellow Summer coming along? Did they love his book? Wouldn't it make a grand movie?

Lennie forbore to answer in detail and inform her that it was not Yellow Summer he was doing, but another thing called Angels in the Dust . . . Babe would never get that through her pretty head, because the man had said Yellow Summer.

AS HE moved along on his task and the weeks passed, he learned interesting things about the movies and their peculiar ways. He discovered the New York office had actually paid fifty thousand smackers for the book, only because it was a best seller and had no sex. It likewise had nothing else, except some clear printing, and at the time of purchase, Hollywood had wired New York: "Impossible to make Angels into a picture," whereat New York wired back at once: "Do it anyhow."

In the big studio safe was a compartment filled with twenty-one treatments, all bound and fastened with metal clips, and each represented a pot of real money. When the studio staff writers fell down on the job, one by one or two by two, they had lured in outsiders, hoping somebody would hit upon a formula and hand over a usable working script. Harry Fletcher said:

"You can use the Englishwoman's story, or you can make up stuff and chuck it in, or you can design a story of your own and use her characters. Makes no difference. Anyhow, the studio will never call the picture Angels in the Dust, figuring the simple-minded fan would not understand an angel in the dust, and furthermore, wouldn't care a whoop. If it is ever finished, which I doubt, they will probably call it Passion's Perfume. Do anything you like, and don't commit suicide if it gets turned down, as Mr. Williams turns down everything."

The days became weeks. Lennie concentrated until his head ached, wrote down novel situations, grafted in sections of new story, chucked out everything in the book and conferred frequently with his assistant. He likewise split his checks evenly with the adored Babe and wrote her sunny letters referring to their future among the palm trees of Hollywood. Never did he disillusion her about Yellow Summer, for he decided that the studio, being a queer joint, might up and decide to buy his book any day, and then Babe would be correct by accident.

When the task was completed, Lennie had done his level best to inject a suitable story into the studio hoodoo, and Harry Fletcher had labored nobly; between them, they had a job of two hundred and forty-one pages, with dialogue, description, gags, stunts and brisk action. Lennie's contract had some time to go, and on the day he turned it in, he had nothing further to do but sit, smoke and wait, like many another. Harry swore it was a capable job.

"You have plenty on the ball," he assured the young man, "but don't be having any rosy dreams."

The two hundred and forty-one pages were neatly bound, like all the others, and the treatment was not called Angels in the Dust. It was described simply as Production 3369 in the studio records, and in due time, the front office sent for Mr. Sims. Lennie responded and smiled as he passed Harry Fletcher's open door, and the continuity man, already hard at work on a new task, wished him the best of luck and a new contract. Manager Williams was sitting in the same chair, and as Lennie entered, he glanced up.

"Sims," he said, "your contract expires shortly. We are not going to renew it. I'm sorry and thanks for your work on Angels."

There was a brief pause and Leonard leaned on a window.

"You mean my job here is ended?"

Williams nodded slowly. He went through this routine day after day, with all sorts of people—actors, writers, directors, scenarists—and it meant nothing in his life.

"My—story—my treatment isn't any good?"

"It's good enough, but not what we want or can use. The assignment was difficult, for many others have failed. That's about all, Sims. See the cashier and he'll fix things up."

THE young novelist walked slowly back to his office, and Harry Fletcher knew at a glance that the old iron ball had fallen again. He swore vigorously and advised Lennie not to be downcast, as it happened all the time in studios. The gloomy young man spent the remainder of the day staring at the wall, calling at the cashier's office, packing his few belongings and bidding farewell to the few studio workers he knew.

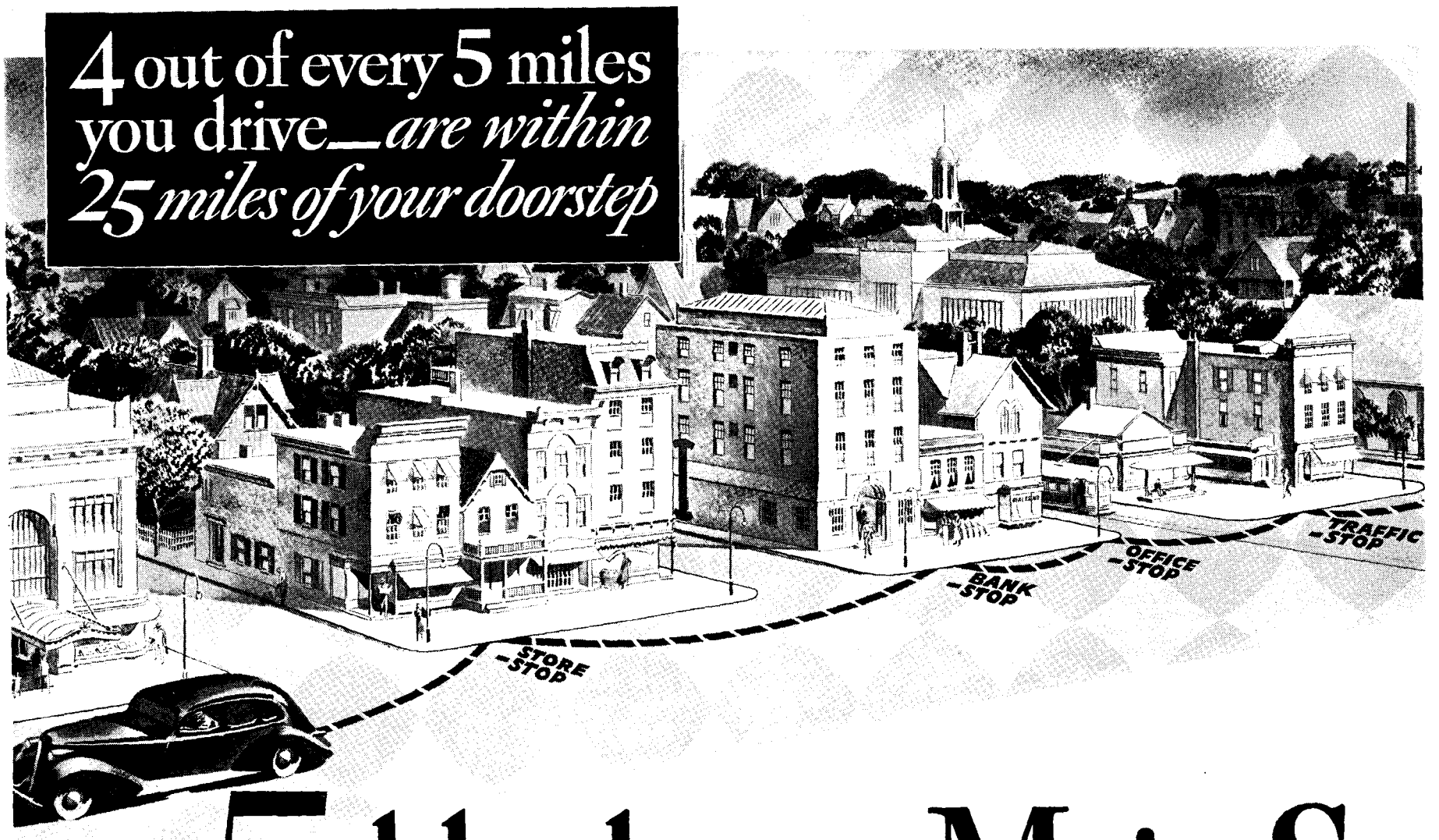
All of them made jocular remarks, as they do in movie studios, to help lessen the hurt. Lennie wandered back to his hotel, and along the way he began to hate the movies and all their works and all of Hollywood, for it seemed obviously unfair to dismiss a man who might be good, without giving him a real chance.

"I'll bet I could make a go of it," he grumbled. "I'm not as dumb as all that. I'm a novelist. If Williams had given me a crack at some live job—but no! . . . I had to start in on this Angel hoodoo, that has cost them nearly a million and whipped forty movie experts. Why wouldn't I fall down on it!"

He went for a long walk, and his dislike for the town and the movies grew with each step. It looked to him like a nasty little town, anyhow, with its silly gasoline stations and sillier restaurants made up to look like cuspidors and beer bottles. Once back in his hotel, he saw no further reason for lingering, so he packed his luggage for a return trip to New York, a good town, and Babe. He glared at his yellow brief case, contain-

(Continued on page 30)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



5 blocks on Main St. can use *more* gasoline *than a mile on a highway*

Today's starting, shifting and accelerating waste your money —if your gasoline hasn't these Three Kinds of Power . . .

YOU often start your engine 10 TIMES a day . . . start your car moving from a dead stop 30 TIMES a day . . . and shift gears 60 TIMES a day!

No wonder leading car manufacturers say that you get from TWO to FIVE miles LESS per gallon on "around town" driving than on the open road!

To save money on today's "stop-and-go" driving, you need a gasoline that is made to fit *today's driving conditions!*

This means you need a gasoline that not only STARTS quickly . . . not only ACCELERATES rapidly . . . not only SAVES on steady running . . . but that does ALL THREE of these things.

Shell engineers have finally perfected a gasoline with these three different kinds of power *in perfect balance*. You can find it at more than 30,000 neighborly Shell stations spread from Coast to Coast. It is SUPER-SHELL, the FIRST truly balanced gasoline.

With its 3 kinds of power, Super-Shell saves money 3 WAYS! No wonder so many thousands of motorists are becoming Shell "regulars"!

SAVES in 3 ways

STARTING—Super-Shell can save up to a cupful on every "cold" start. (Your engine is relatively "cold" after being idle an hour.)

SHIFTING—Super-Shell can save up to a cupful in 10 minutes of *hard pulling*, or rapid accelerating, or on hills.

RUNNING—It can save up to a cupful, motorists report, in an hour on the long stretch—thus saving on LONG TRIPS also.

SHELL **SUPER-SHELL**

Saves on today's stop-and-go driving

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fresh Material

Continued from page 28

ing a bound copy of Production 3369, and in his utter disgust, he was tempted to hurl it through the open window.

The hotel porter secured his ticket, and after that Lennie had nothing to do but pace the room and give himself over to gloomy meditation. He had definitely failed to hold on to a job in the movies, where a man could make some money. Apparently they didn't give you any second chance. You hit or you didn't hit. They were tough people, all right enough.

A HALF-HOUR before train time he summoned a bellboy, went down and paid his bill, and while he was at the desk the clerk handed him a telegram. It read: "Surprise for Lennie. Just sublet the flat. Hurray. Leaving on the noon train. See my darling soon. Babe. Much love."

He continued to stare in astonishment at the message, and it slowly dawned that his young wife was en route, coming out to join him in the happy, golden West. Poor Babe! Over in the studio, he reflected, they probably had another novelist working on Version Twenty-three of the British book. He hesitated not one instant, but determined to halt Babe in transit, keep her out of Hollywood, as nothing in the world would tempt him to remain in the hateful community. He dashed off a telegram, addressed it to Babe's train: "Get off and meet me in Kansas City. Hollywood job all over. I'm fired." He added a few needful details, climbed murkily into his taxicab and rolled downtown to his train, another defeated novelist slinking back home after a losing joust with the cinema.

It was a surprised and puzzled young lady who met him in the railway station at Kansas City, and it took him some time to make matters clear. He had done the job, all right enough, but the man said it had no merit whatever and fired him off the pay roll. What man? Why, Mr. Williams. How did Mr. Williams know it was a failure? He was the boss. Well, maybe he was mistaken, but he was the man who shut off your salary, just the same.

"IT'S possible," Lennie explained, "that I am not the person the movies need. Maybe I don't think along right lines. Perhaps my ideas are not sound movie ideas. Many others failed, too, and were fired, so let us not be blue. We'll get going in New York, where I really belong."

He further explained they would no doubt receive a rebate from the railway for the unused part of Babe's ticket, a detail that seemed to concern her. She stared at him with wifely sympathy as the train rolled for Chicago.

In her mind was the firm belief that something must be wrong somewhere. The man Williams certainly made a mistake discharging her Lennie, for nobody with any sense would do that. After an hour of reluctant conversation, for the Pullman was growing warmer and warmer, Lennie leaned back in his corner and dozed, while the little wife wrinkled her brow and tried to fathom it. It was plain that he didn't care to discuss details, so she gave up asking questions.

"Where is this job you have been working on for three months?" she demanded finally, and he indicated the brief-case on the opposite seat, wherein lay the result of diligent strivings. Babe pried open the clasp and drew forth the manuscript. "My goodness," she said, "but isn't it the heavy thing? Did you write all these pages?"

He nodded in sleepy silence and she continued to make examination and flutter the pages.

"Why, the name is all wrong," she announced. "It says Production 3369 and I don't see what that has to do with it."

"Just a habit they have. It's all right, Babe. That's the number of it and they go by numbers."

Young Mrs. Sims read on and on, her eyes widening in further dismay. She clacked her tongue and made small noises, all indicative of disbelief, amazement and scorn. "Why, it's all wrong," she murmured and he agreed without comment. That was what Mr. Williams said, too.

"Yes, but they printed your names wrong," she insisted. "It says here that Sir Basil does something and Lady Naismith does something else, and that is foolish, as there is no Sir Basil or Lady Naismith in Yellow Summer."

"Darling," Lennie muttered, wiping his brow, "let us not talk about it. I'm hot and tired."

"Yes, but look, Lennie. That must mean Mr. Winslow."

"Who? Why?"

"I said they have the names wrong, and that would spoil anything. They must be very careless people in a studio. Not a single one is correct."

LENNIE half opened a weary eye, glanced at his adoring wife and decided to affect slumber rather than plunge into a long explanation of unhappy details, and show Babe darling that for weeks he had been working on a novel, Angels in the Dust, by a British dame, and had failed on Angels; and that at no time had he worked on Yellow Summer or even thought about it. That would have meant a sixty-mile chat in the stuffy Pullman, for as far as Babe Sims was concerned, there was only one book in the world.

He closed his eyes and pretended to snore, and the devoted Babe, having nothing to occupy her as the train hurried East, having nothing on her mind whatever, and a sharp lead pencil, spent the time correcting Hollywood's dumb blunders. . . . Sir Basil and Lady Naismith were coldly blackened out, and Mr. Winslow was put in where he belonged, as were a Miss Harriet Gow and Miss Jones and the janitor and others of Yellow Summer. At Chicago, the job was finished and the names were correct again. Babe was more cheerful.

"I wouldn't feel bad about this," she said soothingly. "Maybe you're too smart a man for the movies. I hear they don't like very smart people."

LENNIE grunted, hoping he would forever forget the films and all their works. When the two arrived in New York, they hunted for a small apartment in a modest hotel, there to begin life over. On the second day in the new rooms, and for no particular reason, he telephoned Mr. Horace Blagden, the man who had pitchforked him into Hollywood. He had a melancholy desire to inform Blagden that he had done his best, had failed and was home again. Blagden answered the telephone, remembered Lennie at once, and expressed surprise.

"Mustn't be discouraged," Blagden told him. "It was a mighty tough job they handed you, and don't we know it? And say, you haven't by any chance got any fresh material, have you?"

"Just what do you mean, Mr. Blagden?"

"Any new stuff. We've fallen away behind on story material. They are howling for stuff and we can't buy it."

"Why, yes, Mr. Blagden," Lennie said thoughtfully. "I have a brand-new one. I finished it on the train coming East, and it seems very good to me."

"Get it down here at once," the movie man ordered and Lennie hung up and smiled grimly.

"Where is that treatment you fixed up on the train?" he demanded, and instantly Babe hopped up and handed him his three months of failure. He blotted out Production 3369, thought hard for a moment and called it Frustration.

"You folks go ahead and have your picnic. I'm chilly!"

REAMER KELLER

"Doesn't mean anything," he muttered, "but that doesn't matter, as names have no value in this business."

He pulled the cover from his battered typewriter and began tapping. Babe brought him coffee and toast. When he was exhausted, he went to bed, got up again and commenced more tapping, chucking in Babe's names from Yellow Summer, and when the task was finished, he had a brand-new manuscript —not Yellow Summer, to be sure, and certainly not Angels in the Dust, or anythink like it. Without delay, he hurried downtown, and Mr. Blagden being absent, he left it with a secretary.

For five days they both walked the floor, Lennie not daring to hope, Babe supremely confident of a good answer. Then Blagden telephoned.

"Sims," he said in a voice filled with enthusiasm, "you have a perfectly grand story in that Frustration thing. The name's bad, but never mind that. It's a knockout, and it's going to save our lives."

Lennie could feel his heart bound up into his throat. Babe was trying to push her left ear into the receiver.

"What did you say?"

"I said you have a darb of a movie. We've all read it down here and we're crazy about it. Come in and see me this afternoon."

"You—you're going to buy it?"

"Unless you want too much money. Come in about three and we'll talk it over."

AT FOUR in the afternoon a new contract was drawn between Mr. Leonard Sims of New York, party of the first part, and the large movie concern, by the terms of which the corporation agreed to purchase and did hereby purchase and buy from Author Sims a certain motion picture story named Frustration, for the sum of fifteen thousand dollars, payable at once; and by further terms, as set forth, Mr. Sims was to proceed forthwith to Hollywood, where for the period of three months he would be employed in the studio at a weekly wage of three hundred dollars, and would busy himself in building up, extending, elaborating, adapting and improving the Frustration thing; and still further, the New York office did hereby agree to provide transportation for Sims and bride, as well as meals in the dining-car behind. When Lennie reappeared with the documents and cash, Babe kissed him hurriedly and began packing her nighties.

Five days later, Babe had a bungalow and a dog, had met the neighbors and was popping around Hollywood in the open roadster. On his first morning, Lennie strolled into the studio shortly before noon, and once again confronted the grim-eyed Mr. Williams, manager and discharger of talent, who looked up and then pointed sternly to a manuscript lying on his desk, fresh from New York.

"What are you trying to pull around here?" he asked coldly. "That's the same thing—you wrote that out here, in this studio. That's your treatment on Angels."

"I know it, Mr. Williams," Lennie said in a polite voice. "New York thought it a first-class movie story, and so they paid me fifteen thousand . . After all, it really is a new story. So here I am, ready to work again and I hope we get along better."

He then departed to his new office. In the afternoon, Babe chatted with the friendly neighbors over the hedge. "Yes," she informed them, with a proud and happy note in her voice, "my husband is Leonard Sims, the novelist. The movie people brought him out from New York to make his book into a movie. You know—Yellow Summer. It'll make a swell movie."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

anna karenina

Called by critics one of the greatest novels ever written, "Anna Karenina" has at last reached the talking screen. To film a Tolstoi novel, is in itself a feat. To film it and lose none of those deep currents of human emotion which underlie every written word is an achievement of which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is proud . . . as proud as of their never-to-be-forgotten translation to the screen of another great novel—"David Copperfield".

Produced by
DAVID O. SELZNICK

GRETA
GARBO
FREDRIC
MARCH
FREDDIE
BARTHOLOMEW
(YOU'LL REMEMBER HIM BEST AS "DAVID COPPERFIELD")

A CLARENCE BROWN
PRODUCTION

with MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
MAY ROBSON • BASIL RATHBONE

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(comradeship). Next above this is the "Schar" (which may be freely translated "company"). Then in close imitation of military models, come six other bodies, each having more boys in it than the one next below. They culminate, finally, in big bodies known as the "Gebiet" (command) and "Obergebiet" (higher command). Of the latter there are five—North, South, Center, East and West—covering the entire country.

The organization of smaller boys, and the two organizations of girls, are subdivided in a similar way, but with variations in the names of the units composing them.

At the head of every unit is a Leader, picked from its own ranks. "Youth must be led by youth," is one of Hitler's favorite slogans.

Enormous importance is attached to the training of these leaders. Schools for qualifying them according to Nazi standards have been established all over Germany.

The shortest course lasts three weeks in every year. But there is a general tendency to lengthen all the courses until, it is hoped, no boy can become leader of one of the bigger units until he has been an active member of the organization two years and has undergone at least one year's training at one of the schools for teaching leadership.

At these, several hours daily are devoted to developing in the pupils a genuinely Nazi "Weltanschauung"—an almost untranslatable German word which means, roughly, "attitude toward life and the world." Special attention is given to racial matters, to the importance of keeping up the "Aryan purity" of the Germanic race by not allowing any admixture with "alien" races.

In Ten Short Years

Before the seizure by the Nazis of the Berlin headquarters of the non-Nazi youth associations and the ruthless suppression of these associations by von Schirach, they comprised hundreds of thousands of young members, and were affiliated with a number of political, regional, occupational and religious bodies. Until that typically Nazi attack, the Hitler Youth Movement was only one of many; despite its steady growth it was still outnumbered by the total membership of the others. Among these were purely athletic organizations; boys and girls banded together under the banners of Socialism and Communism; organizations formed under the auspices of the "bourgeois" parties; regional clubs, scattered throughout Germany; and big unions of youth of both sexes who, whatever their other reasons for existence may have been, were held together principally by the fact that their members were Protestants, Catholics or Hebrews.

Against all of these von Schirach, following the orders of Hitler, began a campaign whose avowed object was their destruction as separate entities.

He told their leaders brutally that they must amalgamate with the Hitler Youth Movement. This was action carefully modeled on that of Hitler himself, who was busy at the time suppressing trade unions and political parties, persecuting Jews, and making the first moves in his attempt to steam-roller the Protestants and Catholics of the Reich.

By the end of 1933 von Schirach had succeeded in breaking down the resistance of the Protestant associations of youth. Deeming further opposition hopeless, their leaders agreed to allow the incorporation of thousands of Protestant boys and girls into the domineering Nazi organization. That raised its membership to three millions. By the end of 1934 its commander was meeting really effective resistance only from the Catholics.

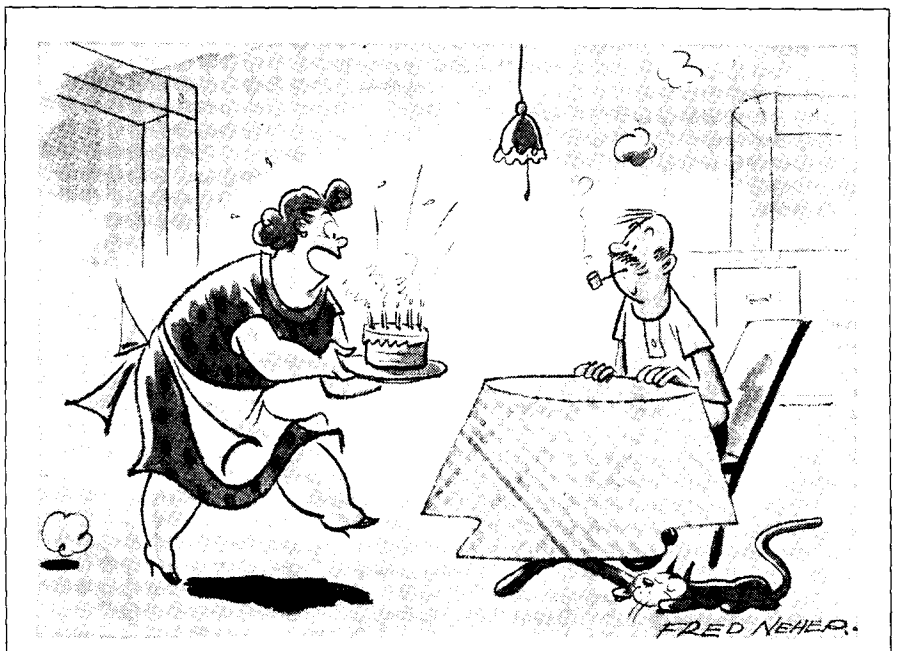
Six Million Little Brown Shirts

Continued from page 18

They are still holding out. They maintain obstinately the right to unite young Catholics in organizations of a basically religious character. Von Schirach sticks to the theory that German youth associations must have no religious tinge.

"The Hitler Youth Movement," he thunders, "is neither Protestant nor Catholic; it is German!"

He accuses the Catholic youth leaders of being so concerned with matters of creed that "they make even the cooking of a meal on a camping trip a sectarian affair." He taunts them by announcing that hundreds of thousands of young folk, formerly enrolled in their associations, have joined his Hitler Youth. He insists that German boys and girls between the ages of ten and eighteen must be thoroughly inoculated with the doctrines of Hitlerism.



"It's for my dress . . . it's five years old today" FRED NEHER

"There must be no influencing of young people under the guise of religious instruction," he declares. "Past experience has shown that religious organizations of young people have not concerned themselves exclusively with religious questions."

But, though he thunders loud and long, the Catholics stand firm. They flatly refuse to be steam-rollered. When I was last in Germany a few weeks ago there was a sort of truce in this sullen struggle; both sides were marking time before the next battle.

It is hard nowadays to realize that this Hitler Youth Movement, with its millions of boys and girls marching in the same step and thinking in the same way, did not exist at all a short ten years ago.

Adolf Hitler was in prison then, after the failure of his first bid for power in Munich; and those of his surviving followers who were not in jail or exile were making themselves as inconspicuous as possible. It was not until 1926 that the idea of mobilizing youth for Nazi purposes took on something like definite shape. Even as recently as 1928 the Hitler Youth were still to be counted in squads where they now form regiments.

Whereas today Baldur von Schirach guides the destinies of his millions of youthful followers from a fine modern suite of offices in Berlin, its first leader, a young man named Kurt Gruber, crouched over his work in a dark cellar of a town in Saxony, constantly afraid that the police would break down his door and drag him off to prison. But he kept on toiling, like the fanatic that he was, until, after the Nazis had got back their nerve sufficiently to stage a party meeting in 1929, he was able to put 2,000 brown-shirted boys in line as part of the program. This was considered by Hitler and himself, and by everyone concerned, a tremendous feat.

By the autumn of 1931 young von Schirach had attracted such favorable Nazi notice by his championship of the belief that Germans should be caught young and inoculated with Nazi ideas, that the Fuehrer appointed him Leader of Youth within the National Socialist Party.

That put an idea into his head.

The Hitlerites were about to hold a big get-together jamboree at Potsdam —why should not his battalions of boys take part in the festivities?

Right away he started plugging at this scheme, undismayed by the fact that the funds in the cash-box of the Hitler Youth Movement totaled 200 marks, or 50 dollars. Refusing to let that bother him, he dispatched a trusted assistant (and the 200 marks) to Potsdam. There the assistant promptly made an awful dent in the money by hiring an office and making a cash payment on the rental.

The Nazi Formula for Youth

Von Schirach, meanwhile, started ballyhooing his idea in every part of Germany where there was a recruiting office of the Hitler Youth. Having infected (as he hoped) whole batches of youngsters with the Potsdam germ, he dashed off himself to that town, encouraged by the thought that the government of the German Republic, which hated Hitlerism, had at least made no move to forbid his boys to parade through Potsdam. This was because, he admitted in later years, the authorities were only too willing to have the whole project turn into a ridiculous fizzle.

A short distance outside Potsdam von Schirach welcomed Hitler, who was motoring up to the meeting.

"I think your scheme is going to be a success," Hitler told him, "because, all along the road on my way here, I have been passing big trucks packed full of boys in brown shirts."

Next day the Fuehrer stood with upraised arm for seven hours, while those boys—more than 100,000 of them—passed in review before him. A grand triumph for young Baldur von Schirach! Years later, in telling of that episode, he boasted: "On that second day of October, 1932, we National Socialists proved that, though the government had the bayonets, we had the boys!"

"Healthy bodies and Nazi minds." That is the formula of those who have taken into their hands the physical and mental shaping of children in the Third Reich.

It was of the first part of that formula that I thought mainly when I stumbled, late one summer afternoon, on a camp of the Hitler Youth, deep in a forest fringing the shore of a lovely Bavarian lake. All the boys were laughing and romping, all were husky and tanned; theirs were most certainly the "healthy bodies" aimed at in the formula of their teachers. Nothing in that camp hinted of politics, or controversies, or "attitude-toward-life-and-the-world" except the brown shirts of the campers and the big flag with its black Nazi swastika floating over their camp.

Quite different was another sight, revealed shortly afterward, in Berlin.

In the great open space outside the palace of the ex-Kaiser, in the heart of Germany's metropolis, a multitude of boys and girls, in brown uniforms, stood packed together. Into their midst, amid cheers from thousands of young throats, amid a forest of young hands raised in the Nazi salute, came a big beflagged motor car, in which, erect and unsmiling, stood Adolf Hitler.

Making Bodies, Molding Minds

As the car advanced, frenzy seemed to seize upon the massed children. They rushed into its path, tried to climb onto its steps. "Heil Hitler! Hail to our leader!" they yelled—while policemen threw themselves against the swaying, surging mass.

Finally, the car crawled through the crowd. A moment later Hitler was on the speakers' platform, pouring out one of his typical, emotional speeches; while, below, those thousands of boys and girls, struck to silence, listened with open mouths and shining eyes.

"Youth of Germany!" shouted Hitler, "the German Reich which you no longer know, but whose greatness is unforgettable, lies far behind us. It was followed by the saddest epoch in German history. The German collapse, which shook millions of people to the depths of their being, imposed upon us all the necessity to fight for a new and youthful Germany. This fight began within our people; it was there that the conditions had to be created for the resurrection of the German nation. What was necessary before all else was to shape, within the nation itself, a new political and popular leadership, since only after the great work of regeneration within Germany can there be restoration of her prestige beyond her borders.

"Young people of Germany! I have taken you away from political parties and given you back to Germany! You must belong henceforth solely to Germany!"

"Heil! Heil Hitler!" roared young Germany.

Here there was no question any longer of making healthy bodies but of molding Nazi minds. Here one realized—suddenly, vividly, completely—what is going on in Germany:

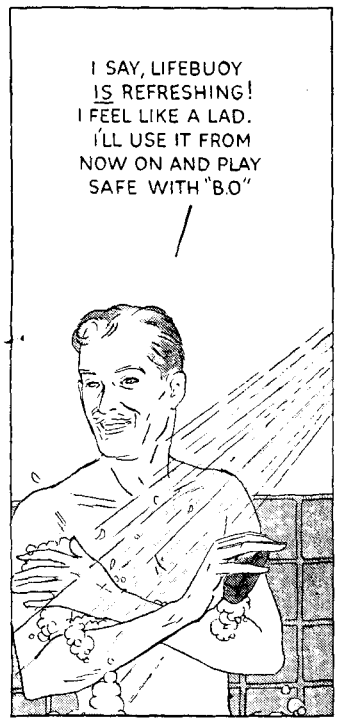
Six million German youngsters, at the most impressionable age, are being trained, by the Nazis of today, to be the Nazis of tomorrow.

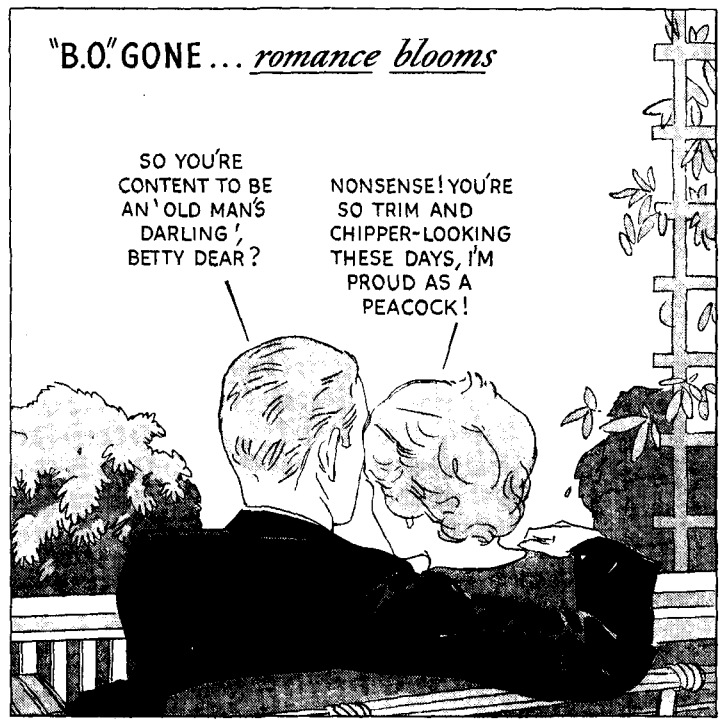
Food for thought, that.

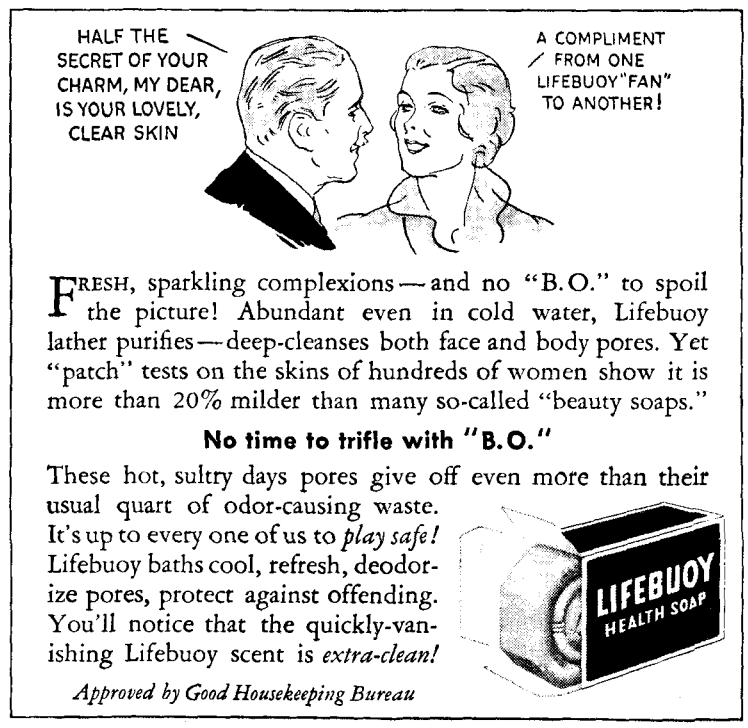
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEVER GO COURTING IN SUMMER UNLESS...

I'M SORRY, BETTY. SHOULDN'T HAVE KISSED YOU WITHOUT ASKING FIRST
DON'T BE OLD-FASHIONED, DARLING. ONLY— IT'S TOO HOT TO BE AFFECTIONATE. I'M TIRED, HAVE A HEADACHE. SO LET'S SAY GOODNIGHT.
SIS, YOU SENT YOUR DISTINGUISHED SUITOR AWAY RATHER GLUM. WHAT'S THE MATTER—TOO OLD FOR YOU?
OF COURSE NOT. MEN SHOULD BE OLDER. BUT... WELL..SUMMER'S NOT THE SEASON FOR COURTING UNLESS YOU'RE CAREFUL TO USE LIFEBUOY AND AVOID "B.O."
A few feet away stood the offender... he'd come back for his pipe...overheard




"B.O." GONE... romance blooms
SO YOU'RE CONTENT TO BE AN OLD MAN'S DARLING, BETTY DEAR?
NONSENSE! YOU'RE SO TRIM AND CHIPPER-LOOKING THESE DAYS, I'M PROUD AS A PEACOCK!



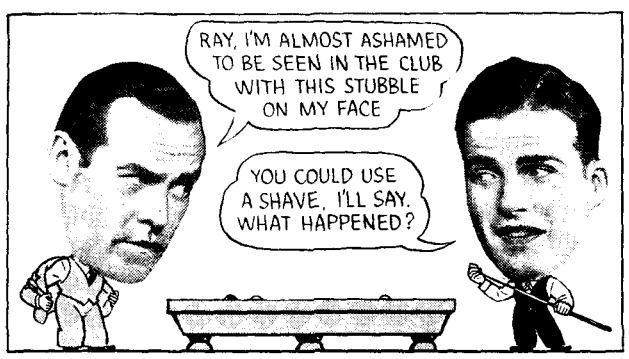
FRESH, sparkling complexions—and no "B.O." to spoil the picture! Abundant even in cold water, Lifebuoy lather purifies—deep-cleanses both face and body pores. Yet "patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women show it is more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

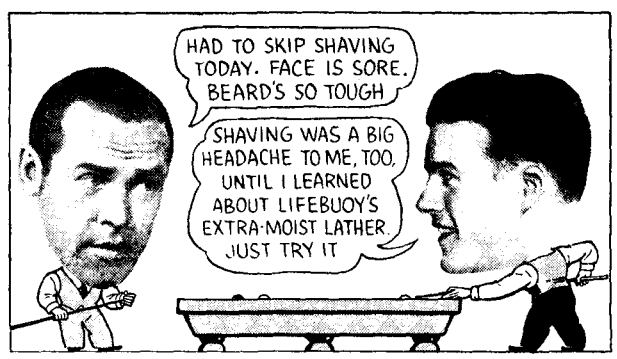
No time to trifle with "B.O."

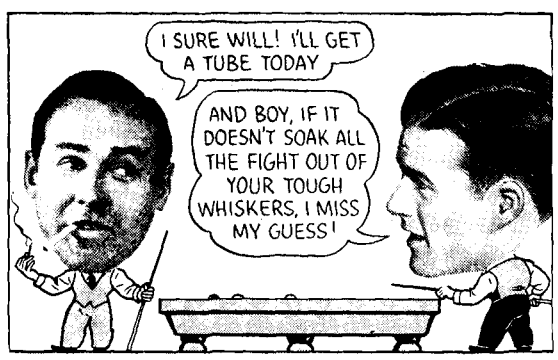
These hot, sultry days pores give off even more than their usual quart of odor-causing waste. It's up to every one of us to *play safe!* Lifebuoy baths cool, refresh, deodorize pores, protect against offending. You'll notice that the quickly-vanishing Lifebuoy scent is *extra-clean!*

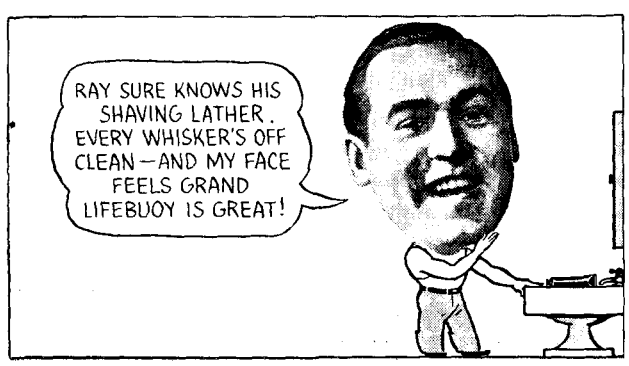
Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

A REAL TREAT FOR TENDER FACES




HAD TO SKIP SHAVING TODAY. FACE IS SORE. BEARD'S SO TOUGH
SHAVING WAS A BIG HEADACHE TO ME, TOO, UNTIL I LEARNED ABOUT LIFEBUOY'S EXTRA-MOIST LATHER. JUST TRY IT

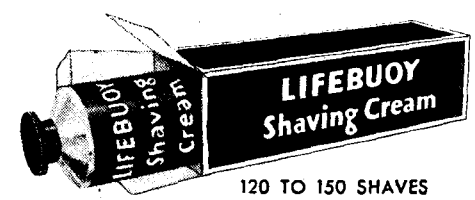




Tough beards come off clean and easy

with this soothing, extra-moist lather!

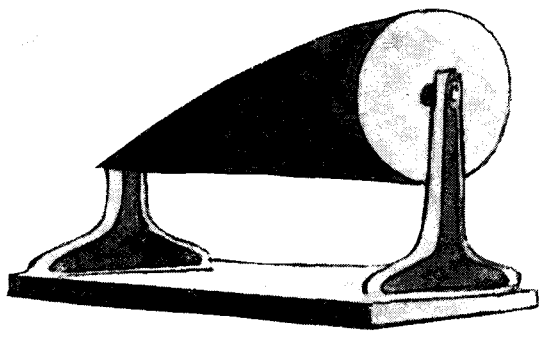
LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream lather holds 52% more moisture. It softens tough beards quickly and thoroughly—makes it easy to shave close and often without pull, scrape or sting. It's decidedly milder than other leading shaving soaps, too, soothes tender skin. Try Lifebuoy FREE. Write Lever Brothers Co., Dept. A-118, Cambridge, Mass. for a free 12-day tube. (*This offer good in U. S. only.*)



120 TO 150 SHAVES IN THE BIG, FULL-SIZED TUBE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



SALES ACTION *starts* FRIDAY

—THE VERY DAY COLLIER'S APPEARS

IT doesn't take long to translate an advertisement in Collier's into a neatly wrapped package thrust under the arm of a customer. The very *day* Collier's reaches its readers its pull is felt in retail outlets in every section of the United States.

That's because Collier's, with its quick tempo and fresh viewpoint, has attracted the most active market in America—2,400,000 men and women (with their families) who are alert to everything that is new and interesting—from the real effect of Hitlerism in Europe to the latest model refrigerator on display. Collier's readers do not *wait* when they see something they want to buy. They *act.*

In fact, if they weren't built that way they wouldn't be reading Collier's. For Collier's has nothing to offer people of settled habits and convictions—who yawn contentedly over innocuous fiction, ponderous articles and opinions which never rub them the wrong way. Such people—with their slow, settled buying habits—Collier's automatically eliminates. Every advertising dollar spent in Collier's finds an open-minded, eager-to-buy audience.

This great audience is yours to talk to any Friday. It is a market that doesn't mull and ponder before it buys. Its response is *immediate*—often just a matter of hours. And in today's hard fight for business, advertisers find this a mighty important advantage.

Collier's

The Active Market

Read every week by more than 2,400,000 Active-Minded Families

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, 250 Park Avenue, New York • PUBLISHERS: COLLIER'S • WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION • THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE • THE COUNTRY HOME

© 1935, The Crowell Publishing Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Secret Marriage

Continued from page 23

came toward her with a cup of hot bouillon.

Mary sipped it slowly; stopped, staring into space. She felt broken and dazed. There was a frightening silence in the dusk of the room, and in the dusk of the world. Jeffery was going away from her, steadily farther and farther away. To the city, and then to the big ship, and then across eternal circles of blue water, while the band played and men and women walked the white decks—

"Peter tired you, you look dead," Lindsay said, smiling. Mary opened her eyes, and it was night, with soft lights lighted and Lindsay reading in the bedside chair.

"I feel all right. I had some soup and then I must have dozed off. It wasn't Peter, Lin; it was Jeffery. He was here."

"Claudia said she was cutting all visitors down to three minutes."

"He wasn't here much longer than that. But—well, he's sailing tonight."

"I know. You two love each other, don't you?"

Mary looked at her sister.

"From the hour we met," she said slowly.

"Oh, but Mary, then why did you marry Cal?"

"I was married to Cal, Lin."

"I'd forgotten. Mary, do you feel very badly?"

"No. Or if I do it won't last. He—he thinks I'm wonderful, Lin, and I suppose that's one reason I think I have to be."

"Women do get divorces, Mary."

"But not when their husbands are out of work, and times are bad; and besides, there's Betsey."

"YOU'RE awfully good! Do you know it? You're *good*."

"It isn't goodness at all. I've thought it all out," Mary said, speaking faintly, her eyes closed. "There are ways and times that you can take things and be happy. There are other ways and times that you can't. I'm really thinking of my own happiness—which way I'd be happiest, and it's this way. This way I feel stunned—but sure. Sure of myself. This may not always be the way out, but just now it is. And that," Mary finished smiling, "is all there is to it!"

"He's on the ocean now. Weren't they sailing at eight?"

"Yes; he's on the ocean now."

"He gave Peter a letter to read and asked him to discuss it with you," Lin said.

"Pete read it?"

"Nothing to read. It was five one-hundred-dollar bills, all brand-new and packed tightly together," Lindsay said.

The sisters looked at each other.

"Shall you—what will you do about it, Mary?"

"Pay hospital bills and funeral bills and write him a letter to say that it came when it was needed," Mary said after a moment. "Silly to do anything else! He really wants to do it, or he wouldn't do it this way. And we're lucky to have him for a friend."

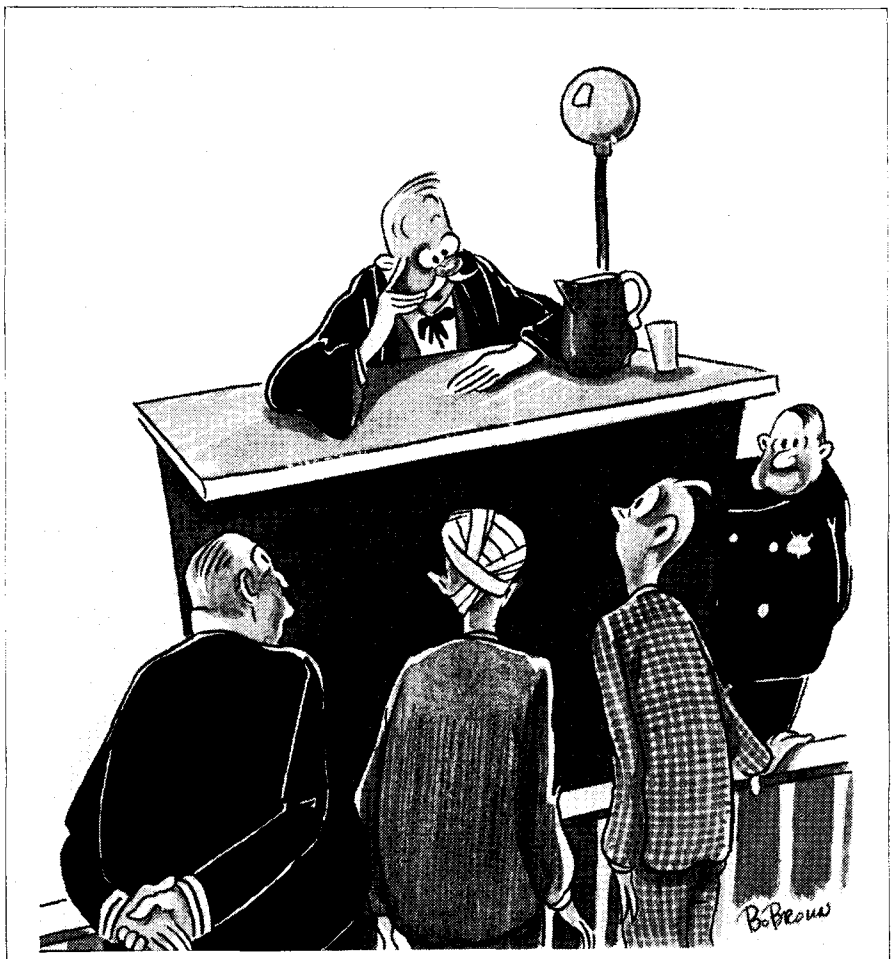
"Oh, Mary, I'm glad you see it that way!" Lindsay exclaimed thankfully. "Pete gave a perfect whoop when he saw it, and he said, 'Lord, what an out!' But we were both afraid you wouldn't."

"Well, I will," Mary said. "And thank the Lord for the chance! I'm not going to let all this make me sorry or bitter," she thought, when Lindsay had gone, and she was settled down for the long hospital night. "It's too wonderful to have found each other at all; it's got to be all joy." But presently she sobbed herself to sleep.

She and Lindsay attacked their aunt's room a few weeks later.

They opened the long-closed door of the downstairs bedroom, and stood, dismayed in spite of themselves, in the musty dark place where Aunt Joan and her cat had been so long in possession. Window shades briskly raised admitted summer light, but the sense of desolateness and abandonment remained. The sunshine only served to show more clearly the disorder, the deep plush of a month's dust.

"Well, we'll begin somewhere!" Mary said, seizing an armful of blankets and comforters as a preliminary step and carrying them out to the line. "Letters!" she said, returning to open the old woman's treasure trunks and look into cardboard boxes tied with string. "Recipes cut out of newspapers. What hoarders we all are! Mother's picture, look. 'Lily, with love to Joan'; they always did love each other. Stockings



"So you hit him with a golf club! What club did you use?" ED BROWN

—most of them all holes, and her old knitting bag."

"The paddysoy!" Lindsay said, when they had worked away vigorously for an hour. She was half laughing and half crying as she took it from a nail in the shallow closet. "Doesn't it bring her back, darling old Aunt Joan!"

"LEAVE it on the bed here, Lin, and let's go out and get some lunch. Betsey's falling asleep in the sandbox out there. When she's down for her nap we can come back and finish up in here in no time."

Lindsay followed her sister to the kitchen. Mary came back from the yard to plump Betsey into her high chair, and set before her her baked potato and asparagus.

"Mary, there's everything you ever heard of in this paddysoy!" Lindsay said, exploring the pockets of the quilted old garment she had brought from the haunted bedroom into the kitchen.

"I know. Bottles and bicarbonate tablets and her Bible. Look out for spilling that, Lin! What is it—catnip? And two nicely ironed handkerchiefs, and stockings. She wasn't going to be caught unawares!"

"WILL you ever forget her scream as she raced into the kitchen, and Jeffery grabbing her!"

"I suppose she died of fright. She was probably marked with terror of earthquakes. And in nineteen six—remember Dad said?—she was trapped in her room for a while, the door latch caught, or something."

"Ah, this is kind of touching! This must be from Grandfather Burleigh. Wasn't his name Peter?"

"Note?"

"Yes. Signed 'Your adoring father, P.G.B.' Listen to this, Mary!" Lindsay flattened a limp old sheet of paper on the table and read:

"My own darling daughter, I don't care how good Clark Academy is, I miss my girl! Old Buck and the surrey and I are coming for you on Sunday."

"It makes her seem so young!" Mary said. "A little girl in school, with her father coming to get her."

"Look, in a pocket here, Mary, this funny old bag on a chain, with five silver dollars in it."

"She used to call that her 'chatelaine bag.' I don't know why. That was her emergency fund, I suppose."

"Look. Scissors, string, bandages and tape, pencils, pen, ink, pills," Lindsay said, laying the articles on the table as she found them. "Hairpins, needles and thread, keys—I don't know what they'd unlock!—a switch, matches—she thought of everything. More letters, just a few, I suppose especially precious ones."

"D'you know I was thinking, Lin, that we ought to go over every one of her papers carefully," Mary said. "There might be something about those missing bonds. If there were only five of them, think what five thousand dollars would mean now!"

"Here's an important-looking paper," Lindsay, still reading the letters and papers, said in a puzzled tone when Mary returned from carrying Betsey upstairs to bed. Mary came to look over her shoulder.

"It's a deed," she said. "It's probably no good—outlawed or something. It's a deed dated—open it up! It says for moneys paid—that's Dad's signature, and old Asa Moulton's. And the witness was Leonard Willetts. Remember him? Remember the lawyer who was killed when Dad was?"

"Mary, this is funny," Lindsay, reading, said in a low voice.

"Well, I think we ought to show it to Peter."

"No, but look. This was signed and witnessed on the day Dad was killed—the very day. June eleventh."

"I know what must have happened, Lin! He gave this to Aunt Joan and told her to hold it until he asked her for it, and then she was hurt—I remember her coming into the house dazed, and not seeming to know what had happened, and going up to her room. It wasn't for weeks that they knew that her mind had been affected. She put it right into the paddysoy, and there it's been ever since!"

"BUT wouldn't Willetts have kept it if it had been important?"

"They might have been reading it. Aunt Joan always used to sit on the front seat with Dad while he was driving; she may have been looking at it."

"But Willetts—ah, but Willetts was killed," Lindsay said slowly, with an awakening face.

"What is it, Lin? Can you make head or tail of it?"

"Certainly. I had a business course at High," Lindsay said. "It's a deed to the Bullinger Block in San Jose, property bounded by First Street and the lane known as Miller Arcade, buildings—"

"But, then, who's—who's got it?"

"This may be canceled or something; it *must* be," Lindsay said. "According to this Dad paid Asa Moulton eighty thousand dollars, and gave him a deed to some property on Hanover Street besides, in payment."

"Ha!" Mary ejaculated, and bit her lip.

"Peter'll find out about it."

"Oh, Peter'll understand!"

"Could Mr. Moulton—" Lindsay began thoughtfully, when they were eating their eggs scrambled in the last of the scalloped tomatoes.

"He sent us squabs," Mary said slowly, with apparent irrelevance. Much later she said: "If anything happened, and everything was changed for us, wouldn't it be funny that I couldn't write Cal, that I'd have no idea where to find him?"

ON AN August day nearly three months later the Burleighs moved back into the old Burleigh house on Birch Street. A big van called at Buena Vistita Avenue at about nine o'clock in the morning and the neighbors watched the scanty possessions of the brothers and sisters loaded therein. Everyone was aware that at about eleven Peter Burleigh came back to the house with a brand-new car that twinkled in the shabby lane, and everyone saw Barty and Chris, Lindsay and Mary and Peter with the baby in his arms, go out to the car, and wave goodbys. Mary had on a new rough blue silk suit, coat and skirt, and a white blouse; Lindsay was in white; Chris-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sie, the O'Neill girls and Shirley Roberts said, was going to have a bicycle. It was evident that the Burleighs had struck it rich, but nobody seemed to know why or how.

They went back to their old house, and went up the newly painted front steps and in the front door, and after that Las Palomas saw nothing more of them for the rest of the day. But to Peter, Mary, Lindsay, Chrissie and Bart it was a day of inexhaustible excitements and delights.

All the old curtains had been taken away; all the fine old carpets cleaned and put back on the scrubbed floors. All the woodwork had been painted a creamy white that went well with the deep window sills, and with the curve-topped doors that opened into the paneled drawing-room and library. Such furniture as had not been sold, and very little of it had been sold, had been brought from storage in the stable, and was back in place; it was all too big for modern needs, but it looked handsome and substantial in the rooms for which it had been originally designed.

The three bathrooms were newly white; fat new towels were on the glass racks; old Agnes had been puttering in the place for a month, and everything was in order. There was another woman in the kitchen, to serve the Burleighs their first luncheon at home.

Mary would have her mother's room, a big room with two bays looking out into the upper branches of one of the south garden oaks. Much of the outside millwork decoration of the house, the cupola and the useless shallow balconies, had been trimmed away, so that the plain, good lines of it might be evident, but Mary liked the old-fashioned bays, and the way the sunshine slanted through the long, white curtains, because this room and these windows and this afternoon sunlight through oaks reminded her of her mother.

Betsey's crib was beside her mother's bed. Betsey's clothes, most of them new, went into the dresser; Mary moved her own new clothes into the bureau with a sense of luxury and delight that seemed only to deepen rather than lose its freshness hour after hour. A room to herself again, a bathroom shared only by Lindsay and Chris, a real bathroom with hot water always running and big towels always ready!

CHRIS had the little room that had once been Mother's sewing-room. Lindsay was next door, on the other side of the bathroom, in Mary's old room, with the dressing-room and the clothes presses. Peter and Barty chose the two big rooms and the new bath under the mansard roof above; there were half a dozen rooms to spare: "Aunt Joan's room" and "the guest room," and "Grandpa Burleigh's room."

"Bets can have her day nursery and her own room some day!" Mary said, tumbling her child's curls into a mop as she seized her to kiss the back of her neck.

Over the whole house, on the day the Burleighs came home, lay the still, sweet-scented peace of summer. The sun was still hot above the tall oaks and maples, the air was scented with pepper and eucalyptus balm, but there was a softening haze on the far-away gauze of the mountains, and the first prunes were falling with a dry plop-plop on the baked-hard earth of the orchards. On the empty library shelves and in the bare room itself triangles of gracious light lay long in the afternoon glow; but the old parlor looked almost itself, with the rosy scrolls of the pale carpet unfaded and the stout, old buttoned satin chains in place. And Lindsay and Mary retrieved an old desk, a mahogany table, leather chairs and an old leather davenport from various rooms, and made the upstairs sitting-room a place of comfort and beauty without a moment's delay.

Boxes were arriving: table napkins and sheets and glasses. Two men were finishing the last unpacking of the old, familiar china. Muriel, the new cook, would like to know what Mrs. Tait would like for dinner. It was all so happy, so dignified, so gracious, it was all like a dream!

PETER and Lindsay and Mary walked out through the back garden after dinner. A lingering twilight held the world in its spell; the night was warm, and lighted by a great moon that rose over the old grape arbor "just where it used to!" as Chrissie said enthusiastically. There had been drastic pruning and renovating; a great bonfire had smoldered in the Burleighs' incinerator for many weeks. Now everything—stables, sheds, garage, fences, gates—was whole and clean and scented with paint and whitewash once more. Peter and the older girls remembered it all so, and planned for tennis again out here on the wide court, and for croquet and luncheons and hours of reading and talk on the lawn.

"No cannery!" Mary said.

"No kindergarten," Lindsay said.

"And Peter finishes his law work."

"Maybe," said Peter. "But I'm going on where I am for a while. Brewer likes me."

"Mary," Chrissie asked animatedly, "did Mr. Moulton do something crooked?"

"What made you think he did, Chris?"

"You never tell me anything," Chrissie said resentfully.

"If you didn't blab everything to Maria Elena Moulton we might," Peter said.

"I don't blab," Chrissie said, mortally offended.

"She doesn't blab any more, Peter. Besides, the Moultons are going away. He's retiring, and they're going to sell the house."

"Maria Elena's going to school in New York."

"So I heard. Yes, Chris; Mr. Moulton did something—well, shady!" Mary admitted.

"How d'you mean 'shady,' Mary? Dishonest?"

"About as shady as San Quentin prison," Peter said grimly.

"Cheated?"

"Well, he—forgot," Mary said.

"The reason I asked was that I saw Maria Elena today," Chrissie said. "And she was sort of talking about it. She said that her father often forgot things; she said that he told her about lots of times when he forgot things he really wanted to remember."

"She didn't talk to you about a title and the Bullinger Block?"

"No; not like that. But she said that her father said that lots of people said—"

"Get out of the quotes, Chris," Peter suggested, as Chrissie paused, somewhat confused.

"Well, that's what she said!"

"All right. Go back. What?"

"Sort of as if she was excusing him, Pete. She said that people were saying mean things about him, but that he could prove that he was absent-minded, and that he had been terribly shocked by my father's death because he loved Dad."

"He loved him so much that he collected his rents for him for ten years," said Peter dryly. "He loved him so much that he held a piece of property for us as a surprise until it had nearly doubled its value. It was idolatry, that's what it was!"

"It doesn't seem to have crushed him exactly," Lindsay observed. "Agnes

(Continued on page 38)

3 GOOD REASONS why Ingram's will give you better shaves

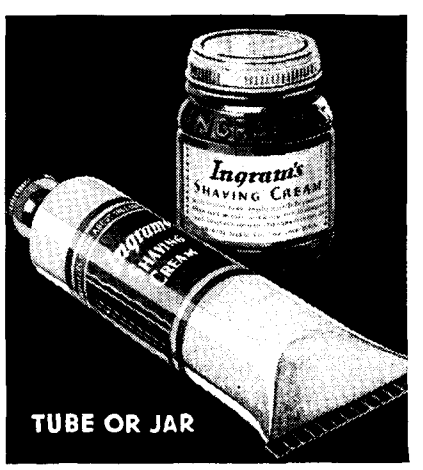
1 SOFTENS YOUR WHISKERS Ingram's direct wilting action takes *all* the fight out of whiskers. Softens them right down to the skin line!

2 CONDITIONS YOUR SKIN Ingram's unique lubricating action tones and smooths your skin, makes your razor *glide* without a scuff or skip.

3 COOLS YOUR SKIN Ingram's famous cooling action gives you comfortable shaves from start to finish. No rawness; no lotion needed.

Three special ingredients are put into Ingram's Shaving Cream to give you these three special shaving helps—

1st, faster and more thorough softening of whiskers. 2nd, proper preparation of your skin for the razor. 3rd, coolness and comfort, while you are shaving and for several hours after.



One quick, cool once-over will sign you up for life as a happy Ingram's shaver! And your shaves will cost less. Ingram's is *concentrated;* three months of good shaves in each tube or jar.

TRY THE WORLD'S COOLEST SHAVE *free*

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. B-85
110 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

I'm in favor of better shaves! Send me the free 10-day tube of Ingram's.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from page 37)

said he called to her across the fence about the persimmons yesterday."

"He was crushed enough the day old Meyers and I talked to him," Peter said. "'You ought to be in jail, and I propose to put you there!' old Bernard said. If ever there was a prince, that old boy is a prince! Imagine him, seventy-four, and flying up from Pasadena just because I wrote him."

"Just what did he do, Pete?"

"Well, try to get this, Lin: Dad bought the Bullinger Block from him that day Dad was killed; the deed was signed all right, and Dad must have asked Aunt Joan to keep it—maybe just for a few minutes. She was as sane as anyone, then. Then came the accident, and old Moulton just lay low, keeping the bonds Dad had paid for the place and collecting the rents, too. Old Meyers said he never knew anything like it in his life!"

"I always thought *he* took the bonds," Mary said serenely, and they all laughed. They were sitting perched like birds on two saw-horses now, Peter steadying a sister on each side with an encircling arm.

MOONLIGHT was silvering the garden, shining on the vine leaves that clothed the fence between the tennis court and the lane, twinkling on oaks, turning the lawn a pearly white.

"Will he go on serenely, Peter, as if he'd never done anything?"

"Moulton?"

"I was wondering that," Lindsay said.

"He may go on," Peter said with a brief, harsh laugh, "but it won't be serenely. He's cut pretty deep. Moulton was a rich man, but these are no times to have to hand over a place like the Bullinger Block and pay back rents for ten years. I'll bet he was pretty well put to it to get out; maybe Carol and her husband won't get their six thousand this year. He paid us what the place cost Dad, and more, too, in rents. That's all I want out of him; we gain nothing by wrecking him and sending him to jail. Maria Elena's a decent enough little thing, and Spencer's enough trouble for one man!"

"He didn't put up any fight at all, Pete?"

"He couldn't. Well, here we are, back where we belong," Peter said. "Bills all paid, Agnes running the dining-room, Muriel di Roma in the kitchen—what a piece of salt horse she is to have a name like that, by the way!"

"She can cook," said Mary briefly.

"You said it. Now, what about a nurse, Mary?"

"For Betsey? Never! Having just Bets to take care of I won't know what to do with my time," Mary said.

"Well, you'll have your little car."

"I'll have my little car. The wonder of it, after five years on the good old feet!" Mary rejoiced.

"Peter, I'd love it. Mary could take me up mornings to college, and I could come back on the bus. I'd love to take an English course and some French or something," Lindsay said.

"Why not?"

"I'll take Bets and do the marketing on the way home."

Chrissie drifted away; Barty, yawning, went in to bed; the three elder Burleighs sat on in the enchanted warm night, talking.

"What'll Calvin make of all this, Mary?"

"I was wondering."

"No way of getting hold of him?"

"No. I wrote—guardedly—to his mother. She said that she had written to the Portland address but that the letter had come back."

"He might be dead, Mary."

"I don't think he's dead."

"Queer!" Peter said. And he added what he had asked often before: "What's the big idea?"

"Pride, I suppose, Pete. He was simply maddened by the whole thing, the crowding and noise in the Green Oaks place, the O'Neill and the Barry children yelling after dinner, and the Roberts' phonograph. He had no money—not to buy new shirts and have his clothes pressed, and it scared him. I could see that life frightened him; he didn't know what to do. When I told him—I had to tell him—that there was another baby coming, he seemed to go mad. He rumpled up his hair and shouted at me: 'I tell you this can't go on!' That day he asked you for five dollars, remember? I was lying down, I felt horrid, and he came upstairs and kissed me and kissed Betsey, and that was the last."

"That baby would be here now," Lindsay said timidly.

"Yes, I know." Mary's voice was steady in the gloom. "But the night of the earthquake I couldn't think of anything but Betsey," she said. "It was that wild rush upstairs in the dark—with the house shaking."

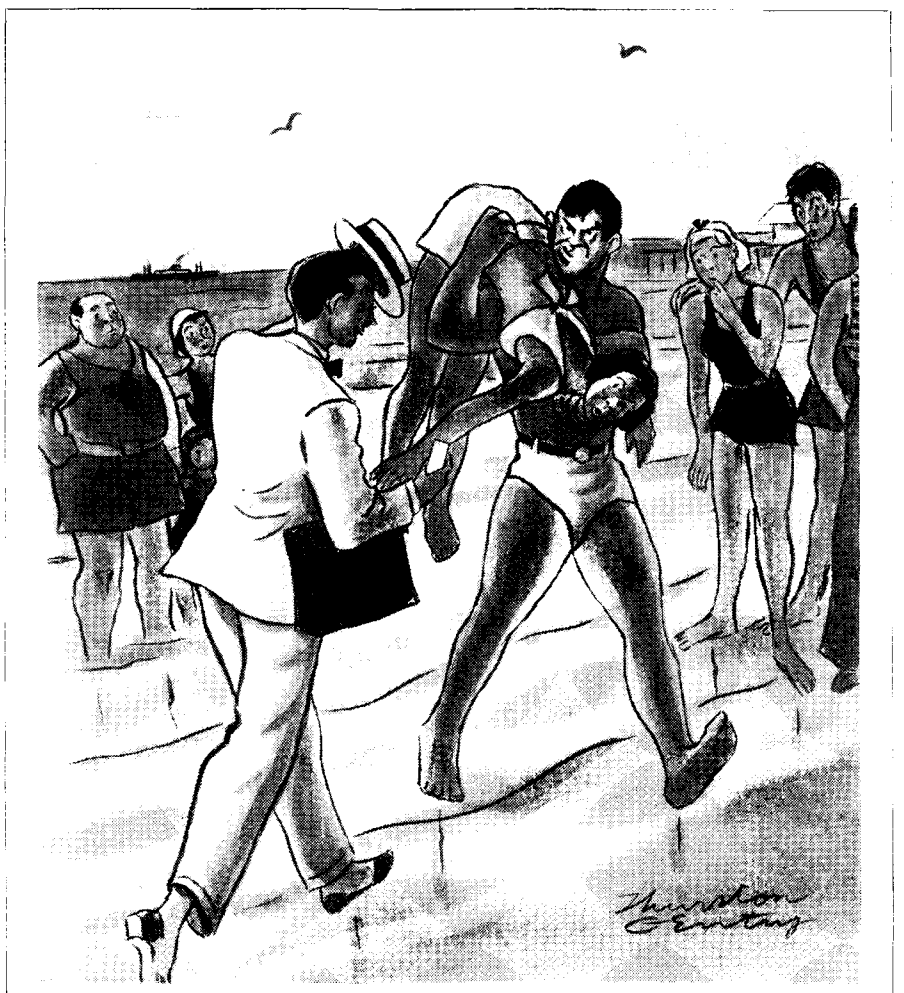
"The baby might have been all wrong if he had come after that, Mary."

"Poett said so. Well," Mary said, infinite sadness in her thoughtful voice, "I never was sorry that he was coming. I did think of being laid up, of not being able to work, and of having two children to raise with Cal acting so strangely. But I was always glad, thinking of the cuteness of a new baby, and it broke my heart when Poett told me that Sunday afternoon that it was all over."

"Come on, gals, we're all tired to death; let's go to bed!" Peter said. Mary was between him and Lindsay as they walked to the house; when they got into the lighted side hall he looked at her sharply and saw tears wet on her face. He stooped to kiss her, and Lindsay took her hand as they went upstairs; but neither spoke.

Betsey was sound asleep; the reading lamp beside Mary's bed was the only light in the room. It shone on the fat white pillows and the neatly turned-down sheets. Beyond its radius were the peaceful spaces of the big room; outside in the moonlight were the loved old garden, the dignified old street, the big, pretentious houses that prosperous Las Palomas had built for its founders forty, fifty years ago.

Mary, in her pajamas, went to the window and went down on her knees. She prayed for a long while, not knowing that she prayed, her opened eyes fixed on the silver-flooded garden beneath the window and the top of the Perrigord house, and the white, unmoving flanges of the Butters' windmill. Home again, beauty and comfort and dignity again. Lindsay and Chrissie rightly dressed again, doing the things a gentleman's daughters should do. Bart in college; Peter able to tell his girl, pretty Mary Sarah Gardiner, who lived in Barbizon Manor, that some day they might be married. And herself and her little flaxen-headed, busy girl living the life that was so much taken for granted by other women, that would always be a miracle to her. Marketing in the bright mornings, turning the new car into Lomitas Street, taking Lindsay to college and lingering perhaps a little while in that atmosphere of oaks and cloisters, whitewashed Spanish walls and blue clear shadows.



"Good afternoon, Miss! I represent the Norton School of Swimming!"

THURSTON GENTRY

THEN home to lunch in time for Betsey's nap, French verbs, books, flowers to fix, friends for whom tea could be poured in the afternoon shadows of the lawn. Or perhaps tennis again with Peter; they had loved tennis years ago.

"Oh, my God, I thank Thee!" Mary whispered, wondering how much of it all was true; wondering if there was a God, and if He cared, and if all this had happened because Mother had been so good and Aunt Joan so good, and because Mary and Lindsay had tried so hard to be good.

She got to her feet, saw letters and a yellow telegram waiting on the desk; Agnes had brought them upstairs. The day had been full of congratulatory letters and telegrams, and more than one great box of flowers had arrived. Standing in her pajamas, Mary lighted the desk lamp and glanced at her mail. Nothing from Jeffery; nothing from Calvin. For these two, and with widely different emotions, she always looked first.

A bill for Chrissie's new shoes; a receipted bill for painting shelves in the kitchen; that could go to Peter. Mary and Peter had been paying bills for weeks; they alarmed her no longer.

A last letter, on pale pink paper, and in a hand she did not know. It was signed "An Old Las Palomas Friend," and postmarked Seattle. There was no other means of identification. Mary read the letter through twice; put it down, and went back to pick it up and read it again.

"Your husband, Calvin Tait, is in The Dalles, Oregon, at the address I am enclosing," the letter said. "He is living there with a girl named Molly Klein. She works in the telegraph office; he is not working. You ought to be ashamed of the way you are treating him!"

Mary put the letter down, extinguished the light. She went to Betsey's bed and stood looking down at her for a long time.

Betsey was always exquisite. Fresh and sweet and unconscious in sleep, she was like something carved in faintly colored marble. Her cheeks were a dim pink; her bronze lashes laid soft shadows against them. The white-gold mop of her hair was spread out about the purity of her forehead in tendrils and waves of light; her mouth had the fragrant tenderness of a baby rose. One small hand was flung out, palm upward, the other even in sleep firmly grasped the neck of Meemee, the velvet duck.

MARY turned her on her side, tucked in covers, pinned big harness pins close to the soft warm little neck. Betsey mumbled confidently; her thumb moved toward her mouth, and Mary gently took it away.

After a while she knelt down, Betsey's small, warm hand like a petal in hers, her forehead resting against the cool iron bar of the crib. Her eyes were upon the child, but Mary was not thinking of Betsey. Her thoughts ranged back and forth idly through the years since she had been a little girl in woolly nightwear, coming into this same room to kiss Mother good night.

She thought of the dark day when casual passers-by had brought Aunt Joan home, dazed and shaken; she remembered strange men in the lower hall, and their voices: "We want to see Mrs. Burleigh!" and she remembered the black oblong of her father's coffin; the strange blackness of her mother's dress.

Her musing moved on to her mother's illness; there had been more black dresses, there had been all the squalor and poverty and excitement of Buena Vistita Avenue. And a hot day in San Jose, and a girl and a man getting married—

San Francisco and the big hotel, and Calvin so triumphant in days that had been strange to her at nineteen. Secret marriage. Secret marriage. Why should a little motherless girl not yet twenty years old have the power secretly to throw away her own life? Why was there no way out?

"Or is there a way out?" Mary said half aloud. "God, help me to find it if there is. It was all so easy only an hour ago! Now it's all darkness again."

(To be continued next week)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Little Borgia

Continued from page 24

in schoolhouses, barns, Odd Fellows' halls and skating rinks. The stage manager drove the truck; they made as much as 250 miles a day and never had a breakdown.

"The place I remember best," says Miss McGee, "was the hall where the stage sloped up at an angle. I don't know how much of an angle but I know that when I tried to back away from the villain in one play, I sat down abruptly. When you tried walking upstage (which means toward the rear of the stage), you felt that you ought to get down and crawl, just to make sure."

After that she played with Thomas Mitchell in Cloudy with Showers and had three summers at Provincetown on Cape Cod and one at Suffern, New York. The Provincetown theater was responsible for Eugene O'Neill and Susan Glaspell and for practically the whole of the modern American stage. The theater is on the wharf, with the water at high tide squashing up under the stage and dressing-rooms.

She Looks It

The Suffern engagement, however, was responsible for Miss McGee's big chance. Herman Shumlin had already bought The Children's Hour and was having a hard time casting it. He remembered Miss McGee from a short run in the production of Maids in Uniform (the stage version of Maedchen in Uniform), where she had a comedy role, and from Mahogany Hall, in which she was a lady of less virtue than attractiveness. Shumlin made a great haul at Suffern, capturing Anne Revere and Katherine Emery and Miss McGee in one swoop.

About Miss McGee he was not certain. After all, she was a grown lady with a husband and the part of Mary Tilford called for somebody who had the appearance of a fourteen-year-old girl and the nature of a rattlesnake. He gave her the script to study and had three readings of the part.

"Do I get it?" asked Miss McGee meekly.

"Well, I don't know," said Mr. Shumlin, doubtfully. "I'm still not sure you'd look like Mary Tilford. Right now you might be taken for Helen Hayes, if you happened to look like Helen Hayes."

This was in September and rehearsals were about to start and Miss McGee, as usual, was not set for a winter job. Taking her last five dollars she went out and had her hair cut so that she looked like somebody who might go through life unworried by man. With the rest of the money she bought a pair of black cotton stockings, a black short skirt and a blouse and started back up to the Shumlin office. . . . But not through the main streets and not on the subway.

"I was afraid the police might pick me up as a child vagrant," says Miss McGee. "I walked over to Ninth Avenue and snuck along under the elevated tracks."

Mr. Shumlin, however, was satisfied.

"You look perfectly hellish," said he, with pleasure.

Armed with that approbation, she proceeded to make the part of Mary Tilford a triumph of malevolence. With her grandmother, she is the sugar-sweet little girl who is being put upon by her instructors. She melts into Grandma's lap and emits a few desperate sobs where best calculated to wring the old dame's heart. With the other children in the school, she is alternately cajoling and domineering. When she can't overcome them by strength of character, she puts the fear of heaven into them by a threat of exposure of some of their minor defections. With her teachers she is cagey and resentful, by turn. In all, a little darling who could make an excellent living by allowing herself to be eaten alive by the bears.

Where the thing affects her in real life is that she wears no makeup on the stage because it would make her look too old for the part and her haircut naturally can't be changed between performances. As a result, she is Florence McGee both off and on. When a truck driver followed her down a side street last winter, she feared the end had come but he only wanted her autograph and was content to have it on the flap of a match folder. She finds the New York audience different from the average movie public, which agrees that if a screen star plays the part of a dirty bum, he must be a dirty bum in his home life. The people who accost her now on the street do it with the idea of telling her how well she played the part. There is the exception of the grand lady who nudged her companion and whispered in a hoarse buzz which would carry a block:

"Don't turn around now, but there's that horrible little brat from Children's Hour."

The only crisis at the play itself came at a time when Miss McGee was not on the stage. It had to do with a gentleman who weaved his way to a box seat and proceeded to go to sleep. He had evidently dined well and was content with life without bothering with this nonsense going on before him. He woke up indignantly, however, at that point in the third act when Miss Emery cries with intensity:

"It's a whole life for me—a whole damned eternal life!"

The gentleman pointed a remonstrative finger at the actress and said: "Now, young lady, I want to hear no more of such language."

Shortly thereafter Miss Emery, as called for in the script, emitted a scream calculated to freeze the blood of a hangman. Whereupon the plastered gentleman lost his temper entirely.

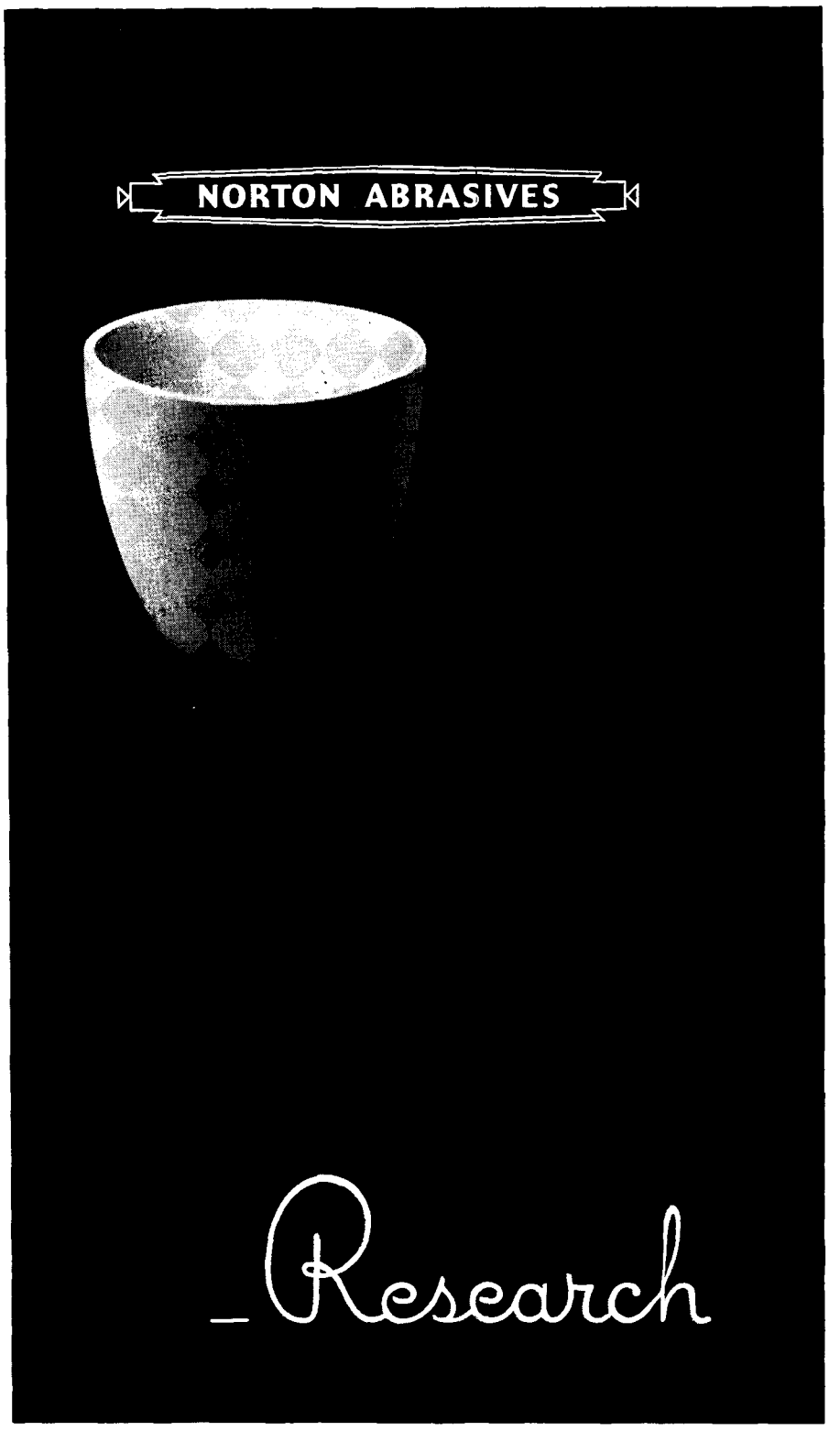
"Stop that," he said severely, "or I'll poke you one."

By this time the ushers were dragging him forth but the effect was not lost upon Miss McGee.

"If it had been me," she said, "he'd probably have climbed right out there without any warning at all. That's when I'll know I'm really getting somewhere in this profession."

In Spite of the Censor

She is sticking with The Children's Hour as long as anybody will come in to see it. Mr. Shumlin is still trifling with plans for a London trip even though the play has been banned by the Lord Chamberlain, who is the English censor. He may spend $15,000 for the sake of transporting the cast, scenery and entire production intact for a week's performance before a subscription audience, which is the way plays can escape censorship. It will undoubtedly be a road attraction in this country after its New York run, and Miss McGee, remembering those winters when two weeks' work was a successful season, is hanging right on. . . . Provided, of course, she is not killed during a performance in which she has reached the peak of her art and has driven a desperate audience insane.



ABRASIVE PROBLEMS—grinding and polishing—hundreds of them are solved in Norton laboratories. Important in this work is heat-resisting laboratory equipment which the research engineer has made available through his development of abrasive products.

The little laboratory crucible may rightfully be regarded as a symbol of Norton abrasive research. Norton abrasive products also include practical laboratory ware for ignition, incineration and filtration. Refractories for the handling of heat—bricks, plates and cements for boilers, heat treating and enameling furnaces and ceramic kilns.

The scope of Norton Abrasives is far-reaching beyond the manufacture of Grinding Wheels and Polishing and Sharpening materials.

NORTON COMPANY, WORCESTER, MASS., U.S.A.
Behr-Manning (Abrasive Papers) and Norton-Pike (Sharpening Stones) Troy, N. Y. — Norton Company Divisions

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Looking Ahead With Roosevelt

By George Creel

FOR the first time since his inauguration, President Roosevelt's innermost convictions and program are reported at first hand. In this brilliant, dispassionate article George Creel writes of the opinions and plans of the Chief Executive as he faces the last sixteen months of his administration. What Franklin Delano Roosevelt sees and feels as he looks toward 1936 and beyond is here for friend and foe to examine

IFOR THOMAS

IFOR THOMAS

in next week's COLLIER'S

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Silver Desert

Continued from page 21

dressed beyond their usual limits. After the meal, idling in front of the living-room fireplace, she mentioned it.

"I completely forgot to tell you," remarked Sebastian. "There's a dance at the Parral school. Most of us are going—and you people will want to come along, of course."

Kit said, "You don't look like a dancing man to me."

"I only watch the show."

It was queer to Lily how insistently Kit Christopher maintained her antagonism toward Sebastian. Kit murmured, "The king must make his appearance."

"Just so," agreed Sebastian, and grinned. But Charm Michelet turned a half-hurt, half-indignant glance on Kit.

About eight-thirty the party strolled out to Sebastian's now familiar touring car—Sebastian and herself, Timmy and Kit, Charm and the red-headed Matt Strang. Charm was delayed. When she finally appeared on the porch she had on a black taffeta dress, full and swirling at the bottom, with a silver jacket and a cerise comb slanting in her jet hair in a way that touched off the dusky half-mystery of her face. She paused there, womanly instinct seeking and needing man's approval. Obviously it was Sebastian's approval she wanted, for her silent, shy glance went to him instantly. But Lily saw which man was hardest hit. Matt Strang, whom Charm never saw at all at this moment, straightened to his full height, his whole expression startled and stirred.

They got in the machine, Lily beside Sebastian, and started.

MATT STRANG was dancing with Lily. Looking up at him, she saw that he was worried. Suddenly he said:

"Miss Tennant, don't believe anything you hear."

"What, Matt? And why?"

"Just don't," he said earnestly.

A whistle screamed, the music stopped. Going back to the meeting place, Lily got the heavy reek of whisky. A man staggered into the middle of the hall, quite drunk; two others converged on him systematically, caught him under the armpits and dragged him off the floor. The crowd yelled its approval and the room grew warmer. A young woman going past lifted her eyes to Sebastian and let them stay there with a long inquiry. Her partner pulled her away. Kit Christopher complained:

"It sounds like the Titanic sinking."

"Merely Saturday night at the crossroads," offered Sebastian.

Matt spoke to Sebastian: "I want to see you a minute. I've heard something."

They were interrupted. Buffalo Galt came through the jam of people, cutting a trail with his big rolling shoulders. He stopped. His grin was bright and impudent across those blond cheeks. Excitement flashed out of his eyes. He bowed to Lily.

"May I have this dance?"

Matt Strang's long lips turned violent and bitter. Sebastian said distinctly:

"Buffalo, you're on the wrong foot."

The music started. Buffalo's voice lifted to carry through the noise: "I'm not asking you, friend Tom. I'm asking Miss Tennant."

"You're asking me," Sebastian told him curtly.

Couples dancing past stirred them in their places and the room was at once quite hot to Lily. Behind Galt the faces of the stag line were still and alert. Sebastian wasn't moving, but his body cut a straight line out of the room's brightness and she saw his anger rising. Buffalo Galt's lips curled with amusement. It was, she told herself, swiftly, an impossible situation. It was a scene—and she hated it. She looked at Sebastian. "If you don't mind," she said, and offered her arm to Galt. His laugh rose distinctly through the racket as they danced away.

He said: "Put this down in my favor. I'm never afraid to try."

"No," she said without friendliness. "But is that a virtue?"

"What's virtue? Some sort of a rule? Listen, Miss Tennant, rules are made by the rich and powerful to keep others out of the gravy trough. That's all right. When I'm rich and powerful I'll live by that set of rules, too. But meanwhile I'm not fool enough to play another man's game. I play my own game. I break rules. And I get what I want. People at the top of the heap are cowards. I know that because I scare them so easy."

"Your system works very well," she said, "for a time. Then it doesn't work any more."

"Why not?"

"Because sooner or later you run into some man more ruthless than you are. And because some things aren't gotten by bluff or force."

He grinned—this bold and half-handsome man so full of queer animal magnetism. "Maybe I'll reach that stage, and get my nose knocked back. But I've had the fun of trying, haven't I?"

Something happened then. The music stopped before they had quite circled the floor. Looking over that way she saw Matt Strang standing in front of the orchestra, his arm commanding silence. Galt's smile as he escorted her back to Sebastian was tight and not pleasant to see. Sebastian's face was as smooth as it had been the night on the ranch when he had dismissed Galt; as smooth and deceptive. He inclined his head at Galt.

"I want to see you outside a moment," he said, and turned through the doorway. Galt's stare struck Tom Sebastian's back with a pale yellow hostility; the turbulent danger in this man unsteadied him. But he remained still a moment to say one more thing to Lily in a level, earnest voice:

"I wish I could get the idea across—the fun of taking chances and seeing them work out. It's like drawing four cards to a king and coming out with a full house. What's to lose? I started from nothing. Whatever I get is all pure profit and I'm havin' a swell time meanwhile. Think it over, Miss Tennant, and thanks for the dance. When I see you in movies I'll say, 'I danced with that girl.' That's something for a saddle bum in the Nevada desert, ain't it?"

HE PLOWED his way through the clustered stags, his great shoulders deliberately striking men aside. That audacity and that indifference to trouble registered in the room like a pistol's shot. Matt Strang strode past them, also leaving the hall. Men, and a few women, began to hurry out of the place. Timmy looked around him knowingly and said, "Excuse me," and followed. Kit called after him with a degree of sharpness, "Timmy, don't leave us so rudely alone." But he never heard. The smell of trouble was as distinct as the smell of liquor and smoke here. Lily saw Charm Michelet's fear overflow her expressive eyes. Yet the girl made no gesture and said nothing; she stood quietly still. Lily tremendously admired her then for that self-possession. The music started but there wasn't much dancing. All those left in the hall were waiting for something to happen, faces swung toward the doorway.

Out in the school yard a man's hand lifted a lantern high in the velvet black, and lowered it to the ground. Sebastian stood alone, a half-circle of watchers back of him; then Buffalo Galt came forward at a lunging gait and stopped before the taller, thinner man. The circle instantly closed around them like a trap and they were brutally locked inside the inexorable walls of desert opinion. The lamplight, striking men's eyes, glittered darkly back. Matt Strang shouldered his way through the ring and spoke one cursing word as he halted. Buffalo Galt's breathing was sharp and severe; there wasn't any laughter on his face now.

"No man," said Sebastian, speaking with a frozen clarity, "imposes himself on a guest of mine, Buffalo. Your character stinks clean across the state and you know you have no right whatever to force your attentions on any decent woman in that hall."

"Miss Tennant seemed to think it was all right," sneered Buffalo.

"Miss Tennant danced with you to avoid a scene. Miss Tennant doesn't know you."

"You made the scene by getting tough," retorted Buffalo. "Don't be so high and mighty, friend Tom. This schoolhouse acre doesn't belong to Barrier. So you're off the reservation."

TIMMY AKIN, blocked out by bigger men he couldn't push aside, nimbly climbed into a wagon and looked directly down into the circle. He put his hand over his heart and let it stay tentatively there a moment. When he felt its unhurried beating he muttered to himself in a wondering, half-pleased way, "Well."

"Never mind," Sebastian warned Galt, voice steady and hard. "You're a yellow dog and you don't lay your hands on my guests. Go back to Tumpah for your women, which is where you belong."

"That's rich, from you," ground out Buffalo Galt. "That baby on your ranch—who's the father of it, friend Tom?"

One moment of singing silence followed and was broken by the flat, curt sound of Sebastian's hand slapping Galt full in the mouth. Galt stumbled backward against the tight circle of men. Timmy Akin clutched the wagon seat to keep from falling; agonized breath whistled through him. Matt Strang started forward, toward Galt, but Sebastian's voice hit Strang with a warning flatness. "Get back there, Matt. Don't interfere." Timmy saw Sebastian's face clearly at that instant and didn't recognize the man at all. It was like opening a presumably empty closet door and having some startling apparition spring out. What made it the more lurid was that ring of enclosing men, each man motionless and waiting for the kill, each man's expression drawn and faintly savage from anticipation.

Sebastian said: "You've been making war talk lately, Buffalo. I hear you have said I was afraid of you personally. Let's see about that now."

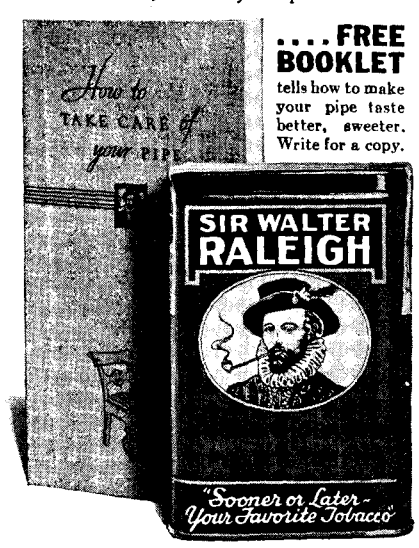
Timmy, watching Galt just then, experienced morbid dread. For Galt's short and broad body was so crouched as to make him seem abnormally powerful. His hands hung straight down and they oscillated gently, like the paws of an ape. The ruddy color of his face was gone and in its quick wrinkles was some-

(Continued on page 42)

Fairo Golf Club (special)—As Sam Slice, local champ, was about to sink a two-foot putt at the deciding hole today, his opponent lit his stewy pipe. Slice lost the match.

"X-x-!" says Slice. "How CAN a man smoke mongrel tobacco and never clean his pipe? Hasn't everybody learned by this time that half the story of happy smoking is a well-kept pipe, and the other half is the gentle, fragrant blend of Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco?" Folks, we really *have* found a definitely milder blend. And we've wrapped it in heavy gold foil to keep it fresher for you. Ever tried it?

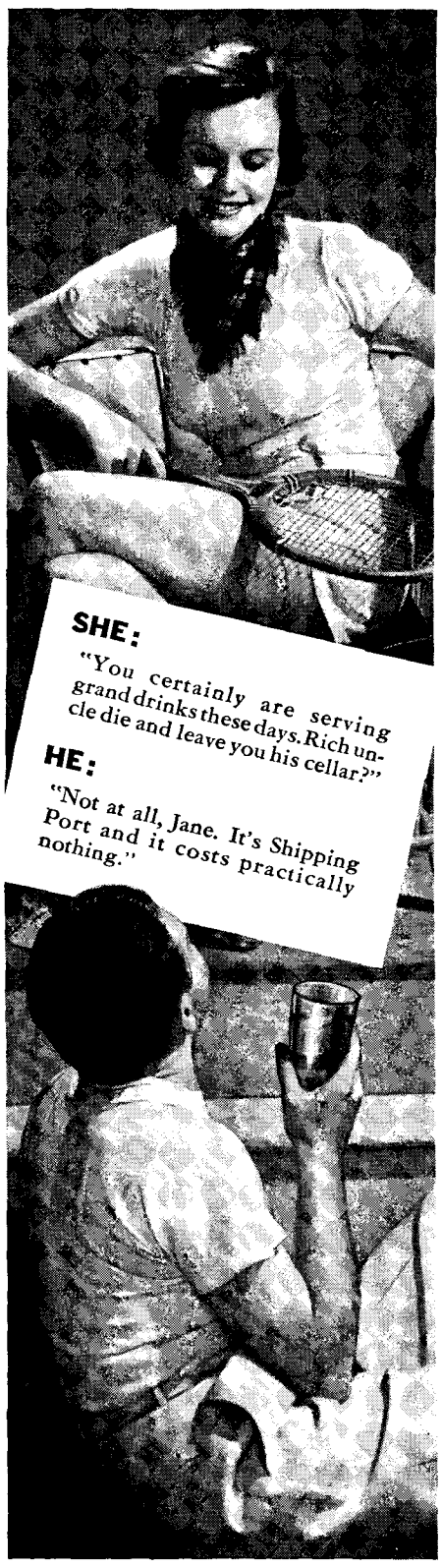
Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. C-58



....FREE BOOKLET tells how to make your pipe taste better, sweeter. Write for a copy.

It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


SHE:
"You certainly are serving grand drinks these days. Rich uncle die and leave you his cellar?"
HE:
"Not at all, Jane. It's Shipping Port and it costs practically nothing."

100% KENTUCKY WHISKEY

SHIPPING PORT

100 PROOF

THE BEST STRAIGHT WHISKEY AT SO LOW A PRICE

If you prefer Rye, ask for Wolf Creek, a fine Maryland straight Rye whiskey.

Made by Frankfort Distilleries of Louisville, Ky. and Baltimore, Md.
America's largest independent distillers

(Continued from page 41)

thing atavistic and fiercely unreasoning. Sebastian hadn't stirred. But his windless, dead-still speech chilled Timmy: "I'll repeat it, Buffalo. You're a yellow dog and you belong back in the brush."

Prepared for trouble as he was, Timmy didn't quite catch the slashing leap Buffalo Galt made across the narrow interval at the Barrier man. Body struck body with a solid, meaty reverberation.

Galt's head was jammed into Sebastian's chest and his huge arms were crushing Sebastian's ribs and wrenching Sebastian's spine. But Sebastian got his arms free and—all this Timmy could see, even the fury cut across Sebastian's cheeks as though by a knife—sledged his big-knuckled fists into Galt's exposed temples. He struck twice. Galt's arms fell. Stunned, half blinded, he reeled away and didn't quite know enough to straighten; and then Sebastian, measuring his man without mercy, stepped forward and crashed one terrific blow against Galt's askew chin. Galt fell as though struck by a slaughterhouse maul.

One man seized the lantern and lowered it down against Galt's face; and all the crowd looked on in silence, without comment. Sebastian rocked slightly on his heels, cheeks warped by his fighting instinct. His coat was ripped to pieces and one cheek showed a round blemish, like a brand burn. His eyes didn't leave Galt until Galt rolled over and sat upright. He spoke to Galt then, not a trace of feeling in his talk: "You're still a yellow dog and the dust is where you belong. Get out of here." He turned, definitely through with the man, and stopped before Matt Strang.

"Ask the girls to come to the car, if they will. Tell the crew to start home." He pushed his way impatiently through a circle not dissolving quickly enough for him. He went on toward the car. Somebody sighed a word cautiously, "Gun?" Matt Strang, turning toward the schoolhouse, heard that and whipped about and came back to stand near Buffalo Galt, to watch every gesture of the rising man jealously. He threw his command at Timmy Akin. "You get the women, Akin." Then he talked through his narrowed lips to Buffalo Galt.

"Got a gun, you?"

Galt had risen. He shook his shoulders together and weaved his head from side to side. He was still stupid from punishment and there wasn't much venom left in him. He said: "Never mind a gun. I don't need it now. But you tell Sebastian he'll never touch me again with his hands. Tell him that."

Sebastian's voice cut back from the parked cars: "I hear it, Galt. Get out of here before I drag you out at the end of a rope."

Galt stared straight ahead: "No, you'll never touch me, again. Next time it'll be a gun."

"Next time?" called Sebastian; and his voice approached nearer. He was returning.

"Yes, by God!" said Galt, suddenly waking from his stupor. "I'll break your damned ranch! No Barrier man will ever get mercy from me! Remember that!" He lurched on through the crowd, into the darkness beyond, and in a moment they heard him swearing raggedly among the horses. Presently his pony swept away into the desert at a dead gallop.

TIMMY got down from the wagon box and crossed the yard. His legs reached out at a longer stride and one of his fists was doubled, though he didn't know it. He went into the schoolhouse and plowed his path through the people. He said to the three women, "We're going home," with a brusqueness that was not like him, and then this paragon of politeness forgot his manners and preceded them through the doorway. The music had started again, but ease was gone from the night, the gaiety was thin and dying. All the Barrier hands were collecting in the yard. Timmy stood aside at the car doors as Lily and Kit passed him. Kit murmured, "What a vile night!" But Charm Michelet, seeing Sebastian sitting behind the steering wheel with his big hands idle on it and his head bowed, at once wheeled. She said nothing; her hand went in to touch his shoulder, and Timmy, very interested in the subtle byplays of living, strained his eyes in these shadows to catch her expression and then was ashamed of himself. In a moment she turned back. Everybody got in and Sebastian drove the car away.

The glow from the instrument panel illumined his torn coat, the angry bruise on his cheekbone. It was rather merciless in the way it reflected the gaunt weariness of features from which the fighting wrath had not quite dissolved. His fists were badly scarred. Lily's voice, coming through the beating echoes of the car, was very gentle:

"I'm sorry to have been the cause of that fight."

IT TOOK him a long while to extricate himself from his smoky thoughts. He said finally: "You have nothing to regret. That fight had been on the march a long while. You couldn't help it. Neither could Galt nor I."

She spoke with an energetic disbelief: "You were both just blind animals obeying primitive instinct? Oh, Tom, you put yourself in a brutal light."

"Look," he said, and stopped a moment to order his words into logical line. "You are a footloose person living in a fast world. In your world people change, things change, even the rules change. It isn't so here on the desert, Lily. The rules never change. If men are loyal, they are loyal to the grave. If they hate, that hate never dies out. Barrier is seventy years old and the enemies of my grandfather are my enemies, in the third generation."

"You'd never leave Barrier, would you?" she asked, deeply curious.

"I told you the other day cattlemen don't change. They just die. If I left Barrier I'd be like a piece of tumbleweed blown down the wind."

"I see this then," she mused, almost to herself. "Buffalo Galt will come again."

"And many other men like Buffalo Galt." He guided the car through a dry wash and pointed its snout at the nearing ranch lights. "The days of peace are about over. We have had a long rest. Now the cycle changes and Barrier's going to fight for its life."

They curled along the driveway and stopped at the front door and got out. There was a new machine parked there and a man stood in the porch shadows, smoking a cigarette. His voice came casually forward:

"Well, Lily, you're quite a traveler."

Kit called instantly back: "Jay! You old pillar of strength!" She went immediately up to the porch. Lily stopped in her tracks and her breath deepened. Timmy said in a small confidential voice: "That guy would come here to cramp our style. I was beginning to enjoy myself, Lily."

Lily went up the steps. She said, "How are you, Jay?" quite coolly and passed into the front room. The others followed and there was a moment in which all of them stood uncertainly silent. Lily's eyes turned to Sebastian. "This," she explained, "is a very old friend of mine. Jay Stuart from Hollywood. Jay, Tom Sebastian runs Barrier."

Sebastian extended his arm; and for a moment his straight glance explored Jay Stuart. It was, Lily thought, always like him to analyze people carefully; and her mind registered the picture of those two dissimilar men with an utter clarity. The bruise had spread along Sebastian's cheek, the unforgiving bitterness was still apparent. Thus, hard and lean and quiet, he confronted Jay Stuart. Jay was almost as tall, and the superb poise so much a part of his make-up made it possible for him to look across the immense gap that separated his sort of life from Sebastian's and smile assuredly. He had been once a screen idol, and the stamp of that fact would never leave him. He had a strong, broad-featured face. His hair, his greatest vanity, was still thick and black at thirty-eight. And for all his smooth and soft manners he had a presence and a charm that definitely warmed the room. In him, as in Kit Christopher, were the skeptic humor and the worldliness of one who had seen too much of life to trust any of it. His voice struck the exact note:

"I know I'm intruding, Sebastian. But when I reached Reno and found Lily had come here I took a chance on your good nature."

Lily thought Sebastian actually listened to the tone of Stuart's talk more closely than to the words spoken. A fractional silence held on. Then Sebastian spoke with a fine cordiality: "This is your home as long as you want to stay."

It oddly surprised Lily that Sebastian should so obviously and sincerely accept this man, who was in every facet alien. Men, she thought, knew men; and Sebastian's judgment was very keen. Actually Sebastian appeared to take Jay Stuart with less qualification than she herself took this urbane and polished Hollywood figure. Silently pondering, she wondered if she had underestimated Jay's real worth.

THE introductions continued around and it amused Lily to note how Jay's manner turned more gallant when he was presented to Charm. His eyes held Charm and his bow was very distinct. Kit, seeing this as well, flashed a surreptitious glance of high humor at Lily. Gath ambled across the floor, very worried.

"Tom, Bill Speel wants you should call Camp Four right away. He's had the wire hot for an hour."

Sebastian excused himself and walked to a wall phone near the fireplace. Matt Strang turned instantly out of the house; Charm went toward the kitchen on some errand of her own. Lily bent her head to watch Sebastian grind the phone crank, long body loosely propped against the wall. His black hair dropped rebelliously across his tanned forehead —and his face was thoughtful. His lips moved as he spoke into the phone, and then he stopped talking and his mouth flattened.

"The reward for devotion," murmured Jay Stuart in her ear, "seems to be indifference. Am I not to be complimented at all for making a wild Sheridan's ride across the Nevada wilderness?"

She turned and met his smile with a strange severity: "Why did you come?"

"To be near you, my dear," he protested. "Hollywood's a damned lonesome spot these days."

Lily's voice curtly checked him: "I'll not be hurried, Jay. I'm sorry you came."

He was infinitely expressive with his hands and shoulders. A bland, comprehending humor remained steady in his eyes. "I shan't speak a word to urge you away. That's farthest from my heart. I came only because I wanted to see you."

"You're the smoothest liar west of the Rockies," said Lily, relaxing her vigilance.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jay grinned openly: "Don't be mean to me tonight. That ride from Reno has done incredible things to my liver. My God, what a wild, empty country!"

The click of the phone hook bit through the quiet. Tom Sebastian went into his office, which opened into the living-room, and presently returned. He had a gun and a worn black belt in his hands. Matt Strang appeared from the porch.

"Matt," said Tom, "it's Camp Four. Throw a couple saddles in the car and we'll be going."

Matt Strang vanished. Sebastian turned to his guests with a real apology: "I hope to see you at breakfast. Meanwhile, the place is yours." Charm came hurriedly from the kitchen and almost ran after Sebastian, who had reached the porch. Looking through the doorway, reacting to a strange feeling she could not define, Lily saw Charm's hand reach to Sebastian's coat lapel and pull him about. Some soft word was said and then Sebastian was out of sight. The car roared away. Charm returned, eyes dark and obscure. She said emotionlessly:

"I shall show you your room, Mr. Stuart."

It was another indefinable feeling that caused Lily to turn and put her arm on Charm's straight shoulder. But the girl's answering glance wasn't friendly. It was proud and touched by resentment. Lily dropped her hand.

THEY were all gathered in the girls' room—Timmy and Jay and Kit and Lily. Timmy stood with his back to the fireplace, and was immensely stirred. He said: "It was a terrible thing to see—and it wasn't just a fight. They were like a couple of tigers. I'm telling you they were trying to kill each other. It was the worst—" And Timmy stopped for want of a definite word and waggled his arms. He tried again: "No ordinary sort of quarrel could do that to them. It was something more—something in the blood. I'd bet a thousand dollars there's something behind this."

Jay said, "This is the West primeval," and got up. "I don't like plane trips and I don't like weird rides through the night. I'm going to bed."

He turned out of the room, going along the balcony. Kit Christopher followed and put her arm through his elbow; and when they were beyond range of the open door she murmured, "You'll have to handle Lily. I can't."

"You've been high-pressuring her. It won't work on that girl."

"We've got to get her out of here. There's something uncanny about this ranch."

"I like that Sebastian egg."

"There you have it!" she exclaimed, and revealed a strange intensity. "I hate the man. He's so brutally compelling. Oh, he's courteous and he's the perfect host. But you can actually feel his will hypnotize you. Don't let Lily make that mistake, Jay."

"Softly does it," he said. He stood at the door of his own room, one hand on the knob, looking negligently down.

"Softness is your way," she said. "It has always worked for you." Then her voice went husky and intimate: "I know that. But I can tell you one thing: you'll get little reward from Lily."

Sleepiness made him indolent. "I'll get what I can. I always do, don't I, Kit? Funny thing is, though, I'm for Lily and it doesn't really matter if I get nothing."

"Magnanimity," murmured Kit, unbelieving.

He went sober. "I guess I must be getting feeble-minded. Or maybe I've got one good deed to do before I die. But I want to see her get ahead, Kit. And so do you—and that's why we're here. Well, softly does it—and we shall pull her away from that hard-boiled, handsome, tough guy."

SHE folded her hands behind her and looked helpless and puzzled, this woman always so self-certain. She said: "I'm only thinking of Lily's future and I'd hate to be wrong about this. But maybe we are wrong, Jay. Lily believes in romance. You and I don't believe in it any more. Once we did, but that was long ago."

His smile was sleepy and faintly sad. "We did once, didn't we? What happened to us, Kit?"

She didn't answer. She met his eyes, and color perceptibly covered her ivory cheeks.

Afterwards she lifted a hand and gently pushed him into his room.

"Good night, my dear," she said, and watched the door close. She stood indecisively there, staring at the wall. But presently she murmured to herself, "No, this is being silly—we have to get her out of this place." Her shoulders lifted vigorously; she turned back along the balcony.

(To be continued next week)

The Pride of Bushwhacker

Continued from page 9

I reellized from thet moment on what a job we'd cut out fer ourselves heading Jake Judd off. Us members of the reg'lar county organization held a meeting in the courthouse next evening.

Old man Cunningham Yackey from Bushwhacker, who had knowed Jake all his life, r'ared back and warned us:

"Friends an' Demycrats," says old man Cunningham Yackey, "Bushwhacker ain't safe fer the reg'lar ticket with Jake Judd promisin' fifteen hogs in every smokehouse. We know Jake up to Bushwhacker. He's a dern' fool and a liar and *he* knows he's a liar. But dern' if I ain't apt to vote fer him myself unless the old woman keeps me plumb sober election day!"

To bring our courage back, we called on young Robert Martin. He got up, modest and businesslike, and he says: "I'm afraid I can't equal Jake in making promises. All I can tell the voters is that, if nominated and elected, I will run the collector's office on sound business principles. I'll be as easy with the taxpayers as the law allows me to be. Well . . . that's about all I have to say."

It sure looked discouraging.

The fust test of young Robert's strength agin Jake Judd come along toward the last of June when all the candidates in the Democratic primary was invited to a big basket dinner at Auburn.

Jake, he showed up late, arter most of the folks had started eating. He come driving into the grounds in his truck with the radio loud-speaker attachment Lem Bassett rigged. Paw Turner, the champeen Bushwhacker fiddler, was fiddling into thet loud-speaker and you never heard sech a racket. Pertha and little Alec Alloway and a hull passel of Bushwhacker Alloways was a-riding on the truck.

I never seed Jake look so pore and so hungry. Him and little Alec walked towards the tables together, an' Missus Springer, who's right soft-hearted, jumped up an' ran to 'em with a full basket.

"I'm God's hungry man, ma'am," says Jake, shameless, digging in with both paws, "and little Alec here ain't et real food in a week."

It turned a man's stomach to see them empty-headed women rushing around Jake.

I walked over to where Robert Martin was a-setting with the other candidates. Robert looked plumb sad, jest watching Pertha sashaying around Jake.

"Robert," says I, "I've fixed it fer you to speak arter Jake. You get up there an' tear into him like you meant it."

Young Robert nods, brooding.

WELL, sir, Jake Judd, he clumb up to the speakin' platform luggin' little Alec Alloway with him. And thet was some speech Jake made. Yep. He started off by doubling the pensions of all the veteran boys. Then he tacked on fifty dollars a month to the old folks' pensions. Then he r'ared up and allowed he not only wouldn't send no pore folks any tax bills if he was collector, but he'd take part of the rich town folks' taxes an' pass 'em out to the pore folks to pay their automobile licenses with.

You never heared such cheering. But shucks—Jake was jest warming up right good. He passed to his main p'int, the big issue of the election. Thet was little Alec. Yep. Little Alec.

"This pore little boy," yells Jake, patting Alec's head, "is a genius that growed in Bushwhacker. If'n he could get to Hollywood Shirley Temple wouldn't be a rabbit's squeak alongside of him. I say little Alec should be sent to Hollywood; and if I'm elected collector I aim for to see that he gits there! Little Alec would be wuth five thousand dollars a week in Hollywood an', folks, he'll know what to do with thet money. He'll send it back to Lincoln County and whack it up with the rest of us pore folks!"

Some folks present, 'way out under the black oak trees, did have the common sense to laugh. But Jake, he shet them up right quick by a stirring tribute to father love. Dern him, you'd of thought he was little Alec's paw.

'Twasn't a speakin' at all. It was a dern' protracted meetin'. Jake, he wound up by kneeling on the platform and dragging the Lord Almighty into Lincoln County politics.

Well, sir, by the time the weeping and cheering and foot-stomping had died away, there stood young Robert Martin on the platform a-trying to begin his speech.

Young Robert was fighting mad.

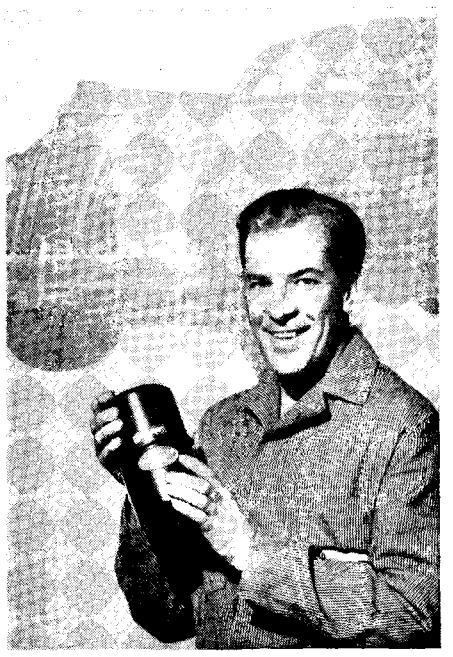
"What's all this got to do with electing a collector for Lincoln County?" he yelled at them fool folks. "My opponent seems to imagine he's running for dictator of the United States. He can't fulfill a single promise he's made. If he refuses to do his duty and collect lawfully levied taxes, the county court will do it for him. As to his other promises—they're just too stupid to be listened to by normal adults!"

Oh, young Robert told them. I'll say thet fer the boy. He clumb up and down and all over Jake Judd.

But it wasn't no use. An old feller next to me says: "What if'n he cain't make good his promises? Jake's heart is right, ain't it?" And a young married gal on the other side says: "Little Alec's awful cute. It's time this county done something for its talented children."

Jake Judd, he'd turned loose his fid-

(Continued on page 44)



"*If you want to* KEEP THIS CAR RUNNING, *Mister...* RENEW YOUR PUROLATOR."

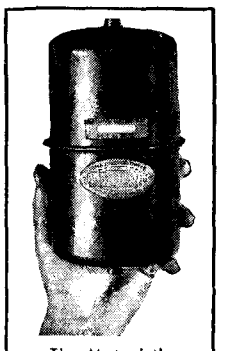
We are living fast . . . and riding fast nowadays. It isn't until the "old bus" is laid up for repairs that we realize how much we miss it . . . and how much it costs to replace scored cylinder walls, and broken down valves, and worn out bearings.

And it's then that we wish we had taken the advice of our service man. He knows why the manufacturer put a Purolator Oil Filter on our cars. He knows what dirt and grit and fine metal chips, and hard carbon will do to closely fitted moving parts when they get in the oil stream. He knows the Purolator will catch and hold these destructive particles until its resevoir is full of sludge and will hold no more. That's why he says to you—

Renew your PUROLATOR *after every 8000 miles of driving*

Take his advice. Let him renew your Purolator if it has gone that distance. It will save you oil... time... money... and trouble.

And by all means insist on a genuine Purolator. Most automobile engineers make that distinction — because more than ninety per cent of all the cars that were filter equipped at the factory during last year carried a GENUINE Purolator. Motor Improvements, Inc., Newark, New Jersey, makers of



The Motorist's Savings Bank

PUROLATOR

The Oil Filter on Your Motorcar

LICENSED UNDER SWEETLAND PATENTS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stop being a 1/2 shaver

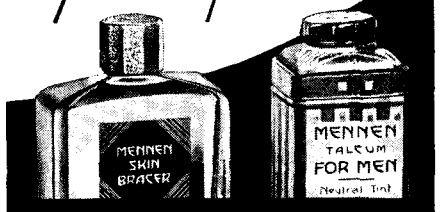
There are *two* halves to every shave. The first is to get rid of the 'whiskers.' The second is to care for your skin. So, don't be a *half-shaver.* Finish up this way:

1—To make your skin FEEL fine—use Mennen Skin Bracer. Cooling—tingling—refreshing. Heals the tiny, invisible razor-nicks.

2—To make your skin LOOK fine—use Mennen Talcum for Men. The most popular man's powder. Kills face shine. (Also—swell after the shower.)

• *That's why we say* •

Finish up with:

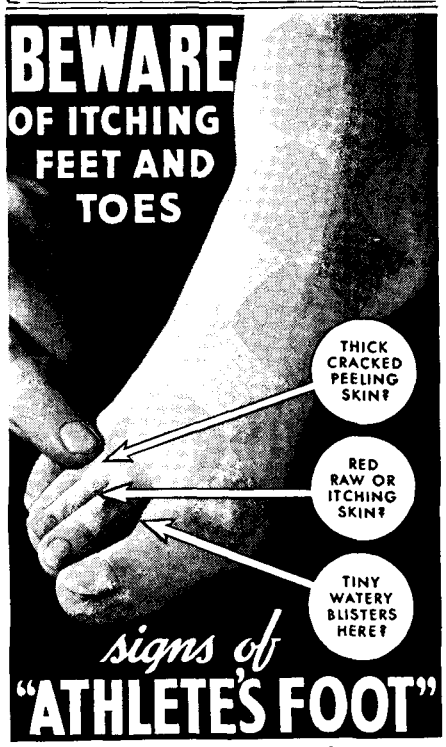


MENNEN

YOU may earn extra money in spare time by taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and the other Crowell Magazines. Write to:

The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue New York, N. Y.

BEWARE OF ITCHING FEET AND TOES



signs of "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Millions have this affliction and don't realize its seriousness. Don't wait, as it can easily spread to other parts of the body. Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX is a special remedy formulated to stop the intense itching of "Athlete's Foot" and kill the fungi. Insist on Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX. 50¢ and $1.00 at drug, shoe and department stores everywhere.

TO PREVENT RE-INFECTION of "Athlete's Foot"—sterilize your shoes with *Dr. Scholl's Shoe Deodorizer and Sterilizer.* Destroys fungi and stops shoe odors caused by sweaty feet. 50¢.

Dr Scholl's SOLVEX

(Continued from page 43)

dler on the loud-speaker again and was busy shakin' hands. Pertha and little Alec was bein' made over by them fool women.

It like to broke young Robert Martin's heart.

I found him a-setting off on a sycamore stump.

"Dad," says he, "I'm a-going to withdraw from the race. It's a waste of time for me to talk to those dumb bunnies. Democracy! What a laugh!"

I tried to cheer him up.

Young Robert listened, but he was plumb disgusted and about ready to quit.

JAKE and little Alec Alloway come galumphing across the picnic grounds, with Pertha trailing.

"I'm God's pore man, Robert Martin," says Jake, "and I don't hold it agin you what you told them folks about me. Father love is on me strong. My heart is clean as a saint's shinbone. How about shaking hands, Robert?"

Robert turned his back and walked off, saying nary word.

"If I had my BB gun I'd shoot him down dead," said little Alec Alloway, the spitting image of a biled-down Wallace Beery.

"Don't talk thetaway, Alec," says Jake, gentle.

Well, sir, I knowed we had come to a crisis. Young Robert was about to withdraw, leaving Jake Judd a clear field. I looked at Jake and little Alec and suddenlike I seed the light.

I knowed we'd have to separate Jake and Alec.

What say? Yep. It ain't a nice thing to admit, but I plotted to corrupt the heart and soul of little Alec Alloway. A man will do things fer his party he'd never do on his own hook.

Luck played right into my hands. Missus Brumby here in town hired Pertha to help with the early canning. Pertha come in every day fer a week or more, and every day she brung little Alec with her. Jake Judd would pick him up for side trips speakin' around the county. But in his spare time I saw to it thet little Alec hung around.

A five-year-old's mind is a rare and wonderful thing, son. Little Alec, he thought Hollywood was t'other side of Moscow Mills, Missouri. He had the idee thet they put Shirley Temple in a contraption like a meat grinder and flattened her out and hung her on a picture screen. He didn't reelly want to go to Hollywood, but he liked showing his little self off on a platform and Jake Judd told him tall tales of a hull *big toy store he could own when he was* in the movies.

BUT the main feature of little Alec Alloway's character was his sense of hoomer. Like dropping a flatiron I kept for a door-stop through my candy showcase. Like reaching into a crate of fryers and pulling tail feathers out. Alec's prime hoomerous trick, though, was plumb original. I was a-smoking my reg'lar daily Philadelphia hand-made see-gar one arternoon and I kind of dozed off with it in my hand. Alec, he tiptoed up and stuck the lighted end of thet see-gar in my mouth. Little Alec, he liked to died laughing.

Well, sir, thet started me to thinking. Not a day too soon, either. Dop and Jedge Simkirk kept getting wusser and wusser reports from all parts of the county. Jake Judd was plumb running away with the race fer county collector. And young Robert Martin had fell head over heels in love with Pertha, now thet she wouldn't look at him. And Pertha was getting mighty peevish and short-tempered.

The day afore the big Fourth of July Democratic rally at the old fair grounds in Troy, I mind thet Pertha come in the store arter little Alec. He was eating on a ice cream cone and didn't want to leave, figgering to get hisself a second one. Pertha, she yanked him around right smart.

"You're getting so spiled you ain't fitten to live with," she says to little Alec. "I got a good mind to spank you."

"Pooh on you," says little Alec. "You dast tech me and I'll tell Jake. He'll spank *you.* He loves little boys."

"H'mph," says Pertha.

I didn't say nothing. I jest bided my time.

Thet arternoon of the big rally, I was given a seat of honor on the candidates' platform right next to the speakin' table. Fact is, I set right next to Jake and little Alec. Jake had the child on his lap and he was bowing right and left. He knowed, dern him, that it was the biggest turnout we'd had since Champ Clark's second primary. Them voters had popped from every hill and holler to hear Jake Judd. The rascal had bribed the band to play "Dear Little Boy of Mine," claiming like it was his pussonal campaign song. Reckon there must of been two thousand people present.

I bided my time. Didn't even bother to cheer up young Robert Martin. Knowed thet if my scheme worked, we'd head off Jake Judd. Jest waited until Jedge Simkirk interduced Jake. Jest laid low till Jake, holding little Alec in his arms, got warmed up right good. Then, I lighted up a Philadelphia hand-made see-gar and got her to going red hot.

Jake, he was yelling: "Here's God's pore disinherited child. Look well upon him, folks. Remember him when y'all go to the polls. Love him like I do—"

Little Alec had been twisting and squirming. I nudged him and when he looked around, I slipped him my seegar.

"Be good to this little child, my friends!" yells Jake. And just then little Alec's sense of hoomer got the better of him. He popped thet cigar, lighted end fust, into Jake's mouth.

Jake was so surprised he dropped little Alec like *he* was hot. Sech a face, sech coughing and spitting and groaning you never heared. All them folks in the crowd said, "Ooohhhhhh."

Little Alec looked up at Jake and laughed fitten to bust his sides. Jake, he rubbed his tongue with the back of his hand and tears come to his eyes. He taken a good look at little Alec and grabbed him. He turned him across thet speaker's table and started spanking.

Young Robert Martin jumped up. He yanked little Alec away from Jake and gave Jake a big shove. Little Alec howled like a stuck pig. Them folks in the crowd said, "Oooohhhhh," again.

"Don't lay a hand on Alec, you big bully," says young Robert Martin.

Somebody liked to knocked me off'n my chair. It was Pertha. She taken Alec up in her arms.

Sech a hullabaloo you never heared. Jake jest stood there looking pore and hungry and sad. Robert and Pertha was right well dressed. Suddenlike, a big feller from the CCC camp jumps up and yells: "Give him back his kid. He's got a right to spank his own kid!"

I underestimated Jake Judd again, dern him. Soon as several other fellers yelled: "Take your kid, Jake. We'll back you up," Jake, he held up his hand.

"I'm jest God's pore man, folks, and I got no rights. This proves it. Reckon a man is old-fashioned when he tries to correct a child fer burning his mouth with a cigar. Don't fight, folks. I'm licked. We're licked. Mr. Robert Martin, the big banker, and Miss Perthie Alloway—"

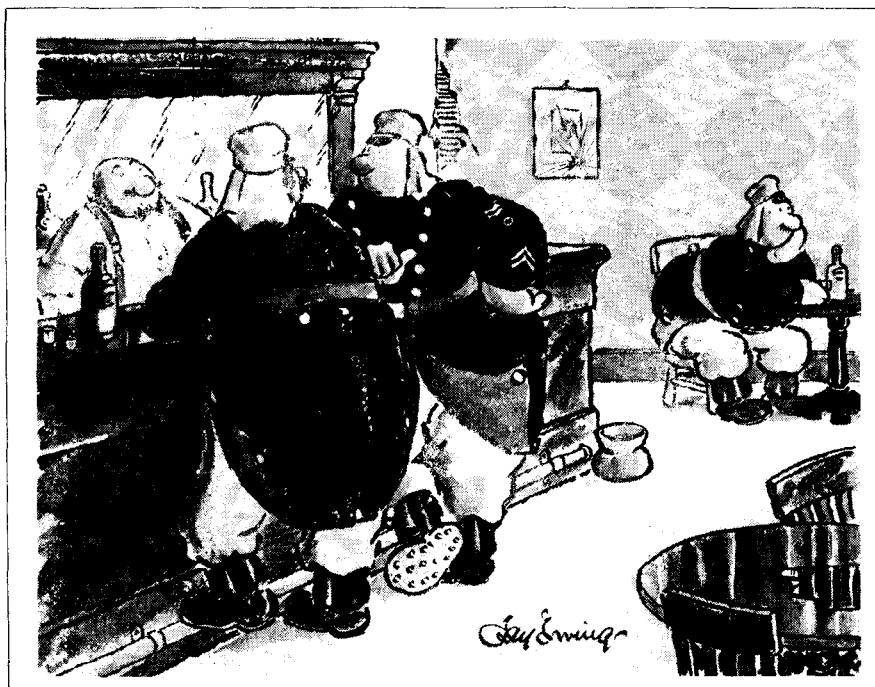
I r'ared to my hind legs and I yelled: "Thet ain't his kid, you dern' fools!"

THEM folks wouldn't listen. They yelled: "You give Jake back his kid!" A passel of rowdies started fer the speaker's stand. Full half thet crowd actually believed little Alec was Jake's own motherless child.

Yep, son. My scheme didn't work. It only give Jake Judd a brand-new issue. And old-fashioned child spankers is still in the majority in this county.

What say? Pertha? Oh, she still had sense enough left to recollect thet little Alec Alloway was her baby half-brother. Her eyes was opened to Jake Judd and she made it up with Young Robert Martin. Little Alec? Hollywood? Shucks, thet promise of Jake's has went the way of all t'others. But, dern him, he's so convinced young Robert that Alec ought to be sent to Hollywood thet Robert and Pertha left in their new car with Alec last week. I'm looking fer Jake to talk the county court inter sending him out there to make sure them picture people ain't taking advantage of pore little Alec.

And you better look out, son, when Jake's passing through St. Looey, thet he don't get hisself elected mayor between trains. Do your dern'dest to head him off. If Jake Judd ain't headed off purty soon, he'll be running fer President. Fact.



"He was left over from a movin' picture company that was here. . . ."

JAY IRVING

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In a Taxi

Continued from page 11

The tall fellow swung around and was reaching for his gun when the iron bar caught him on the side of the head and knocked him senseless. Larry kicked the gun out of reach of the short fellow, who was feeling for it with his left hand and swearing, and he made one jump onto the seat of the cab and beat it for the police station. He picked up a couple of cops and hurried back with them, but the fellows were gone.

"Any scars or marks on either of 'em that would identify 'em?" the chief asked when they got back to the station.

"Yes," Larry said, "the short, heavy guy had tattoo on him. I saw it when his sleeve ripped open, and I saw it better when he was trying to pick up the gun. It looked like words."

"Saying what?" inquired the chief.

"Why, I'm not sure I saw it right, because it sounds kind of silly, but I thought it said, 'I love Emily.'"

"That might be," says the chief.

Larry told Connie about it that evening when he met her at the train.

"But I'm not interested in those two fellows," he told her. "I want the main guy."

"The who?" she asked.

"Whoever hired them."

"Who do you think it is?"

"Well, somebody that don't want me to get married, and you ought to know who that is because you ride in with him on the train every morning."

"If you mean Allan," says Connie, "you're the one that's not right in the head."

He didn't believe it any less because Connie thought Dorlan wouldn't do it. He was rolling along the street that week end on his way to a lunchroom where he meant to get a sandwich, when the chief of police called to him from the sidewalk, and he pulled up to find out what was wanted.

"We made your friend with the tattoo," the chief told him. "Smudgy George Paddo his name is and he was let out five weeks ago from a Pennsylvania penitentiary, but they don't know where he is now."

"Find out who he knows in this town," Larry requested him. "It would be a favor to me to know."

HE DIDN'T give the chief Dorlan's name because he knew it would put him wrong with Connie. He drove on to the lunchroom and had his sandwich, and when he came out a fat, greasy-looking little fellow, with a hook nose and a stiff hat that came halfway down his ears, was walking around the cab.

"You sell the cab?" he asked.

"Sure," said Larry, "if I get my price."

"How much?"

"Four fifty." The way the fellow looked made him say that.

"Three fifty," said the man.

"Four hundred."

"I buy." And he took a roll of money out of his pocket.

Then Larry remembered Connie.

"Not yet, you don't," said Larry, "because I've got a partner and she's got to okay it. Get in the cab."

Connie was home because it was a Saturday, and they drove around there and he gave the toots which were a signal to her. She came out of the house, while Mrs. Murdock scowled at him out the parlor window, and he told her how it was. He was excited. Here he'd been thinking he would take the cab back and try to get his money out of it, or even a little less, because there was no real income in the business, and a sap came along and offered him twice what he had paid for it.

But Connie didn't seem excited. She looked steadily at the fat man sitting in the cab and then at Larry. Finally she shook her head.

"No; we won't sell."

"Not sell!" Larry yelled.

"No," she repeated.

He stared at her. "They ought to lock you up," he told her. "I bet half of those they got tied up in straitjackets ain't as bad as you. This is the first time I ever heard of anybody refusing to sell because the buyer offered too much. Get out of the cab," he told the fat man. "The lady won't sell."

The fat man got out of the cab and looked at Connie. "Five hundred?"

She shook her head. "You haven't got enough money."

HE ACTED as if he was going to say something else but decided against it, and he went off down the street.

"I hope you're satisfied," Larry told her. "You've kept the cab and I've half a mind to let you have it and tell you that I'm through. What would you do with it? Drive it yourself?"

"We'll take it apart."

Then he was sure he hadn't heard her right. "Oh, sure. We'll take it apart," he said. "We'll take it all to pieces; and after it's all apart I'm mechanic enough to put it together again. But probably you don't want that!"

They took the cab around behind a garage where he sometimes kept it and, in about an hour, they were surrounded by its pieces, all carefully laid out so that Larry would know where each one belonged when he wanted to put them together again; and the cab was looking like the bones of a fish that a hungry man has made a dinner of.

"There's your wreck," he told her. "If I do any more to it, we'll be short two hundred dollars' worth of cab."

"Oh, no; go on," she urged him. "There's more you can take out—the upholstery and the floor."

So he took out the floor. When he was taking out a board under the driving seat, something fell out.

"What's that?" she asked.

"A piece of glass. That front window has been broken some time and—"

But as he said that, another piece fell out, and they weren't glass.

"Good Lord!" he said, examining them.

Then he got busy, in great excitement, taking out upholstery and panels, and when he got through she had a double handful of them, mixed with about a dozen rings.

"Whata-girl, whata-girl!" he told her. "How did you know this old can was lined with emeralds and pearls and diamonds?"

"I didn't; but I wanted to know the reason for all the excitement. I was sure there was something."

They took them to the chief at the police station and he was as much excited about it as they were.

"In the old cab," he said—"Jehoshaphat! Well, leave 'em and I'll see what I can find out about 'em."

So he gave them a receipt, in which Connie made him say that she and Larry had found them without help from anybody else; and for a week they didn't hear anything, and then they saw it in the newspaper. But the newspaper did not tell much yet, and when they read it they were already on the way to the police station, where the chief had sent them word to meet him.

The chief was at the station house, and a New York cop was with him, and there were reporters. They and the chief and the New York cop went into the chief's office and left the reporters outside. The New York cop did all the talking.

"This jewelry," he said, "belongs to a lady named Mrs. J. O. Claddy, of New York, and was stolen from her hotel room in Miami, Florida, where she was spending the winter, by a jewel thief named Icicle Sam Stuber. The Florida cops had been warned to keep a tail on Icicle Sam and after he got the stuff he found it was so hot he didn't dare to keep it by him or to ship it. This Icicle knew a couple of guys named Slim Joe Morvan and Kelly the Wop, who had done a pay-roll holdup in Pennsylvania and were in Miami, playing the races. They had lost all the pay roll on the ponies and were getting ready to drive north in a car they bought before they started guessing horses.

"Icicle had taken most of the stones out of their settings and he gave 'em to these two guys, made up in a little package, to be handed to a New York party when they got there. When Slim Joe and the Wop got to Richmond, Virginia, they had no gas and no dough. They stopped at a gas station and got filled up, and then they pulled their guns and took what change he had off of the gas-station attendant.

"By when they got to Pennsylvania, they found the roads all spattered up with cops, so then they knew the gas-station guy in Virginia had described their car. They were going around Philadelphia when they passed a taxicab. They tied the taxi driver up and left him in a vacant house and ditched their own car in some woods and went on in the taxicab. But the taxi driver got loose and reported his cab stolen and gave the police the license number. Slim Joe and the Wop were driving along through Pennsylvania when they saw a fleet of police cars chasing up behind them and knew they were going to get caught. They saw trouble enough ahead, without having Icicle Sam's jewelry found on 'em, and the cops had got near enough to see 'em if they tried to throw it away; so Slim Joe took the stones out of the package, and he chewed the paper up, and he put the stones down the places that the cab windows slide in."

"I see," said Larry.

"SURE. The cops that picked the two up didn't look for anything in the cab because they didn't know anything about no jewelry. After they were arrested, Slim Joe and the Wop got identified for the pay-roll holdup they had did previously, and the Pennsy court gave 'em twenty years apiece. Meanwhile Icicle Sam got the bee put on him in a different jewelry job in Florida, and they gave him ten years to serve in that state. Slim Joe got sent to the Eastern Pen in Pennsylvania and they put him in the same cell with a bird named Smudgy George Paddo."

"Oh, yes," said Larry, "that's 'I love Emily.'"

"That's who."

"Who's Emily?" asked Connie.

"Why," says the New York cop, "she's got nothing to do with it. Probably Smudgy George himself has forgot who Emily was, but he had had her name put on him and it ain't easy to get it off. Smudgy George had only a couple of months to serve when Slim Joe was put in with him, and Joe told him about the jewelry in the cab, so he

(Continued on page 46)

Pretty Lady

how do you stay that way?

THERE is no one magic road to keeping lovely. It takes many things . . . rest, proper food, careful grooming, a dressing table of creams and lotions and fine cosmetics, and . . . among millions of women . . .

A certain little blue box!

On its cover is the name Ex-Lax. It is a dainty, mild, gentle, thorough and very pleasant way to combat that dreaded enemy of loveliness and health . . . *constipation.*

Delicious to the Taste

Ex-Lax is such a delight to take, it tastes just like delicious chocolate. Like fine candy. Once you take Ex-Lax you'll never mistreat your palate again with bitter, nasty-tasting cathartics.

Mild, Gentle Action

Ex-Lax is as thorough as any laxative you can take. Yet, it is *so* mild, *so* gentle. It doesn't overact. It approximates Nature. It doesn't disturb you at inconvenient moments. Nor does it ever leave you feeling weak afterwards. For yourself, and every member of your family, Ex-Lax is the ideal laxative. Children love its taste, and it is so good for them. More mothers give Ex-Lax to their children than any other laxative. 10c and 25c boxes at all drug stores.

When Nature forgets — remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

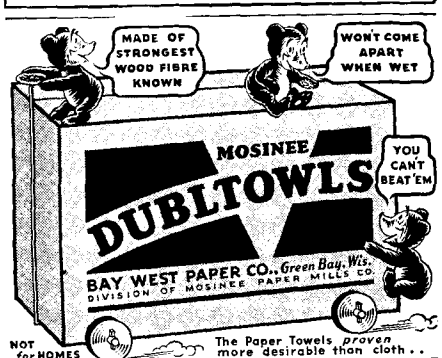
FLIP—it's lit!
One finger
RELEASE—it's out!
One finger
Watch their faces
Light Up
when you give them a
RONSON
WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER
RONSON REGENT
RONSON TUXEDO (Combination)
Pocket Lighters, Combinations of Lighter and Cigarette Case, etc., in a wide variety of exquisite, efficient and enduring models.
See them at your Jeweler or at any store selling fine smokers' articles.
FREE "What's New in RONSON" Send for it, giving dealer's name
ART METAL WORKS, INC.
17 Aronson Square, Newark, N. J.
Canada: Dominion Art Metal Works, Ltd., Toronto
England: Ronson Products Limited, London

Yes, and a profitable minute it will be for you, if you will write and find out how, acting as a special local subscription representative of COLLIER'S and the other popular Crowell magazines, you can easily add

$10 to $25 a Month Extra

to your regular income. No experience necessary. Work in your spare time right in your own neighborhood. No investment required. We furnish free outfit.

Chief of Subscription Staff
The Crowell Publishing Co.
250 Park Avenue New York, N. Y.


MADE OF STRONGEST WOOD FIBRE KNOWN
WON'T COME APART WHEN WET
MOSINEE
DUBLTOWLS
YOU CAN'T BEAT 'EM
BAY WEST PAPER CO., Green Bay, Wis.
DIVISION OF MOSINEE PAPER MILLS CO.
NOT for HOMES
The Paper Towels proven more desirable than cloth . .
A CASE OR A CARLOAD THROUGH A NEARBY DISTRIBUTOR Write for Name

(Continued from page 45)

could look for it when he got out. The way we know all this is because we picked up Smudge and the other bird for trying to hold you up, and when we told 'em the jewelry had been found, Smudge told us all about it.

"He says he had a hard time tracing the cab. The taxi driver, when he got it back, had traded it in on another cab, and that guy sold it, and the fellow that bought it drove it to New York, and it got traded in again. But when Smudge finally got the cab traced down, you'd bought it. Smudge figured to hold you up and take the cab, but he wasn't sure he could get away with that by himself, so he took a mug named Smart Eddie Lake in partners with him.

"This Lake would steal his mother's earrings while she was asleep, but he has no taste for violence. His idea was they could get the cab without no holdup. Eddie's girl came out on the train and rode in your cab and, in front of a cigar store where Eddie was waiting, she asked you to get her cigarettes; and Eddie hopped in and started off, but it turned out the cab didn't have the speed for him to get away with it. So then him and Smudge tried to hold you up, but all Smudge got out of it was a broken arm and you beat Eddie up.

"They figured, after, they would buy the cab, but didn't have the money; so then they had to take a moneyed guy in with them; and they found a guy named Solly Reimand, that they thought would be safe because he didn't have a known name as a crook, and he came out and tried to make a deal with you. Except Smudge's arm was broke they wouldn't have tried to buy the cab, because they were afraid you might get suspicious. Well, it turned out you did."

"Why, certainly," said Connie. "It was too ridiculous! They tried twice to steal the cab and when they couldn't do that they tried to buy it, and the man was willing to pay too much money. They simply couldn't be doing all that just to get that old cab. I didn't have any idea what the reason was, but I was sure there was one, and I thought if we took the cab apart we might find out what."

"YOU'RE a smart girl," said the New York cop.

"You bet she's smart!" said Larry. "I didn't see what all that meant, and when she said 'take the cab apart' I thought she was crazy."

"You'd have seen it," said Connie, "if you hadn't been thinking about something else."

He knew what she meant. He had been so jealous of Dorlan that he couldn't think straight; and he had laid the whole trouble to him, but now it was plain even to Larry that Dorlan hadn't had a thing to do with it.

"Well," said the New York cop, "that's all there is of it."

"Oh, no," said Connie, "that can't be all. What was the reward offered for the return of the jewelry?" And she got out the receipt that the chief had given them, saying that she and Larry had found the jewelry without help from anybody else.

"Reward?" said the New York cop, as if he didn't understand her. But he read the receipt. "Why, yes," he admitted, "now I think of it, I believe there was a reward. I heard it was fifteen thousand dollars."

So they got married, and they have a couple of kids, and Larry and another fellow own a fleet of trucks. But, in a way, they're different from most other families. Because usually, if a thing like this happens it is remembered and it gets brought up when the wife wants to show her lad how wrong he is. Of course they have arguments like anybody else, about maybe what school the kids shall go to, or whether they'll spend the summer at the mountains or the seashore, and Connie tries to prove that she's right. But never once has she said to him:

"Remember how you tried to sell the cab?"

He appreciates that.

Salute for a Sailor

Continued from page 15

be wrong as regarded Dodds Island. Some jumpy fool must have turned in a silly report. And then, one day, the storm broke.

It was barely a week before Captain Mallet intended to leave Dodds Island forever. The Calabar was riding at anchor a short distance out in the bay, all ready for sea save for a few minor repairs, some more water and a few last-minute boatloads of fresh provisions. The chief was already aware the white man was going and insisted on giving a farewell feast in his honor. Captain Mallet felt he could not very well refuse. He had received nothing but kind treatment and aid from the old chief, and a feast in his honor seemed a reasonable and final friendly gesture. So he consented, though his second mate was worried.

"I DON'T like the look of it, sir," he protested. "They've sent all the women back into the hills."

"Nonsense!" snapped Captain Mallet shortly. "When the time comes that I'm afraid of a greasy, crippled savage you can get out a new bolt of canvas and prepare to sew me up for burial. That's enough!"

But McCleod protested too.

"I don't like it, sir. It's like putting your head in the lion's den. That chief's got something up his sleeve . . . if he has a sleeve. It stands to reason they're not going to let all the loot on the Calabar get away from them that easy. I think they've just been feeling us out. If they had the skipper of that war sloop Angelina worried we ought to be worried, too."

Now, it must be admitted in all fairness that somewhere deep inside him Captain Mallet had a faint uneasiness himself. It would not have taken very much for him to decide that safety first was the best policy for them all . . . or rather, as he would have thought it, was the best thing for the ship, *his* ship . . . and that it would be wise to sail at once and take no chances. But the worried protest of the second mate and the still more urgent and logical protests of the mate swung the teetering balance the other way. He was not the sort of man to ask advice, nor to follow it when he had received it.

"A fine white-livered generation this is," he said with bitter sarcasm. "I've seen the time when six men would raid a whole damned island for sandalwood or native labor and think nothing of it. Yet the pair of you are scared stiff to go to a feast."

That settled the matter, obviously. McCleod shrugged and the second mate bit his lips and turned away. But when the time came to go ashore both he and McCleod appeared with cartridge belts about their waists, at which Captain Mallet exploded again.

"If you must take guns put them out of sight," he snapped. "This is a friendly gesture, not a war." And he made the mates put their guns and some spare shells in their pockets, as he had his own weapon concealed at his hip. They went to the beach together then, and the chief met them with an impressive escort . . . or was it an escort? . . . unarmed and smiling. Captain Mallet had brought a case of rum and a few of his remaining cases of canned food to add to the celebration. The chief seemed delighted and as if going through some traditional ceremony he led the whole party up a narrow path through the jungle, avoiding the village and reaching right up to the knoll where the mysterious image sat. And when Captain Mallet saw that image he stopped dead, chiefly astonished, but also filled with a new, strong premonition that something was very radically wrong.

It was an ugly thing, that image. Little more than a stocky column of some hard wood with arms and legs roughly carved in. But the features were clearer, much more carefully done, and the outline of a pointed beard could easily be ascertained. What jarred Captain Mallet, though, was that for eyes there had been set two bluish stones, and the top of the head had been dyed red, freshly dyed, as was evident. Looking about him, he observed various offerings in calabashes and bowls, and many colored scraps of cloth fluttering from sticks set in the ground. Skulls were piled before the image, and beside the skulls, set upright, was a long snaky-looking piece of ordnance, an ancient cannon, weather-rotted but unmistakable. Captain Mallet walked over to it, quite calm, and examined it with care.

"So that was what that first ship was," he said carefully. "One of those early old Spanish or Portuguese navigators."

McCLEOD shifted his glance uneasily about him, noting the now serious, strained and intent looks on the faces of the formerly smiling natives. The chief alone seemed at ease, and he was grinning wickedly, and fingering the small bird's-skin pouch that hung from his neck.

"Red-headed and blue-eyed," said McCleod shortly. "That isn't a Spaniard or a Portuguese."

"Dakerate, they call it," added the second mate. "But it doesn't make any sense to me. Why do you suppose they brought us up here?"

Captain Mallet turned slowly and ran his hand back to his hip.

"I think I can guess," he said quite calmly. "This is probably the spot where they lured that old sailor, to try and cut him off. You were right, McCleod. I concede it. It's a trap. They just wanted to get us away from our men. We'll try and work slowly down to the beach. They'll probably be attacking the ship and we must save her. I don't understand why they waited so long."

The native chief, still grinning, jabbered something rapidly and pointed at the image of the red-headed, blue-eyed man.

"He says he'll put you beside him, sir," faltered the second mate and reached for his guns. As if the movement was a signal the escort of natives

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dived for weapons concealed under the trees and in the grass that covered the knoll. Spears clicked angrily. Bows twanged. The second mate blasted loose with both revolvers and cleared the way down the trail.

"You first, sir," he grated.

"Last," corrected Captain Mallet stiffly, quite as if he were safe on his own poop deck. "Don't argue. Run!"

It was a mad business while it lasted. By the time they burst out onto the beach McCleod was staggering from loss of blood and looked like a porcupine from outjutting arrows. The second mate was bleeding from a slashed face and a shallow wound in the side, but curiously enough, save for an arrow wound in his arm, Captain Mallet came through untouched. They ran across the white sand toward the dinghy they had left waiting for them, followed by showers of spears, erratically aimed because with some presence of mind the bosun of the Calabar, who had been left in charge, had mustered the men as soon as he had heard the firing and they were pouring volleys over the bulwarks, over the heads of the running officers and into the screen of the jungle.

ONE last desperate attempt was made to stop them. The crippled chief himself charged from cover, screaming with rage and the maddening pain of a smashed hand, followed by three or four of his more desperate men. Bending low, they so contrived to keep the escaping white men between themselves and the ship that the carbines could not reach them. Captain Mallet turned and halted, reloading with deliberate calmness. McCleod went on toward the boat, nearly fainting with pain and loss of blood, while the second mate, swearing in some obscure Polynesian dialect, jammed fresh shells into one of his own guns and ran back to join the captain.

They dropped the attackers one by one, the credit mainly being the captain's, since the second mate was so excited now he was shooting all over the place. The chief alone reached his objective and hurled a heavy war club so accurately that, had not Captain Mallet ducked and twisted, it would have smashed in his head. Then, before he could straighten, he was all but smothered under the naked body of the screaming, insane old savage and they went down together to roll viciously on the sand. It had been thirty years since Captain Mallet had actually been in physical combat, but he was as methodical and as calm about it as about everything else, and as efficient. Nor had he forgotten old tricks. He jammed one knee up into the chief's groin, took a nasty knife wound on the top of his own head and, thrusting the muzzle of his revolver up under the chief's chin, pulled the trigger three times.

He got up after that, breathing hard. Then he stooped and with a quick jerk tore from the chief's neck the bird's-skin pouch.

"Might as well have a souvenir," he muttered half-humorously and, turning, walked deliberately to the boat, which the second mate was already thrusting clear of the shallows. They pulled hurriedly back to the ship, hurriedly because delayed war canoes were beginning to skim and dart from heretofore hidden creeks and inlets of the bay, and it was something of a race between the canoes and the dinghy as to who would reach the Calabar first. But the carbine hail from the bulwarks evened matters once again and Captain Mallet found himself at last safely on his poop deck, battered, somewhat the worse for wear, perhaps, but still eminently calm and perfectly capable, the man of teak, weathered, close-grained, solid. He looked at the sky, tested the wind with a wet forefinger and then called unhurriedly to the second mate.

"We can get out all right," he stated. "Never mind lifting the anchor. Knock the shackle clear. Have the port watch stand by to work ship. The starboard watch can keep off the canoes."

"Aye, sir," agreed the second mate shakily and went obediently for'ard, yelling above the carbine fire for the port watch. After certain minutes the Calabar moved, the canoes like a swarm of mosquitoes about her, and after certain other minutes she lifted to the first of the swells as the headlands of the bay entrance slipped by each side of her. The canoes fell astern, turned back, furious brown arms shaking spears and paddles. And Captain Mallet sighed. His ship was safe again.

He felt in his pocket for his handkerchief, and discovered with some surprise the bird's-skin pouch he had ripped in a moment's heated whim from the throat of the dead chief. He loosened the greasy cord that bound it, shook it open and surveyed with considerable curiosity what fell into his palm. At first he was disappointed. The thing was so trivial. And then, suddenly, he grew rigid and the icy slits of his eyes grew big, grew shining, grew humid with an incredible wonder and were filled with awe.

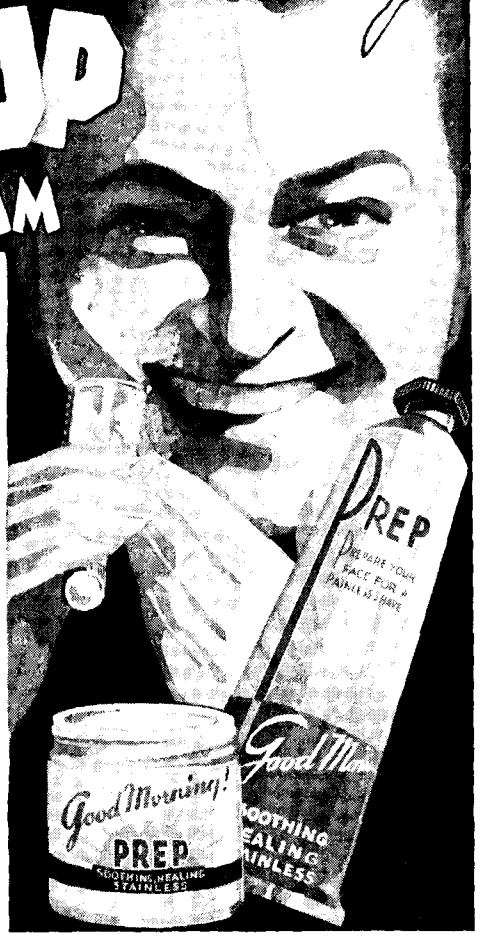
"Mr. McCleod," he said in a small, strained voice, "Mr. McCleod!" The mate, fortified with rum and sitting close by on the main cabin skylight while a seaman made a temporary bandaging job of his injuries, looked wearily up at the master of the Calabar. Captain Mallet turned to gaze over the stern and then he pointed. A shaft of golden light from the dying sun fell square upon the knoll beyond the village, the knoll where stood the rough image of a red-headed and blue-eyed man; where rested, too, what remained of an ancient snaky cannon.

"I never thought I'd find occasion to do it," whispered Captain Mallet, for once in his iron life disturbed clean through. "I never thought the need would come again . . . this day and age. Take off my cap to a better man. Red-headed and blue-eyed. And long ago, McCleod. Do you get it? Going around the world. He had the same experience that we had. They eased him along at first, then got him ashore and attacked him. But he got away. He *would* get away. He always got away. How was it the chief put it when the second mate asked him? Ah, yes: 'He killed many of my people and laughed and sailed away unharmed.' Of course he did. He was a man; a sailor and a man! And they remembered him, McCleod. Remembered him enough to stick that image of him up on that knoll. Treacherous natives. Dakerate they called him, and I never guessed. And with that authority behind it *I* doubted the Pacific Pilot!"

"WHAT?" said McCleod feebly. "I don't understand." And then he stared unbelieving as he saw Captain Mallet, the unemotional, the contemptuous, the iron sailor who bent to no man, slowly remove his uniform cap and make the gesture of salute across his left breast, as men do when the flag goes by or they stand by the grave of a hero beyond all praise. McCleod took from the captain's hand the thing that had come from the bird's-skin pouch about the neck of the dead native chief. An ancient silver coin, dull on one side; brighter on the other where Captain Mallet's thumb had rubbed it. And scratched upon it, as it were with the point of a dagger, McCleod read just one word and four numbers. And then he rocked to his unsteady feet and removed his cap too.

Drake. 1579.

Use PREP—the only WAKE-UP SHAVING CREAM



Snap into all-day freshness with PREP. If you are hard-to-wake-up in the morning—Spread on PREP and in 13 seconds you will feel gloriously awake—alive all over!

PREP—AND ONLY PREP—contains a magic tonic that soothes and freshens the skin while you shave—PREP gives you the best shave you ever had—and keeps you fresh all day!

Millions of jars have been sold to hard-to-shave men—who claim they can shave even with a dull blade—and like it! Make us prove this claim!

Make 13-Second WAKE-UP Test

Put PREP on half your face—put any other shaving preparation on the other. In just 13 seconds you will have the answer! And that miraculous sensation of freshness and smoothness will stay with you all day. Make this test today! Don't miss!

A MILLION TUBES FREE

Go to your druggist today—he will give you a 35c Tube with each 35c Jar you buy! Use the Tube—and unless you get a brand new thrill—and a pile of shaving satisfaction—return the Jar—and get your money back—You can't lose!

Offer expires September 30th, 1935 . . . . Good in U. S. A. only.

If your druggist has sold out of the Special Free Tube Offer—send a dime direct to PREP, 2109 Second Ave., Detroit, for—

A MONTH'S SUPPLY IN A TUBE 10c

YOU may earn extra money in spare time by taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and the other Crowell Magazines. Write to:

The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue New York, N. Y.

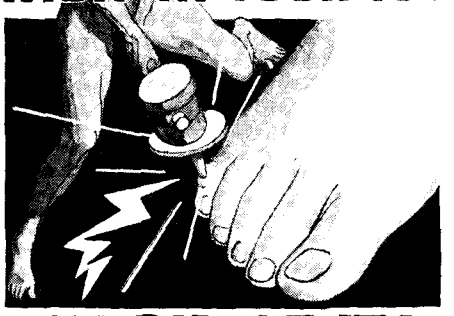
"Beyond all belief"

He had a tough, whirly beard and tender skin. So he bet that a Schick Shaver couldn't shave *him*. He lost his wager but won a lifetime of shaving comfort. A Schick Shaver shaves you close and clean. You use No Blades, No Lather. You cannot cut, scrape nor hurt yourself. With its use, a new, more youthful skin replaces the blade-calloused tissues. The Schick Shaver saves money enough to pay for itself over and over. GET A DEMONSTRATION. Any one of our 8000 dealers will show you. If none is near you, send $15 to Dept. B, Schick Dry Shaver, Inc., Stamford, Connecticut. Western Distributor: Edises, Inc., San Francisco. In Canada, Henry Birks & Sons, Ltd., and other leading stores. (Canadian price, $16.50.)

SCHICK SHAVER

Operates on AC or DC

A CORN IS LIKE A TACK IN YOUR TOE



GET RID OF IT!

A corn is hard dead skin tissue with a tack-like point. It can be just as painful—and just as dangerous. It should be removed quickly and safely by the modern scientific BLUE-JAY method.

Relieve Pain Instantly
The tiny soft Blue-Jay pad lifts your shoe away from the corn. Brings instant comfort by removing shoe pressure from the sore area.

Blue-Jay Easy and Quick
Simply center medication over the corn. The pad is held firmly in place by special Wet-Pruf Adhesive strip . . . with waterproof soft kid-like finish that does not cling to the stocking. In three days remove Blue-Jay and lift out corn easily.

Scientifically Safe
Don't confuse Blue-Jay with unscientific corn cures. Blue-Jay Corn Plasters are scientifically safe. The mild medication attacks only the hard tissue of the corn and will not injure the surrounding skin and flesh in any way.

GET BLUE-JAY TODAY! 25c at all drug stores

BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK SCIENTIFIC
CORN PLASTER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

give tongue to it, the contention being that if a fellow's got something to say he ought to be a man and speak up. Furthermore, he is supposed to supply his own rejoinders, the favorites being: "Anyway, I'd ruther be a-doin' this than workin' in a store," and "Bet there's somethin' wrong with my rheumatism; it ain't come regular this year."

Mr. Rasp was a firm believer too in the theory that if you do make a strike, the less said about it the better. It is all very well to mine your ore, load it into a truck and tote it to the smelter. But when asked, as you surely would be, where this record-breaking bonanza is located it is quite likely to be ruinous to pay the slightest attention to the question. If by chance someone does find out and stakes a claim adjacent to yours, your reward for maintaining silence will be generous. Even if you are caught working your new claim, the perspicacious thing to do is to deny everything, giving as your reason for your current industry a desire to keep your hand in. Or perhaps the breaking in of a new pick or looking for something you lost. If your discoverers ask you rather pointedly why you have gone to the trouble of erecting a monument and breaking your neck to get to headquarters to register your claim, it is the part of wisdom to reply that you aimed to fool some fellers—especially "fellers who went around askin' openin'-up questions when they had ought to be at hum lookin' after their families."

Watch the Portents

Of course, this doesn't always discourage the obtruders, who have a way of being inevitable and inescapable. Therefore, it is always best for a sourdough of the school of which Mr. Rasp is a flinty member to focus his thoughts on the one big strike, never abandoning for so much as a moment an unshakable and irrevocable conviction that at the zenith of his career he will come upon and sell for a vast sum a lode that will thereafter set the pace for all prospector dreaming. And anything that might come to pass in the meantime should be regarded merely as an inconsequential incident.

Like Mr. Glossy Gus Benegough. Mr. Benegough received portents from his gods. They told him plainer than any writing that it was his destiny one day to come upon a lode that would by comparison reduce all others to miserly veins—pinched-out trickles, traces and twigs of wealth. For years his mind rejected every other applicant that there might be plenty of room for the portents which, as every sourdough knows, are jealous of competition and apt to fly off in a rage if crowded. Whenever he was caught prying under rocks, poking into diagnostic shafts or jigging a sieve of ore he answered all questions with a taunt: "They couldn't but I kin."

And one day while Mr. Benegough was standing, all unaware, on a ledge of basaltic lava muttering, "Well, it must be around here somewheres," he noticed that the fissures in the sandstone just ahead formed a perfect cross. And that was the sign for which he had been looking. Beneath the sandstone and shale, below the basalt ledge, lay his gold. And he called his mine what he had always intended to call it—what the portents told him to call it—the Constantinople. He, you see, was the Crusader who, after all the bloody failures of the Middle Ages, could conquer the mighty stronghold of the Moslem. And that, as Mr. Rasp and plenty more will tell you, is what comes of portents, and minding your own business, and staying away from schools, books and noises.

Listen in the mountains of Utah now. Just try to find a brook or rivulet whereon to ponder your portents and omens. The air that once was fresh from Heaven, scented by the sego lily and wined by the everlasting snows of the towering Wasatch, is poisonous with carbon monoxide. The solitude in which once a man was permitted to examine his soul while trailing his star is now a bedlam of rumba and ribaldry. The litter of picnics defiles the fern coves and Mr. Rasp knows the name of a man "who got bit by a three-pound lap dog forty-five hundred feet up the mountain—and it was a dog smellin' of soap."

See for yourself, if you don't believe it. Get into your car, first making sure that the carburetor is tuned to the heights you're going to ride, and follow the crowd. Get into your car, empty-chested pavement worm that you are, and behold the likes of Mr. Rasp sneer in his beard. Riding for gold on gasoline! Prospecting on rubber tires! What's that you've got in that basket? Deviled eggs. (Mr. Rasp's stomach feels queer.) Tomatoes and cress. (Mr. Rasp's face goes green.) Decrusted triangles of weak white bread with flaccid chicken, pale ham and lettuce between. (Mr. Rasp is sick to his stummick.)

Chicken-Salad Gold Rush

Continued from page 13

Philbert By FRANK OWEN

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"Quitter! Couldn't you make him bite the dust?"

A Million-Dollar Kick

Yah, you lily-fingered trifler, git in your car. Did old Senator Tabor find his gold on wheels? He did not. He was a-settin' down one noon to eat his beans when somethin' bit his mule. Yes, sir, somethin' bit his mule—and it wasn't the senator, neither, although if ever there was a man who could up and bite a mule if he had a mind to, it was Tabor. But when that mule got bit it kicked. And nobody knows to this day if it hit what bit it; but they do know that it kicked up half a ton of rock a-aimin' to. And when Tabor went over to see what the hell was bitin' that mule he almost dropped dead because that mule had kicked up a hundred dollars' worth of gold, with millions more just below.

And was Uncle Jesse Knight sittin' on axles when he found it? In a pig's eye, he was. Uncle Jesse had a wheelbarrow and nobody ever saw him sittin' in it either. With an honest pick and shovel which he didn't handle like eatin'-house implements, he kept diggin' into the Tintic Mountains down below Utah Lake. Old Uncle Jesse dug so much that he raised a couple of new mountains with the insides of a couple of Tintics—barrow-load after barrow-load, payin' attention to nobody but mindin' his omens and keepin' his shirt on. And one day, in that wheelbarrow that didn't travel on gasoline and didn't have no rubber tires or stink onto it, in that wheelbarrow he dragged out what he was a-lookin' for. He wheeled that load over to the dump and threw it down. And then he said (to hisself because Uncle Jesse Knight didn't need no help any more'n he needed one of them sickenin' peanut-butter sandwiches you got in that basket) then he said: "Well, I knowed it was around here somewheres." And he took a fresh chaw, picked up his coat and walked down the mountain to Eureka. And that's the last tap of work Uncle Jesse Knight ever did exceptin' maybe to set down in a rockin'-chair and say howdy to the fellers.

So get into your car and behold the results of Mr. Frank Gunnell's lecturings. You can see them any day and particularly of a week end, boys and girls with their mothers and fathers, grandpappies and uncles, panning and sluicing, hacking at the mountain's breast and boring into her vitals. Mutter like old sourdoughs if you like but the radios in a hundred cars will blast the words back into your mouth. From the snow on the peaks you hear She's a Latin from Manhattan. You are heigh-hoed by Mr. Rudy Vallee in the canyons. And you can't cross a mountain bench nor pause at the bend of an amethyst brook without being told that I Get a Kick Out of You. There's accordion playing, too. And dancing in the moonlight.

We tried it. We saw things that no sourdough ever saw or dreamed of ever seeing. There were one hundred and ten pounds of girl in tennis shoes, tan shorts and a sweater adorned with a huge U arguing with a tall, blond youth who had a mouth like Joe E. Brown's and an idea that there was no way outside the laboratory to discriminate between iron pyrites and gold. She told him, reading from a notebook.

"Listen, sap," said she. "It says that no matter where you look at free gold from, it is always the same color. Pyrites ain't. If you think you got any gold in that pan you're holding, hit it with a hammer. If it's gold it will flatten out. If it's pyrites it will be dust. Besides, you can cut gold with a knife and—"

"To hear you," said the boy, "you'd think I had a couple pounds of it. All I said was that I got specks. What do you say to eating?"

We saw ladies who had, by way of diversion, abandoned contract for an afternoon of placer. They, too, had gone to Mr. Gunnell's lectures but, being a trifle out of condition for the leg and back actions of panning, had brought a couple of chauffeurs along to dig, sift, sort, wash and inspect the gravel. There was a school-teacher surrounded by her pupils, telling the little innocents all about tellurides, drift beds, magnetic iron, gneiss and syenite strata. She illustrated by alternately attacking boulders with a neat little geologist's hammer and scooping up pans full of the creek bed and shaking it with self-deluging violence. Occasional missteps had landed her ankle-deep in water, to the manifest satisfaction of the children. We left before she should whack her thumb with the hammer and make the day for the darlings overrun with happiness.

Pay Dirt for a Few

It was going on all over the state, wherever gold had been found or where wise men said it might be found—Gold Hill in the Clifton Mountains, Beaver, Marysvale, Park Valley, Freedom, Henrieville, Mercur, in the Tintics, the Wasatch Range, the Vermilion Cliffs and the Parowans. All over. And gold was being found.

It was no trick at all to find gold. Even we did—and got so excited we fell into the brook that gave it to us. It is quite another matter, though, to find enough to make the finding profitable. Yet a few of Mr. Gunnell's pupils have made it pay, the smelters having descended from the lofty plane they once occupied and accepting ore that assays as low as three dollars a ton. And they told us that in certain circumstances it might be profitable to mine stuff that produced as much as a dollar's worth of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gold to the ton. Of course there would have to be something else valuable in such muck. Utah is at present begging the federal government to erect several mills and smelters for the convenience of independent prospectors. But the government is wondering just who would benefit most, the independent prospectors or those patriotic, rugged individualists who would like Washington to help them to sell unminable mines, impenetrable mountain sides, dead canyons and salted tunnels. Or the ever-impending real estate promoters who require but a rumor to touch off a boom.

Even while Mr. Gunnell's classes were forming, the moonshine miners, hole-salters and lost-lode boys were spitting on their hands and filling their fountain pens at the post office, preparatory to doing a bit of remote-control prospecting of their own. They weren't optimistic enough to look upon the prospector-students as pay dirt, but began to thumb over ancient sucker lists and explore their desks for star-spangled stock certificates that had been laid away three or four years ago against the day when the American public's wool should again attain to shearing length.

As for Mr. Gunnell's students, if they fall victims it will be their own fault. Mr. Harry Joseph, president of the Great American Prospectors Association, told them all about that.

How to Salt a Mine

Mr. Joseph told them Aladdinish tales of lost Spanish treasure that was neither lost, Spanish nor treasure. He told them of ledges of solid gold and of streams that burbled over boulders of the pure metal—all of which never existed, although the public has believed it to the extent of millions of dollars. And he told them the undying tale of The Lake of Gold in Nye County, Nevada, midway between Goldfield and Tonopah. One acre of this lake's bed would yield three hundred thousand dollars, they said. And he, a cynic of forty years of mining, had gone out to see for himself. He knew before he set forth that it wasn't so. And when he got there he saw it wasn't so. But the story still thrives and still has its victims. And the place isn't even salted. There just isn't any such place.

High assays from mines for sale can mean as little as a political platform. It's easy, of course, to salt sand. Even solid rock may be loaded. We had never heard of Doc Beau Bill Spark and found ourselves regretting having missed such a salt-master. The doc was an elegant gentleman—huge and expansive and liberal host, a delight to the eye and ear, with a weakness for silk. His hats and suits were made of it and of course everything else he wore, including, some say, his boots. The doc would let you carry your own sample bags to the tunnel he offered. And you could hack out your own samples. But somewhere on the way up, the doc would shoot gold chloride into the sacks with a hypodermic needle.

Some day even you may be the objective of the mine broker who will disarm you by telling you frankly that he has never seen the mine he offers and has, between you and him, his doubts as to its worth. But he'll gladly turn you over to a last-legs desert rat who found and owns the claim and who has come to the broker seeking a buyer. After considerable telephoning and ferreting, he'll locate that dismal old sourdough for you; and a mean, flea-bitten, discourteous old misanthrope he'll be, too—spitting tobacco juice at all the world, cussing life in general and telling you to your face that you're robbing a starving man of his rights. But particularly squirting tobacco juice. In fact he's so nasty that while you're taking samples at his mine or at his sluice, he'll spit right in the pan or bag you're holding. And there'll be gold in that thar tobacco juice. One of the best of these property desert rats was Stark Abner, a relic of a stranded and disbanded repertory company that played one-night stands in the gold camps until one of the boys from Tonopah shot the company's heavy during the mortgage-foreclosure scene and made off with the ingénue. Mr. Abner died of the colic one evening near Hurricane, Utah, the coroner having had nothing official to say about the seven bullet holes in Mr. Abner's chest nor the rope around his neck.

Just Be Careful

So you see you had better be careful when buying a mine. Mr. Joseph knows of lads who salted rock samples with gold carried under their fingernails. And there are fellers who can't be trusted to knock their pipes out on the rocks you're taking to the assay office for inspection. The Reverend Monk was so artful at that sort of thing that he could flick cigar ash into the worthless muck he was selling you and then there would be gold there. The Reverend Monk would tell you that mine-owning meant avarice and greed and that avarice and greed were abominations in the sight of the Lord, and that's the reason he wouldn't keep his mine, Amen, although you, being a child of sin, could have it for twenty-five thousand dollars which he would devote to his unceasing warfare on Mammon. Reverend Monk is dead, too. Colic.

But successors live to carry on the art of Doc Beau Bill Spark, Reverend Monk, Mr. Stark Abner and all the spitting desert rats. They salt claims with shotguns—shooting it in while you watch them. They salt 'em as they work at your side, the gold falling into the rock debris from a hole in the handle of the pick they wield. And we could go on this way indefinitely only to prove again that Mr. Mark Twain was right about a mine being a hole in the ground owned by a damned liar.

There was none of that nonsense about Mr. Will Rasp who, when we left Salt Lake City, was sitting on the treeless hill that is crowned by the State Capitol, studyin' what to do next and where to do it. It would have to be somewhere where his ears wouldn't be assaulted by motorcar radios shrieking No, No—A Thousand Times No, where his eternal soul wouldn't be revolted by the sight of abandoned paper napkins and milk bottles, where a feller could do his muttering in peace.

You Can't Fool Gold

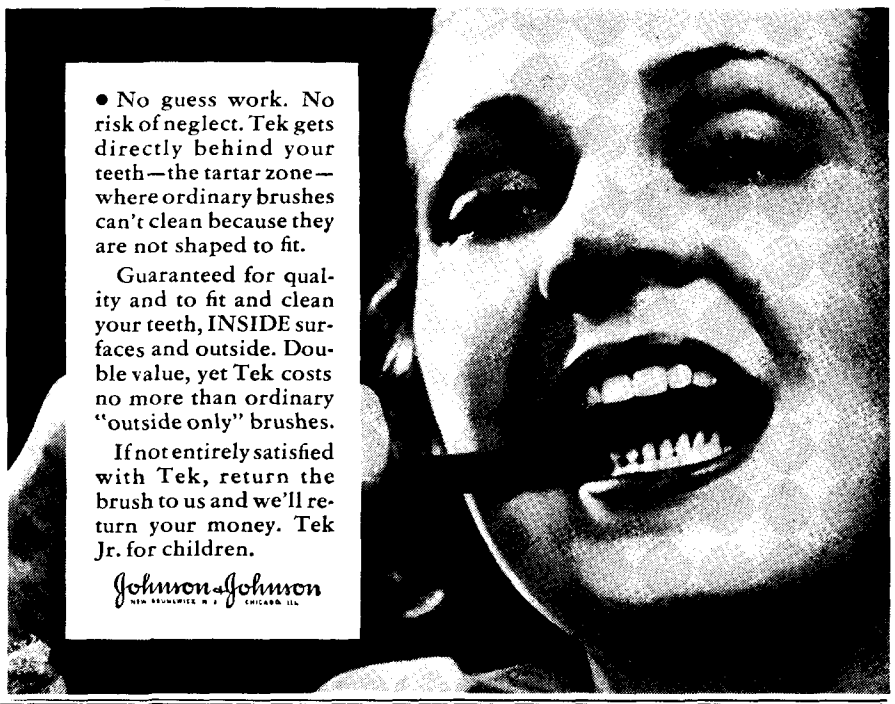
A rock is a rock, says Mr. Rasp, and it doesn't make it any better or any worse to call it out of name. Igneous. metamorphic, aqueous! Trash and trumpery! A rock's a rock, I tell you. And it's got gold into it or it ain't. And no words a feller can't spell is a-goin' to change matters. No, sir. You can't fool gold by reading a book at it and Gunnell, Joseph, Hobbs, Skidmore and Gunderson and the pack of them can go take their prospectin' nursery and jump over the Elkhorn Divide.

Gals wearin' pants that a decent woman wouldn't wear under three skirts and four petticoats, paintin' their faces right out in public in a way that would make Big Madgie Foley of Leadville sick to her stummick in her day. Boys with more pimples than brains drivin' like they was goin' to a fire. And school books under their arms. . . .

Mr. Rasp wouldn't be surprised if the mountains stood it just so long—just so long. And then what page in the book are they goin' to turn to? Hey?

*Inside..*where ordinary brushes miss

Tek *cleans because it fits*



• No guess work. No risk of neglect. Tek gets directly behind your teeth—the tartar zone—where ordinary brushes can't clean because they are not shaped to fit.

Guaranteed for quality and to fit and clean your teeth, INSIDE surfaces and outside. Double value, yet Tek costs no more than ordinary "outside only" brushes.

If not entirely satisfied with Tek, return the brush to us and we'll return your money. Tek Jr. for children.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.

Announcing!

A

PLEASANT EXTRA INCOME PLAN!

HUNDREDS of men and women are using our pleasant and profitable plan to improve their finances. Mr. Ivan M. Wicks, whose picture appears below, earns plenty of extra dollars by using our popular plan.

• • •

Even if you have only a little spare time, you may make $1.00 or more an hour by taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for Collier's and the other popular Crowell magazines.

Try This Popular Plan Now

OF COURSE it's up to you to make the first move. Then, we'll help you with personal cooperation from a competent Division Manager. You don't even need to write a letter. Just paste the coupon on a penny postcard and mail now!—*There is no obligation.*

Mr. Ivan M. Wicks of New York

Chief of Subsc iption Staff, Desk C-10
The Crowell Publishing Company, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

PLEASE send me your money-making plan.

Name..... Address.....

Town..... State.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor* CHARLES COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*

Sensible Taxes

MAYOR FRANK COUZENS of Detroit believes that the way to increase tax collections is to lower tax rates. So, last year Detroit was given the lowest tax budget within a decade.

Experience during the last twelve months seems to have confirmed this theory. The financial statement for the 1934–1935 fiscal year revealed a surplus of more than $3,500,000. Both current and delinquent tax collections exceeded expectations.

Obviously the improvement of the automobile industry enabled many taxpayers to meet their obligations. There is no doubt, however, that taxes are in certain respects like prices. Lower prices often bring in more revenue than high ones.

Wise administrators have long known that there are limits beyond which tax rates cease to produce revenue for government. The rates vary in different places and at different times. The experienced and intelligent public official is alert to avoid asking too much.

When, for example, some years ago Quebec decided to permit the sale of liquor, the government agents considered in great detail the burden of taxes which could be safely levied on liquor.

If the taxes were too high these practical men knew that bootleggers would be encouraged to evade the law. Consequently, the Quebec commission sought to find a rate high enough to provide needed revenue and low enough to avoid stimulating bootleggers to new competition. Because Quebec had canny tax experts the province made a great success of its experiment in liquor control.

We have paid too little attention in the United States to a rational handling of our tax affairs. We require very large revenues for our various branches of government, but we have not given much thought to the manner in which we get the money. Tax rates have been thoroughly political and generally dull.

In many places real estate taxes have long been stupidly high. Taxes on timber lands have in some states been so burdensome that lumbermen were compelled to destroy the forests by intensive cutting. A wiser tax policy would have made it possible for us as a nation to conserve our timber resources.

Rates on farm lands in some regions have been so heavy that wholesale tax delinquency was encouraged. In other places men abandoned farms which they could not successfully operate at existing tax levels.

The taxes we levied on various commodities have been quite as thoughtless. The tax on gasoline used in motorcars, for example, has been raised so high that a flourishing illicit trade in smuggled gasoline has been established.

If government were a profession which men and women deliberately studied as we prepare ourselves to be plumbers or surgeons or engineers, we should naturally seek to avoid this folly and waste. Certainly experience down through the centuries has been plain enough. The classic example of the old French tax on window glass sums up the story. The tax was high enough to discourage the use of glass in the windows. So the French built dark, ill-lighted and poorly ventilated houses. Tuberculosis increased and death rates soared, but the government got little revenue from a senseless tax.

We shall have to do better thinking about our taxes, local, state and national, if we expect to find the money needed for public expenditures. First of all, we must separate the fields within which the different taxing authorities operate. For a time, by common consent, income taxes were left to the federal government; gasoline and similar sales taxes to the states, and land taxes to local governments. During the past few years this division of the field has been disregarded. The federal government levied its own gasoline taxes and many states imposed their own income taxes.

Some of this confusion was an inevitable result of hard times, but emergency policies cannot be continued forever. Sooner or later we must decide what fields of taxation are to be reserved for the nation, the states and the local governments.

Once the different kinds of taxes are reasonably divided among the different authorities, it will be possible to work out national policies in each field.

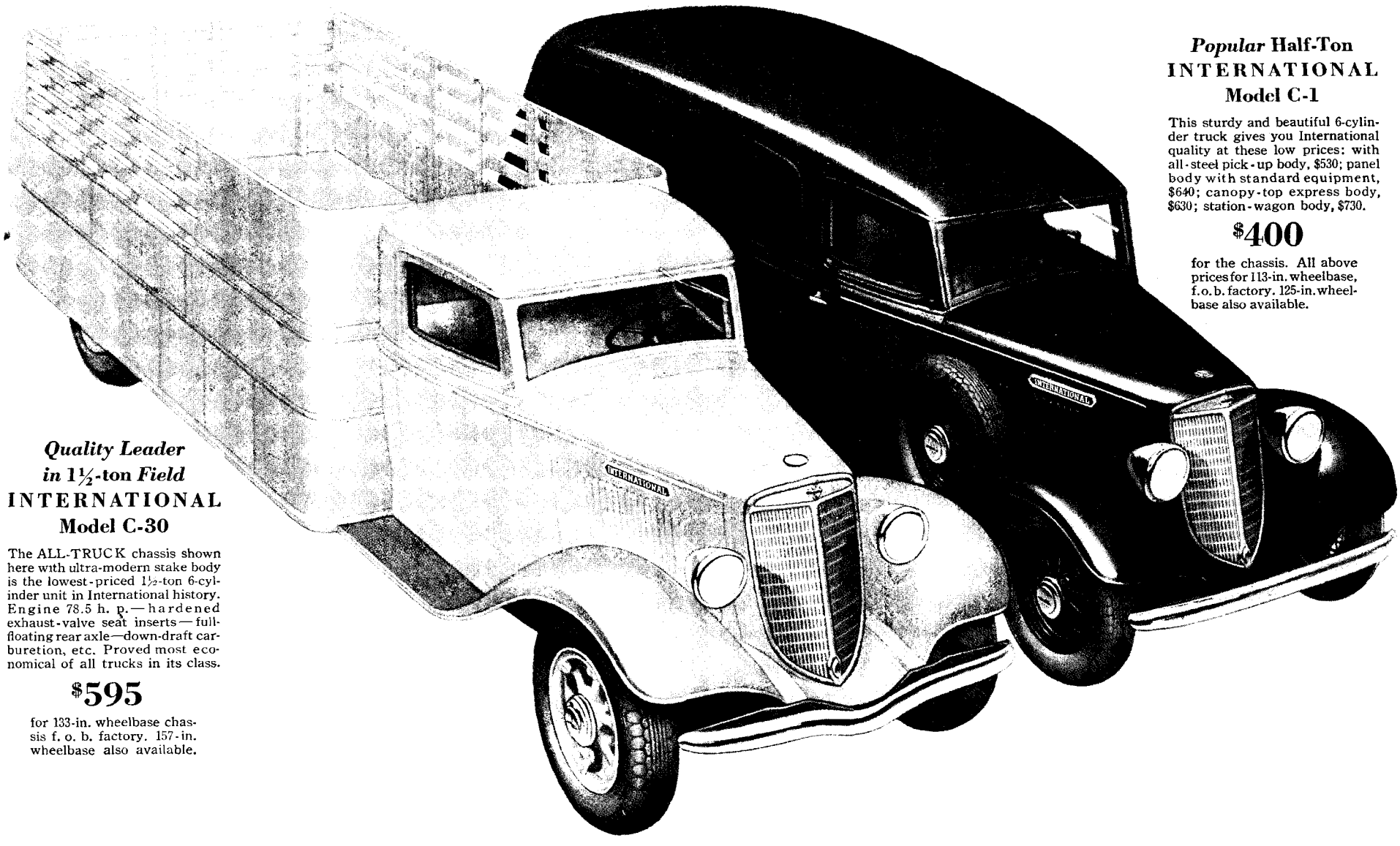
The problem faced by any taxgatherer is serious and complicated. In its simplest form it is a levy for public purposes on a part of the income earned by individuals. This is the essence of any tax—real estate, income, sales, import or anything else. Houses can pay no more than they earn. The price at which an article can be sold is the upper limit of any sales or import tax. The amount of a man's earnings is the limit of an income tax. No government can take more.

The practical question is how much can be taken in taxes without crippling the productive power of the people. Beyond a certain point smuggling takes the place of taxation. Beyond a certain rate men will abandon farms or houses rather than struggle with taxes. Beyond certain income tax rates men will seek to avoid earning more. At the present time, for example, some of the more popular writers limit their output because the sale of more manuscripts would increase their taxes disproportionately.

If our various authorities consider first the question of how to secure the revenue to keep the government solvent and at the same time avoid discouraging production, a great contribution to the public welfare will have been made.

After this fundamental question has been answered, it will be easier to consider intelligently the use of the taxing power as an instrument of social and economic reform. This proposition has possibilities upon which the political science of today throws very little light.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



***Popular* Half-Ton**
INTERNATIONAL
Model C-1

This sturdy and beautiful 6-cylinder truck gives you International quality at these low prices: with all-steel pick-up body, $530; panel body with standard equipment, $640; canopy-top express body, $630; station-wagon body, $730.

$400

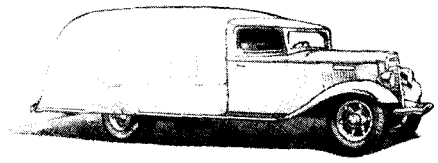
for the chassis. All above prices for 113-in. wheelbase, f.o.b. factory. 125-in. wheelbase also available.

Quality Leader
in 1½-ton Field
INTERNATIONAL
Model C-30

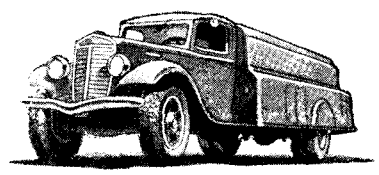
The ALL-TRUCK chassis shown here with ultra-modern stake body is the lowest-priced 1½-ton 6-cylinder unit in International history. Engine 78.5 h. p.—hardened exhaust-valve seat inserts—full-floating rear axle—down-draft carburetion, etc. Proved most economical of all trucks in its class.

$595

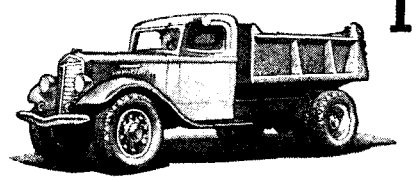
for 133-in. wheelbase chassis f. o. b. factory. 157-in. wheelbase also available.



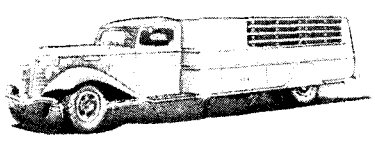
Ultra-modern International chassis design lends itself perfectly to mounting of modern bodies. This attractive refrigerator body of 450-gallon capacity is shown on 1½-ton chassis.



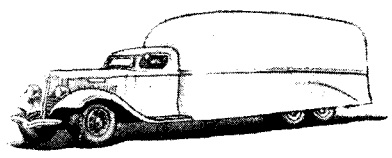
Showing 4 to 5-ton unit with 4-compartment oil tank of 1800-gallon capacity—example of streamline tank available on International chassis of 1½-ton and up. International facilities provide bodies and equipment for every conceivable hauling requirement.



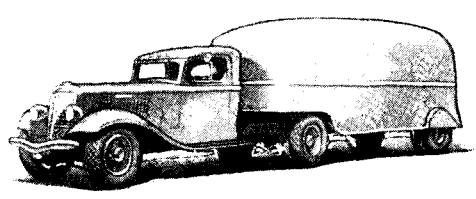
The inherent *extra* stamina built into heavy duty Internationals is recognized by dump-truck owners and operators in the toughest construction assignments the world around. The International line today offers the truck user 26 distinct models, in 70 different wheelbase lengths.



An International streamlined panel-stake truck, a striking modification of the conventional stake body. Shown on 2 to 3-ton chassis.



Six-Wheel Internationals of various capacities may be had in both trailing and dual-drive axle types for heavy-hauling requirements.



International Tractor-Trucks are available in many sizes. World's largest Company-owned truck service organization (230 branches in U. S. and Can.) make International favored truck with cross-country haulers. This nation-wide network of service is a point of pride with International Harvester—a steady source of saving and satisfaction with EVERY International owner.

Turn any hauling problem over to the *FULL LINE* of INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

TENS of thousands of men are doing just that today—*investing* their transportation dollars in International Trucks, for the soundest of practical reasons. Experience—the surest teacher in the world—has taught them that there is no substitute for International quality, stamina, and lasting satisfaction.

Apply the International solution to your hauling problems—*whatever they are.* International Harvester is at your command with a complete line of trucks ranging from sturdy Half-Ton units in the low-price field up to powerful Six-Wheelers for the heaviest hauling.

Cash in on International's 30 years of TRUCK development. Consult the near-by International branch about any regular or *special* need for truck chassis and body equipment. Turn your hauling over to International and you can always bank on *liberal returns in performance and economy.*

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
OF AMERICA
(INCORPORATED)
606 So. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois

INTERNATIONAL
INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

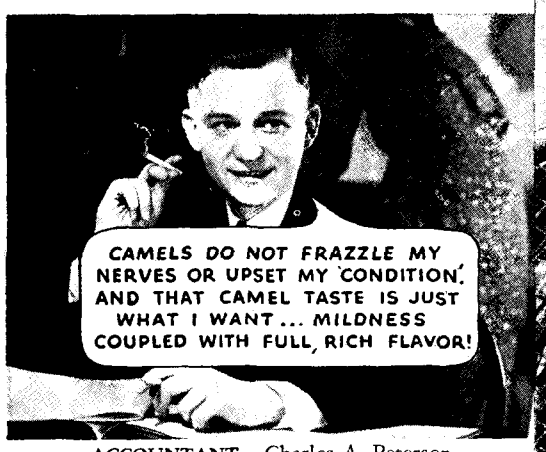
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"They don't get your Wind" ATHLETES SAY

YOU'LL LIKE THEIR MILDNESS TOO!

FAMOUS ATHLETES APPROVE CAMELS, SO THEY MUST HAVE REAL MILDNESS. THEY ARE GENTLE TO MY THROAT. AND WHEN I'M TIRED I GET A 'LIFT' WITH A CAMEL!

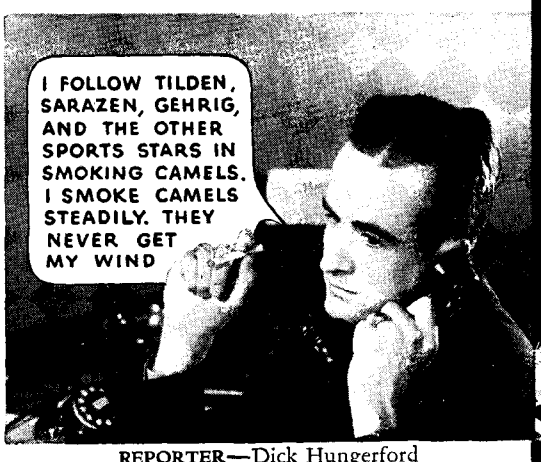
HOMEMAKER—Mrs. James B. Feeley


CAMELS DO NOT FRAZZLE MY NERVES OR UPSET MY 'CONDITION.' AND THAT CAMEL TASTE IS JUST WHAT I WANT ... MILDNESS COUPLED WITH FULL, RICH FLAVOR!

ACCOUNTANT—Charles A. Petersen

LIFE'S MORE FUN WHEN YOU KEEP FIT! SO YOU SEE WHY I, TOO, SMOKE CAMELS. I'VE SMOKED THEM FOR AGES, AND NO MATTER HOW MANY I SMOKE, THEY DON'T AFFECT MY WIND

WRITER—Eileen Tighe


I FOLLOW TILDEN, SARAZEN, GEHRIG, AND THE OTHER SPORTS STARS IN SMOKING CAMELS. I SMOKE CAMELS STEADILY. THEY NEVER GET MY WIND

REPORTER—Dick Hungerford

What Big Bill Tilden has to say about Camels is worth any smoker's attention. "Playing hard, competitive tennis day after day, I've got to keep in tiptop physical condition," says the 42-year-old "Iron Man of Tennis." "I smoke Camels, the mild cigarette. They don't get my wind or upset my nerves. I have a long record as a Camel smoker. I've smoked Camels for years, and I never tire of their smooth, rich taste! Camels must be made from choicer tobaccos to be so mild and taste so good!"

Costlier Tobaccos!

● Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

(*Signed*) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

© 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED